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THE NEW YORKER

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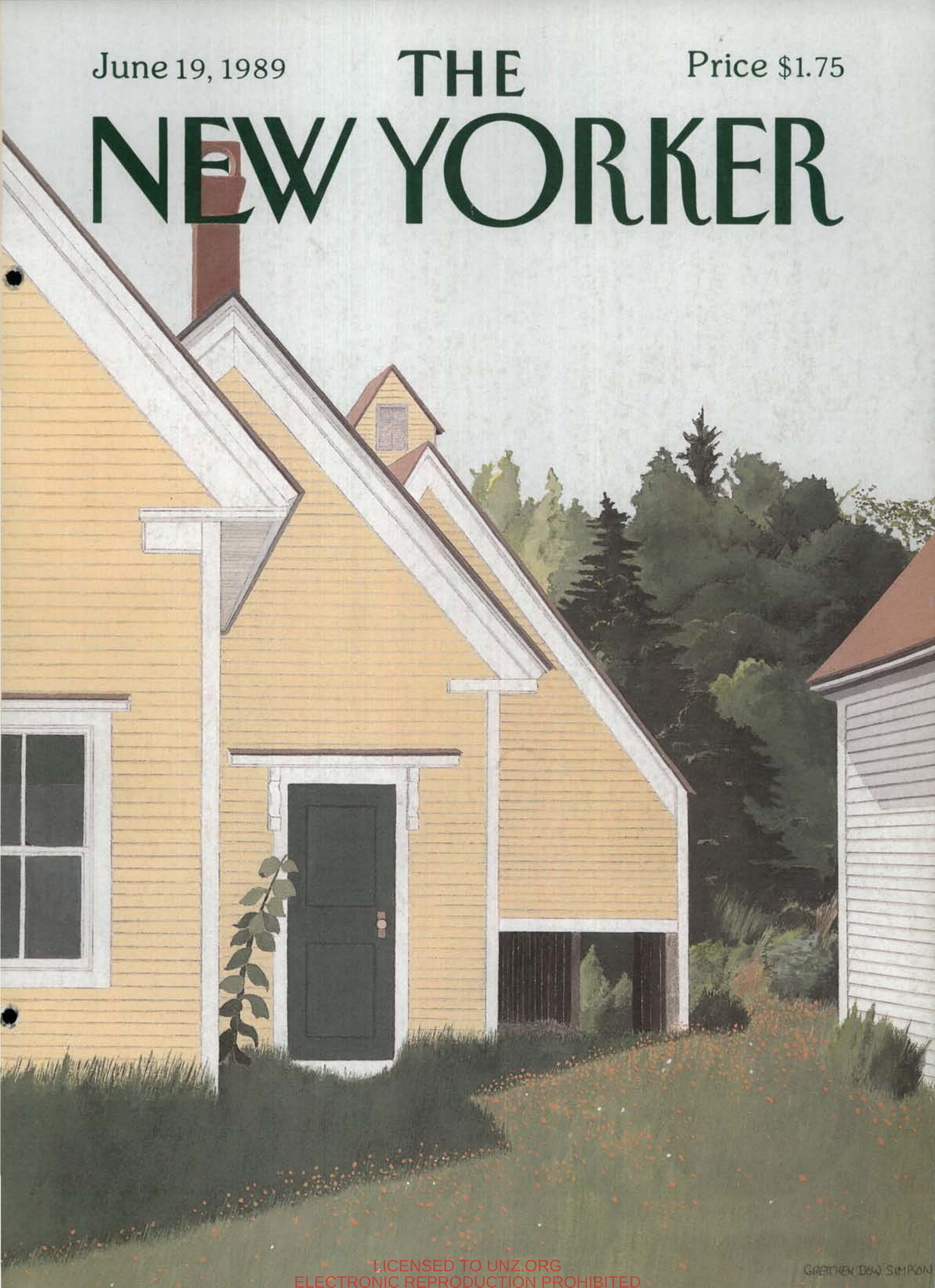
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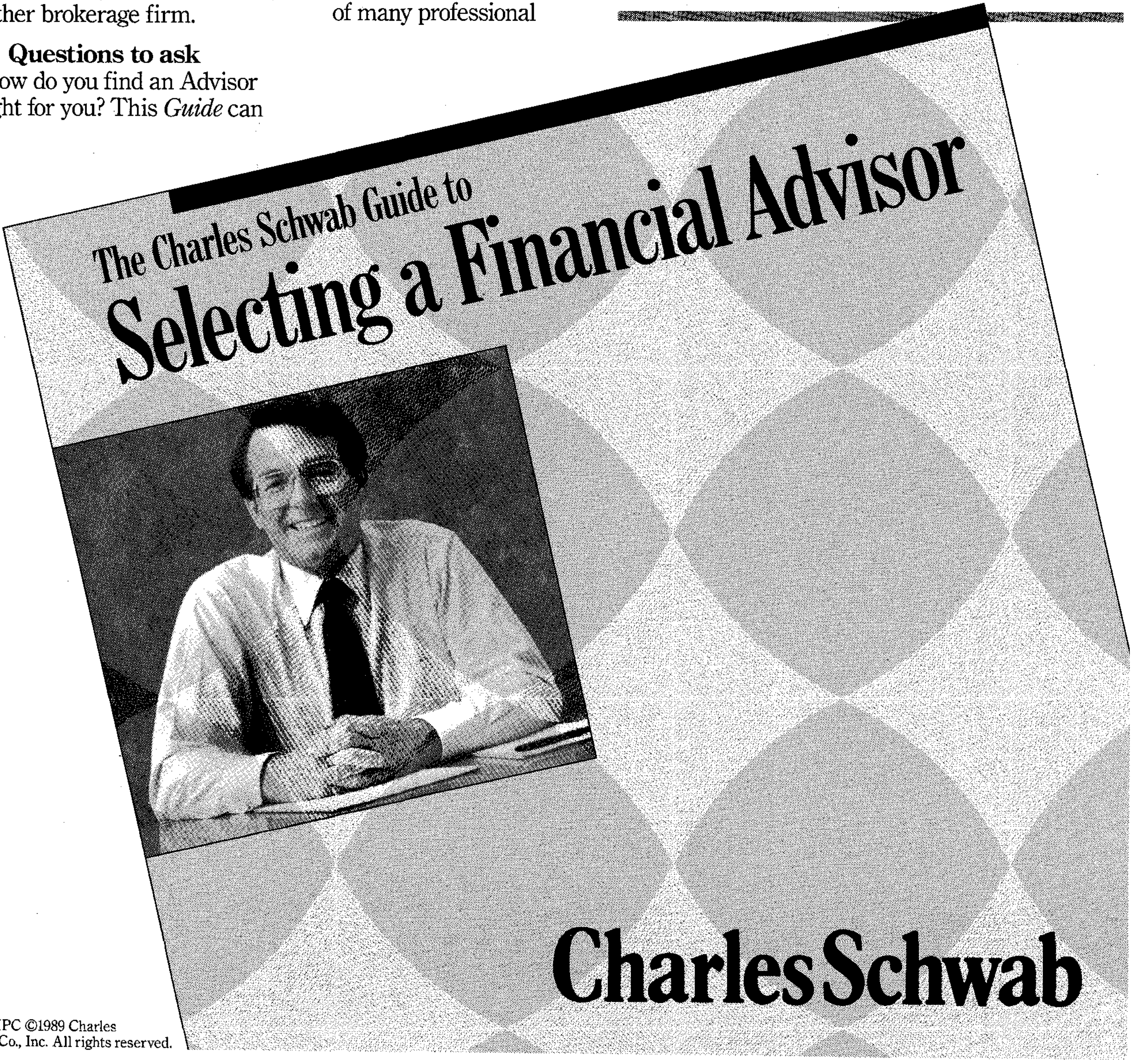

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

IT'S generally a bad sign when you leave a revue feeling that your friends could have produced wittier material. We really don't think we know anyone who couldn't have written a better show than "Laughing Matters" (at St. Peter's Church, in the Citicorp Center). Written and performed by Linda Wallem and Peter Tolan, whose director, Martin Charnin, has likened them to Nichols and May, it has a first act consisting of a blind-date skit, a talent-agency skit, a married-couple skit, and a let's-caricature-the-gross-inhabitants-of-middle-America skit. As for the songs in the second act, we didn't stay to sample them.

An altogether more professional offering is "Showing Off," at Steve McGraw's (formerly Palsson's), a collaboration between Douglas Bernstein and Denis Markell. Bernstein and Markell are both alumni of "The No-Frills Revue" and "Upstairs at O'Neal's," and were in fact responsible for the latter's two most memorable numbers—the song about critics' mothers, and the acting teacher's reply to Morales's song from "A Chorus Line." Some of the material in "Showing Off" is on this level, and, as performed by a winning cast—Mr. Bernstein, Mark Sawyer, Donna Murphy, and Veanne Cox—the evening certainly has its moments. In general, though, it is marred by the same smugness and insularity that characterized "Upstairs at O'Neal's."

Haven't the best satirical revues traditionally tried to say something about the spirit of a time? Both these shows seem like reflections of—rather than commentaries on—the prevailing Zeitgeist.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedules and ticket information.)

The Loman Family Picnic—Larry Block and Marcia Jean Kurtz in a new play by Donald Margulies. Previews through June 18. Opens June 20 at 7:30. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Ubu—Larry Sloan and Doug Wright's adaptation of Alfred Jarry's "Ubu Roi," based on a translation of the play by Jacqueline de la Chaume. With Oliver Platt as Père Ubu, Jodie Markell as Mère Ubu, and Christopher Durang as Ubu's Conscience. Directed by Mr. Sloan. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

NEW THIS SEASON

Aristocrats—Brian Friel's portrait of the family of Judge O'Donnell, of Ballybeg Hall, in Donegal, is witty, ironic, and loving. It is faultlessly performed by Niall Buggy (an astonishing actor, who got his start at the Abbey Theatre), Peter Crombie, John Pankow, Kaiulani Lee, John Christopher Jones, and Margaret Colin, among others, under the direction of Robin Lefèvre. Distinguished setting, lighting, and costumes by John Lee Beatty, Dennis Parichy, and Jane Greenwood. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/8/89.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-0102.)

Arms and the Man—Shaw's comedy, with Daniel Gerroll, Roma Downey, and Christopher Noth. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

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18	19	20	21			

Black and Blue—An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers, young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (2/6/89, under Dancing.) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

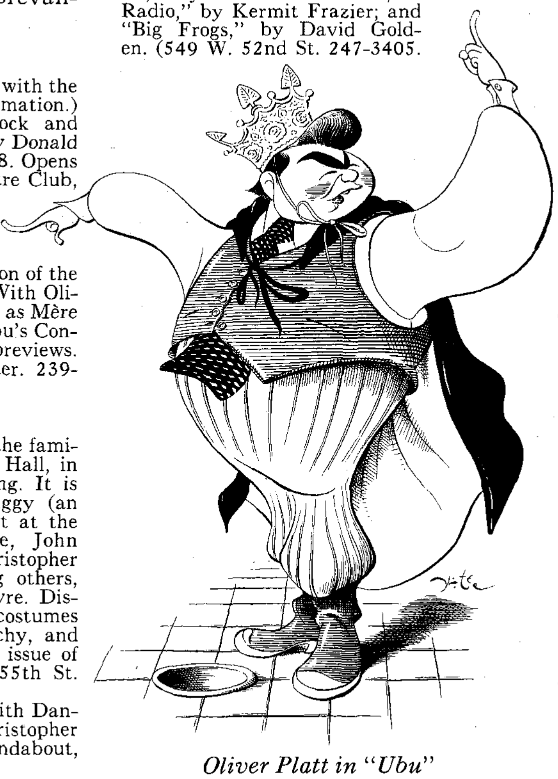
Circle Repertory Company—The final play of the season is **FLORIDA CRACKERS**, a drama by Wm. S. Leavengood about three brothers and their involvement in the drug trade. John Bishop is the director. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes June 25.)

The Cocktail Hour—A dramatist returns home to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more engaging. Under Jack O'Brien's direction, Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor and Keene Curtis do well also. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Conversation Among the Ruins—A play by Emilio Carballido, presented by the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre and starring Elizabeth Ruiz Clemens and Mark Morant. Some performances are in English; most are in Spanish. (304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes June 25.)

Cymbeline—Shakespeare's foolish, lyrical play in the clumsiest conceivable production. Even the presence of Joan Cusack cannot save it. Philip Glass has contributed a fine score. (6/12/89) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes June 25.)

Emsemble Studio Theatre—The 1989 marathon of one-act plays. Through June 18: "Pathological Venus," by Brighde Mullins; "Woman Floating Out a Window," by Jacklyn Maddux; and "The Open Boat," by Neal Bell. . . . ¶ Starting June 21: "Water Music," by Michael Erickson; "Outside the Radio," by Kermit Frazier; and "Big Frogs," by David Golden. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. The marathon continues through July 2.)



Oliver Platt in "Ubu"

Friends—Richard Lenz and David Spielberg in a revised version of a 1984 play by Lee Kalcheim. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 239-0827. Closes June 25.)

The Good Coach—A psychological thriller by Ben Siegler, with Tom Mardirosian. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes June 25.)

The Heidi Chronicles—Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With a superb cast, led by Joan Allen and Boyd Gaines. (12/26/88) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

I Could Go On Lip-Synching!—This one-man variety show made up of cultural arcana is kind of weird, kind of quirky, and kind of brilliant. Performed by John Epperson and written by him and Justin Ross (who directed), it uses the rhetorical tactics of drag theatre to attack some of the Big Questions, managing not so much to raise lip-synching to an art as to transform aural montage into psychodrama. Certainly this is the strangest show in town. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556.)

The Investigation of the Murder in El Salvador—A play by Charles Mee, Jr., with music composed and performed by Peter Gordon. Presented by the New York Theatre Workshop. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200. Closes June 17.)

Jerome Robbins' Broadway—A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. The evening is an orgy of family entertainment, a display of theatrical arts and crafts, and a canonization of Robbins and his era. Whether the fifties was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (3/13/89, under Dancing.) (Imperial, 249 W 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Kathy and Mo Show: Parallel Lives—Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

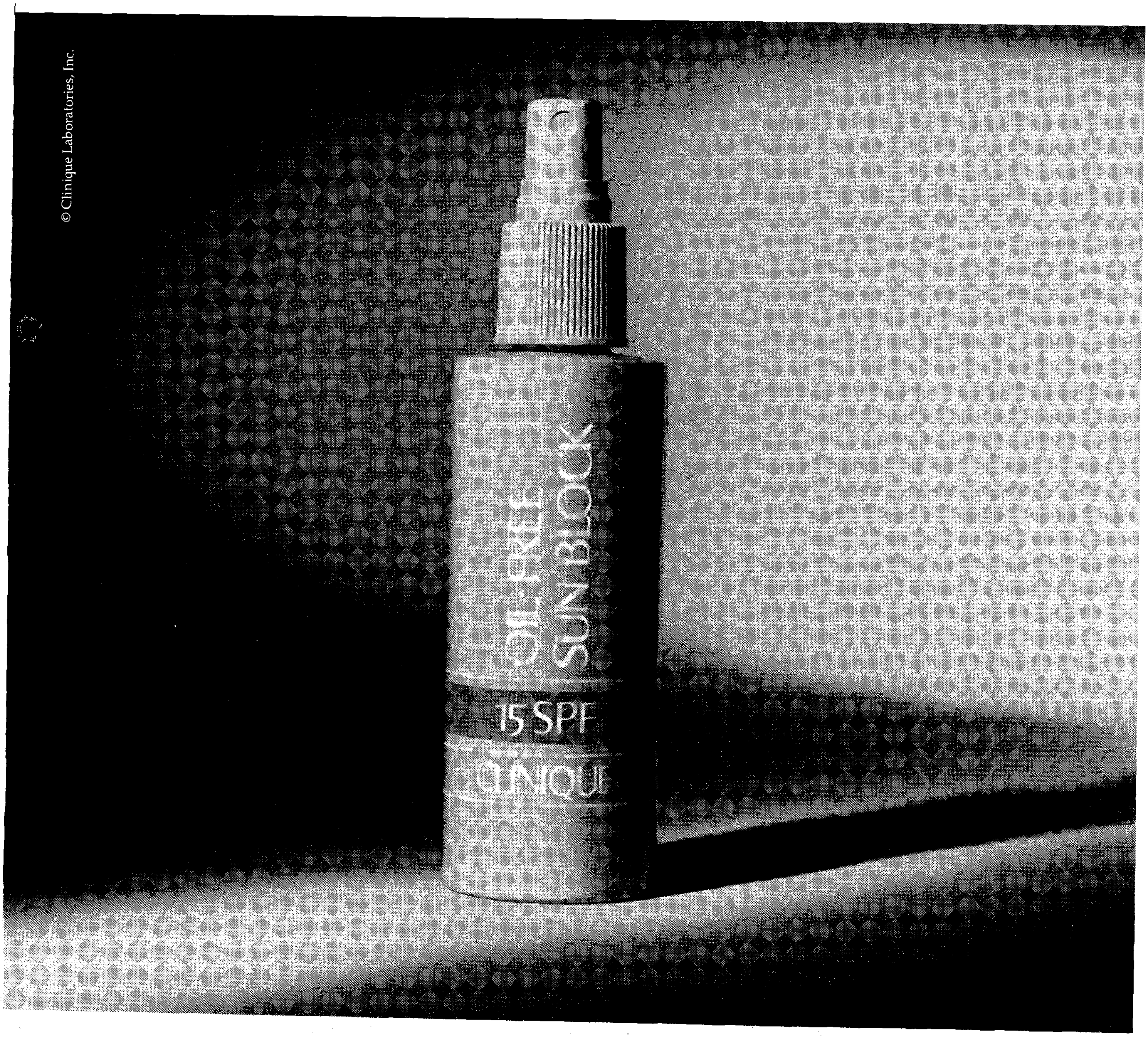
Largely New York—It would be a mistake to assume that Bill Irwin's dance-mime extravaganza is fundamentally boring because it lacks words; in fact, it has the best "book" on Broadway. The piece is partly a sendup of theatrical technology, partly a comment on the ills that beset a pluralistic society, and partly a debate about art. Irwin puts onstage all the conflicts, tensions, and antagonisms of modern city life and resolves them by means of an invented language. His solution is unrealistic—it obtains only in a theatre—but what makes the message so uplifting is that to understand it you have to learn a new idiom. (5/15/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

Laughing Matters—A comedy revue by the team of Wallem and Tolan. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 564-8038.)

Lend Me a Tenor—The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, Tovah Feldshuh, J. Smith-Cameron, Caroline Lagerfelt, Ron Holgate, Jane Connell, and Jeff Brooks make up the splendid cast. (3/13/89) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's **MIKADO.** With John Bonk as Ko-Ko, Ken Ward as Nanki-Poo, Bill Partlow as Pooh-Bah, Gregory Bossler as Pish-Tush, Martha E. Arnold as Yum-Yum, Donna Slawsky as Katisha, and Alexander Barton as the Mikado. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes June 25.)

The Lisbon Traviata—A play by Terrence McNally, with Anthony Heald, Nathan Lane, Dan Butler, and John Slattery. John Tillinger is the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center,



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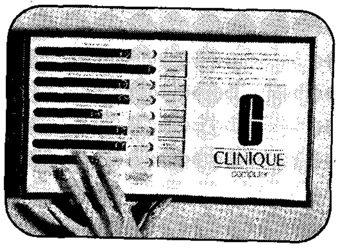

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131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes July 2.)

Love Letters—Staged readings of A. R. Gurney's new two-character play. June 12, George Grizzard and Barbara Barrie; June 18, John Rubinstein and a reader to be announced; and June 19, A. R. Gurney and Holland Taylor. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Metamorphosis—Steven Berkoff's one-act adaptation of the Kafka story, with Mikhail Baryshnikov in the role of Gregor Samsa. Spinach. (3/20/89) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Obsession for the Body—A musical by Stephen Kennedy Murphy. (18th Street Playhouse, 145 W. 18th St. Closes June 21. For reservations, call 807-4990.)

Only Kidding!—Jim Geoghan's comedy about standup comedians, in all their panic and desperation, has the ring of authenticity, and jokes that invariably pay off. (One monologue, about a Greek restaurant, is a knockout.) The characters are an aging Catskills type; a young comedy team, still scrambling for a foothold; a jumpy writer; and a beef-brained manager. All the actors do well, under the lively direction of Larry Arrick. (5/29/89) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Other People's Money—Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. Kevin Conway can seldom have been better or funnier than he is as Bronx-born Lawrence Garfinkle, and Janet Zarish plays his adversary (with a difference). They are ably supported by Scotty Bloch, James Murtaugh, and Arch Johnson. The performance as a whole is a credit to Gloria Muzio, who directed it. An import from the Hartford Stage Company. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

Rumors—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. It is acted to perfection by Christine Baranski, Ron Leibman, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Shirley Valentine—Pauline Collins gives a funny, beguiling performance as a Liverpool housewife who, feeling herself engulfed by drab domesticity, flies off to Greece, where she finds a temporary lover and lives happily ever after. Miss Collins is the only actor, and she is backed every inch of the way by Willy Russell, who wrote the play, and by Simon Callow, who directed it. (2/27/89) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Showing Off—A musical revue written by Douglas Bernstein and Denis Markell. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)

S. J. Perelman . . . In Person—Lewis J. Stadlen plays the American author and humorist in this one-man show written by Bob Shanks. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Starmites—This musical about a girl who enters the world of her favorite comic-book characters is pretty much what you'd expect. The style of the main plot—visually and otherwise—leans toward Michael Jackson, aerobic dancing, and Andrew Lloyd Webber; the style of the subplot is more in the direction of leather. We lasted almost to intermission. (Criterion Center Stage Right, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

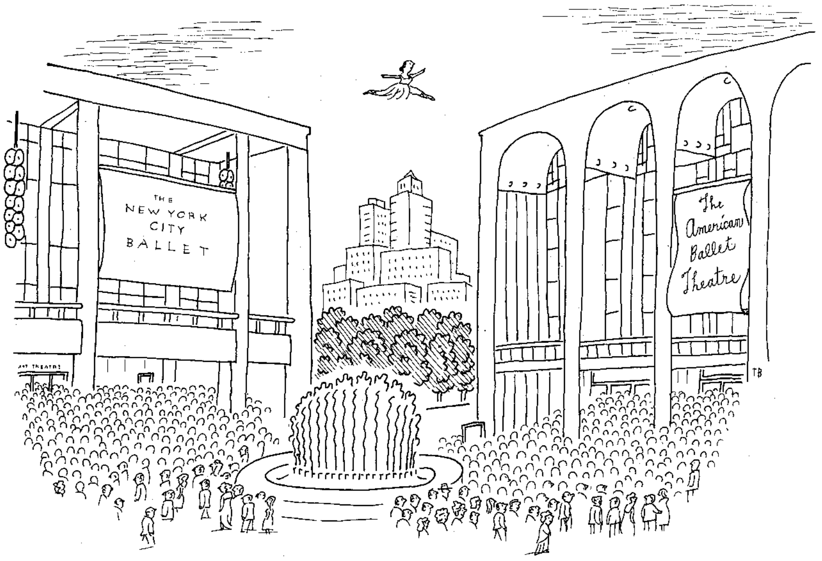
A Tale of Two Cities—Everett Quinton's over-the-top one-man version of Dickens' novel has Miss Pross literally hanging from the ceiling. Unfortunately, his performance is more spirited than it is consistently funny. *Best is the word "BLOOD" scrawled on the* bathroom wall. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

Up 'n' Under—A comedy by John Godber. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Closes June 18.)

The Value of Names—A play by Jeffrey Sweet, set in the eighties, about a comedian who was blacklisted during the fifties. With John Seitz; directed by Gloria Muzio. (Gertrude & Irving Dimson Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Closes June 25.)

LONG RUNS

ANYTHING GOES: This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Leslie Uggams, Bill McCutcheon, and Gregg Edelman, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction, and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run recently turned twenty-nine. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1989:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **INTO THE WOODS:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful and funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with John Rubinstein and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not *one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets,* everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **SARAFINA!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)



DANCE

WE once saw the choreographer Bronislava Nijinska (1891-1972). It was late in her life, and she was conducting rehearsals in Buffalo, where a small company called Niagara Frontier Ballet was to perform several of her works. Poised beside Nijinska in the studio, to translate her crackling Russian or to jump up and illustrate a movement, was a blond woman with a sharp eye and a warm, solicitous manner. This was Nijinska's daughter, Irina, whose impending birth had forced Nijinska to excuse herself from the once-in-a-lifetime role of the Chosen Maiden in her brother Vaslav Nijinsky's ambitious setting of "The Rite of Spring." After her mother's death, Irina kept Nijinska's ballets alive, and, thanks to her regard for her mother's art in its smallest details, one can now attend perhaps more dance performances of the Nijinska masterpieces from the era of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes—"Les Noces" (1923) and "Les Biches" (1924)—than orchestral presentations of their famous scores (by Stravinsky and Poulenc).

In New York, Irina Nijinska has set "Les Noces" on the Feld Ballet and on Dance Theatre of Harlem, which now has one of the largest collections of her Nijinska stagings in the United States. D.T.H. will perform them in a special program during its twelve-ballet repertory season at City Center, June 21st through July 2nd. In addition to "Les Noces" (performed with twenty-four chorus members, four solo singers, and four pianists), D.T.H. will present "Les Biches" and, to Saint-Saëns, the 1952 "Rondo Capriccioso," which Irina Nijinska staged with Rosella Hightower, the original Bird of Paradise from the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas production.

New York City Ballet—June 13 at 8: "The Four Temperaments," "Behind the China Dogs," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ June 14 at 8: "Apollo," "In Memory of . . . ," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ June 15 at 8: "Serenade," the première of an unnamed work, and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ June 16 at 8: "Beethoven Romance," "Mozart Serenade," "Behind the China Dogs," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ June 17 at 2: "Danses Concertantes," "In Memory of . . . ," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ June 17 at 8: "Ballo della Regina," the new ballet, and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ June 18 at 1: "Beethoven Romance," "Mozart Serenade," "In the Night," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ June 18 at 7: "Serenade," the new ballet, and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ June 20 at 8: "Apollo," "Ballade," "Sonatas and Interludes," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ June 21 at 8: "Danses Concertantes," "In Memory of . . . ," and "The Four Temperaments." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 25.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—June 12 at 8: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ June 13 at 8, and June 14 at 2 and 8, and June 15 at 8: "Don Quixote (Kitri's Wedding)." . . . ¶ June 16 at 8: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Prodigal Son," and "In the Upper Room." . . . ¶ June 17 at 2: "Rigaudon," "Pillar of Fire," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ June 17 at 8: "Quartet," "The Fugue," "Pillar of Fire," and "Bourée Fantasque." . . . ¶ June 19 at 8, June 20 at 8, and June 21 at 2 and 8: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through July 1.)

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—A two-week engagement opens on June 21 at 7:30 with a performance of "Giselle." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Through July 2.)

PHYLLIS LAMHUT DANCE COMPANY—In the première of "Man," with guest artists Manuel Alum, Ben Hazard, Eleo Pomare, Robert Small, and Clay Taliaferro. The New York Paganini New Music Consort will provide accompaniment. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 924-0077. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:30. Through June 25.)

NIGHT LIFE

IN the East Village, where salads are served with carrot dressing and Army boots are summer shoes, what's playing on a bar's jukebox often determines the types who walk in the door and how long they stay. On a recent Friday night, we canvassed a few of the neighborhood's bars, and came up with this report:

10 P.M.: WCOU (First Ave. and 7th St.), a clean, low-key place with tile floors. Rather conservative selection on the Rock-Ola 483. Heard Ray Charles' "What'd I Say," Prince's "Raspberry Beret."

10:40 P.M.: Downtown Beirut (First Ave. and 10th St.), a dark, cramped, punky joint. Mix of retro and camp on the console: the Stones' "Lady Jane," the Vapors' "Turning Japanese," Tom Jones' "What's New, Pussycat?" Overheard two young women discussing death of Sid Vicious.

11:30 P.M.: Joe's (E. 6th St. between Aves. A and B), a dingy, smoky dive with a pool table and Christmas tinsel. C. & W. box: Patsy Cline's "Walkin' After Midnight," Johnny Cash's "Ring of Fire." Stared at bas-relief velvet flowered wallpaper. Cut out after Elvis's "I'm Left, You're Right, She's Gone."

12:15 A.M.: Sophie's (E. 5th St. between Aves. A and B), another dive with a pool table, but ten times as crowded. (Pool players have to use short cues.) Juke with impressive range: Funkadelic, Pixies, Manu Dibango, the Pogues. Left before we got crushed.

12:40 A.M.: Lismar Lounge (First Ave. and 2nd St.), a heavy-metal place. Leather hats, studded bracelets, thick eyeliner. Loudest jukebox yet. Girl with torn jeans and bare midriff played air guitar to Guns n' Roses' "Sweet Child o' Mine." Harry Chapin inexplicably mixed in with the Led Zep, Alice Cooper, and Teenage Head.

Postscript: pay phones, laundry machines, and video games are fine, but in this neighborhood quarters are for the jukebox.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Thirty-year-olds in love call **MABEL GODWIN** "a *scandal*." Now in her seventies, she remains a singer of racy jazz numbers, a devout chatterer, a wearer of gold lamé suits, and a pianist who perks along quite nicely to the accompaniment of a snare and a standup bass. Ms. Godwin performs Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. On Sundays, cornettist **LEE LORENZ** leads the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band, and on Mondays the Grove Street Stompers do their Dixieland thing. Arthur's is currently decorated for the holidays—Christmas, New Year's, Halloween, and St. Patrick's Day.

BITTER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The free passes to this club could pave most of Greenwich Village—and they often do. The Bitter End was all abuzz in the seventies, when it was a stopping point for the sort of singers whose records you can now order from television: Gordon Lightfoot, Melissa Manchester, Neil Sedaka. Aside from the rest rooms, which are what you'd expect to find during wartime, the place is pleasant enough. There's an Atari video game aglow in the corner, a platinum record from Blood, Sweat, & Tears, and a doorman who, when you ask what time the band's coming on, will tell you whatever you want to hear.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak film). The bad news is that the Blue Note tends to accept more reservations than it honors and that, if you make it inside, you can spend a hundred dollars before deciding what to order. The good news: vibraphonist **GARY BURTON** and a quintet June 13-18, and pianist-composer **KENNY BARRON'S** ensemble on June 19. Starting June 20, there's a double bill: R. & B. singer **CHARLES BROWN,** and **BILLY PRESTON,** the singer, pianist, and onetime Rolling Stones sideman; saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** is the guest soloist. First set at nine. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar, tucked between a D'Agostino supermarket and a greengrocery. In 1969, when Bradley Cunningham and a partner bought it, it was called the Stirrup. Its light is distinctive, something between dim generic tavern glow and refined haze; its patrons are famously gabby; its piano, which Paul Desmond bequeathed to Mr. Cunningham, has been played by many first-rate musicians, including Jimmy Rowles, Tommy Flanagan, and Dave McKenna. **JOHN HICKS,** no slouch himself, works the eighty-eight June 12-18, with bassist **WALTER BOOKER.** They're joined by trumpeter Roy Hargrove June 15-17 and by flutist **ELISE WOOD** on June 18. Mr. Hicks teams up with bassist **SANTI DEBRIANO** beginning June 19. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CAT CLUB, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. The dancers are young, old, middle-aged, semi-pro, one hundred per cent amateur, happy, earnest, in love; men's shoe styles run from white bucks to clodhoppers to gleaming patent-leather jobs. On June 18, the swing begins with drummer **RONNIE COLE** and his orchestra. Music from eight to midnight.

DAN LYNCH, 221 Second Ave., at 14th St. (677-0911)—Outside Dan Lynch, you'll come across a lot of suspicious characters who'll claim to know you; inside you'll find a pupil-dilating, brown-on-brown bar decorated with an Aretha poster and remnants of a birch tree. The place brightens up considerably at ten, with a variety of live blues.

DELTA 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)— A long, rambling bar and restaurant with a white-trash-chicken-shack theme. The

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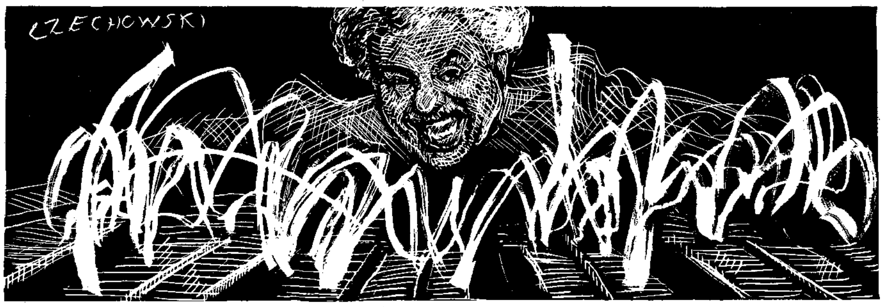
decorator went kind of hog-wild with all the old filling-station and soft-drink signs and the hubcaps and the dime-store portrait of the King and the display of dozer caps and the shingle from the taxidermist in Spanish Fort, Alabama—but it's a friendly enough place. There's live music for most palates, including zydeco (**LOUP GAROU** on June 15); rhythm and blues (Diane Scanlon's Li'l Kitten and the Hounds of Love on June 14); and gospel (the Spiritual Heart Singers on June 19). Shows after nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

THE DUPLEX, 55 Grove St. (255-5438)—A forum for all manner of madness. On June 15 and 22, Rudy's Jukebox, a spirited vocal group, holds forth in this basement-level bar, where show tunes often take a back seat to TV tunes and where even the waitresses and bartenders can't stop strutting their songbird stuff. June 16-17 belongs to the standup-comedy trio F.G.M.'s (personal-ad shorthand for Funny Gay Males).

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—On Fridays, in the back room of this bar, you can sit and drink a tankard of cool stout and listen to traditional Irish music.

INDIGO BLUES, 221 W. 46th St. (221-0033)—A new jazz club, in the basement of the Hotel Edison. It's awash in blue neon, and has a fancy sound system and a shiny dance floor. Miles Davis, who had not played a note in a New York night club since 1975, christened this room a few months ago. Trios led by pianists **BILLY TAYLOR** and **RICHIE BEIRACH** trade sets June 13-18; a trio led by pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** punches in June 19-20; and on June 21 keyboardist and god of thunder **MC COY TYNER'S** threesome cuts loose.



Tito Puente

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant that looks as if it might be an outlet for vintage theatre and newspaper posters. A Steinway sits near the center of things, though there are nights when it might as well be out on the street, for all you can hear of it. Singer-pianist-hot patootie **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE** performs on June 18; June 19 is the property of the a-capella group Five Play; and pianist **BILLY CHARLAP** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** pair up starting June 20. Music from nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—This upstairs music and performance space opened its doors in 1986 and quickly established itself as the headquarters of the downtown avant-garde-music scene. (There wasn't much competition.) In the rear, there's a mini-bar stocked with herbal tea and imported beer; up front is a small stage, which belongs to the **ORDINAIRES** on June 12 and to **JOHN ZORN'S NAKED CITY** June 16-17. The Knitting Factory Festival, twenty-one nights of Factory faves, kicks off June 18, with the **BUTCH MORRIS, WAYNE HORVITZ,** and **BOBBY PREVITE** trio and the Roy Campbell quintet. June 19: drummer **MARVIN (SMITTY) SMITH'S** ensemble and the **ROBIN EUBANKS** quartet. June 20: Sonny Murray's Playing for Keeps, drummer Joey Baron, and guitarist Gary Lucas. June 21: **GREG OSBY'S** Sound Theatre and Odd Job. Music after nine.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A cheery, climate-controlled restaurant and bar featuring a load of snazzy Gibson guitars, some Washington Square-style portraits of Bo Diddley and Dr. John, and funky French fry–potato chip hybrids. On June 15, there will be a double bill, with **JOE (KING) CARRASCO** and **NED SUBLETTE'S** big band taking the stage. Singer-pianist **COMMANDER CODY** comes through on June 16; **JOHNNY COPELAND,** a singer-guitarist with Texan roots, will be here on June 17; and **RUTH BROWN,** as in rhythm and blues, will sing on June 19. Music after nine. Dining.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—A small-pond club for big-fish bands. There's not much here to look at: Maxwell's is a back-room affair with a dingy stage and a baby grand piano someone apparently tried to papier-mâché. Still, the bookers know their college-radio playlists: Sonic Youth, Wire, and the Feelies have been through recently, and R.E.M. and 10,000 Maniacs landed here before even *you* knew who they were.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Henry VIII and a unicorn on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and **ANITA O'DAY** on the bandstand. O'Day, who thought up her surname back when she was an aspiring dance-marathon contestant, sang at New York's Hotel Pennsylvania in 1941, and she and Gene Krupa's big band are back for more. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spiffy uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. Manfredo Fest, a Brazilian pianist and composer whose last New York appearance was in 1970, breaks the silence June 13-14, with a quartet. Music from about ten until two.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs about eight dollars. There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and rest-room attendants who hover near the sink asking, "Is the water too warm?" Beginning June 13, **PHYLLIS DILLER** places her back to the skyline. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This rock establishment, which recently moved from the East Village to the former temple of excess Studio 54, is still a place where the customer is not always right. The signature feature of its previous address, the giant Big Brother video screen, has been preserved intact. Upstairs in the balcony, there are designated seating areas for industry and non-industry people. **ROBYN HITCHCOCK & THE EGYPTIANS,** who play absurdist psychedelic pop songs with titles like "My Wife and My Dead Wife" and "Uncorrected Personality Traits," are here on June 15, with the Austin, Texas, group Poi Dog Pondering. The hard-rocking **GODFATHERS** rail against Thatcherland on June 16, with their compatriots New Model Army. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—June 13-18, **DON CHERRY,** a trumpeter with a fondness for exotic instruments like miniature pocket trumpets and African hunters' harps, will be in this Village temple of jazz (pressed-tin ceiling, grainy b. & w. photos of your favorite demigods, knee-to-knee seating), with **CHARLIE HADEN, JAMES CLAY,** and **ED BLACKWELL.** The long-lived jazz trio of **CEDAR WALTON, RON CARTER,** and **BILLY HIGGINS** starts up on June 20. The electrified big band that the late Gil Evans brought here on Mondays—it shimmered a little and rumbled a lot, while Evans, a hands-off conductor, let his soloists blow at length—is now under the direction of his son, trumpeter Miles Evans, and is in action on Mondays. Shows from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—The old Tramps, a small Irish pub on East 15th Street, closed its doors last year, and this new incarnation, located on a Chelsea block that's fast becoming an urban Disneyland (a pool hall, indoor miniature golf, a trendy all-night diner, Limelight around the corner), opened last month. The new place, about the size of a roller rink, has the converted-loft-space slickness much in evidence downtown lately, but the emphasis on solid rock and blues remains. **KILLER JOE,** a ten-piece outfit propelled by Springsteen drummer Max Weinberg, claims Tuesday nights. **LOUP GAROU** takes the stage on June 16.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the gym-size downstairs room, which, with its black walls, black pillars, and black pipes and ducts, resembles a giant Louise Nevelson sculpture, salsa bands pack them in on Mondays. Timbale whiz **TITO PUENTE** headlines on June 19. **SID CAESAR** is here starting June 13, in a comedy revue that includes sketches from his old TV series "Your Show of Shows." Tuesdays through Fridays at eight, Saturdays at seven and ten, and Sundays at seven. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the airy space known as the Terrace Bar, piano-bass teams brave the gabbing Tuesdays through Sundays. On Tuesdays, the visiting duo trades sets with **HELLMAN'S ANGELS,** a string trio whose head angel, **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** plays the harp.

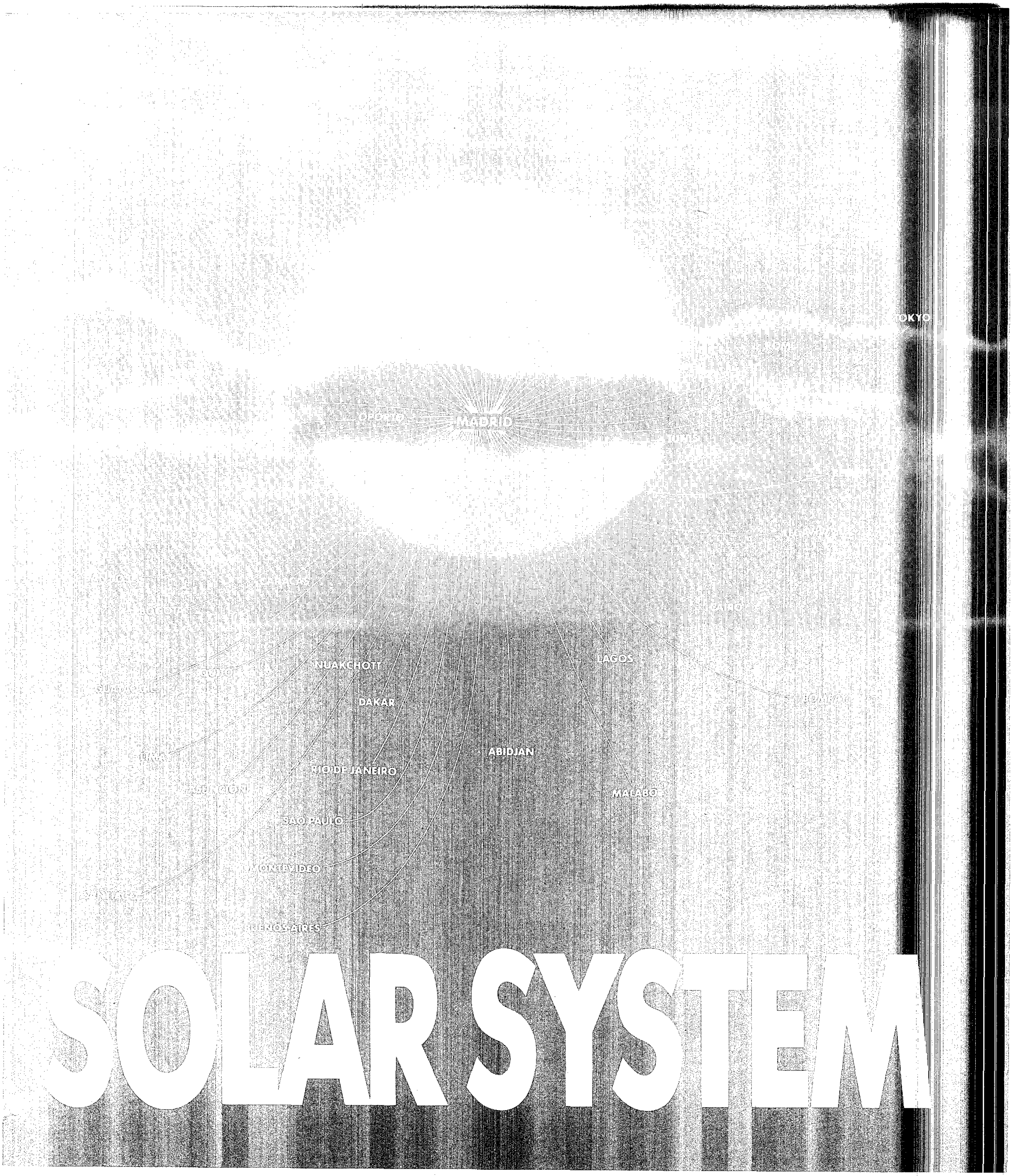
VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. **BOBBY WATSON,** an alto saxophonist with a hard-bop past, is at the helm June 13-18. Saxophonist **FRANK MORGAN'S** quartet settles in on June 20. Mondays are prime time for **MEL LEWIS'S** big band. Music from ten.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peacefully from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. June 12-17 is in the hands of pianist **JANE JARVIS** and bassist **MILT HINTON;** guitarist **TAL FARLOW** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** got rolling on June 19. Music weeknights from eight. Closed Sundays.

NEW YOKNAPATAWPHA

The writer Willie Morris once said that Mississippi, unlike nearly any other state, has produced a "genuine set of exiles, almost in the European sense: alienated from home yet forever drawn back." Some of the exiles who live in New York have been gathering on a summer day in Central Park since 1979. Every April, these Mississippian New Yorkers begin to plan their schedules around The Picnic, which this year takes place on June 17th in the East Meadow. The New York weather often complies by offering an all-enveloping Delta-style humidity, and one hears such loose talk as "Where's the Ross Barnett Reservoir when you need it?"

Entertainment at The Picnic is a silly, Southern-caricature kind of affair, with a watermelon-seed-spitting championship, a grits-sculpture competition, and prize ceremonies for the best fried chicken and homemade desserts. Picnickers chat with folks they haven't seen since last June, and hardly anybody cuts into the long line for lunch. Even those who can't pronounce "Biloxi" correctly won't be turned away. The best thing, though, is feeling that just for an afternoon the East Meadow has become Jackson's Battlefield Park, while at the same time knowing that Fifth Avenue is just beyond the trees.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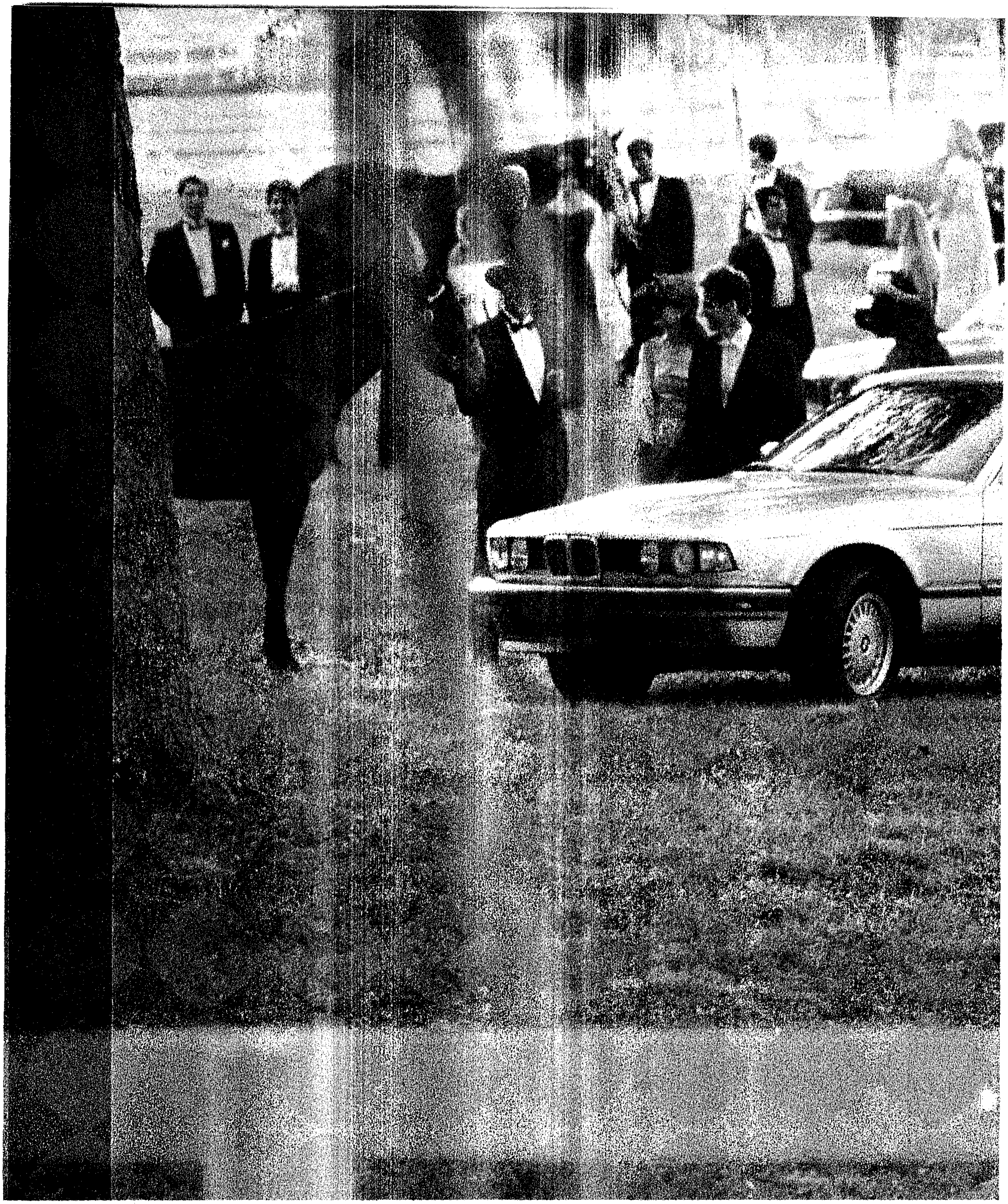

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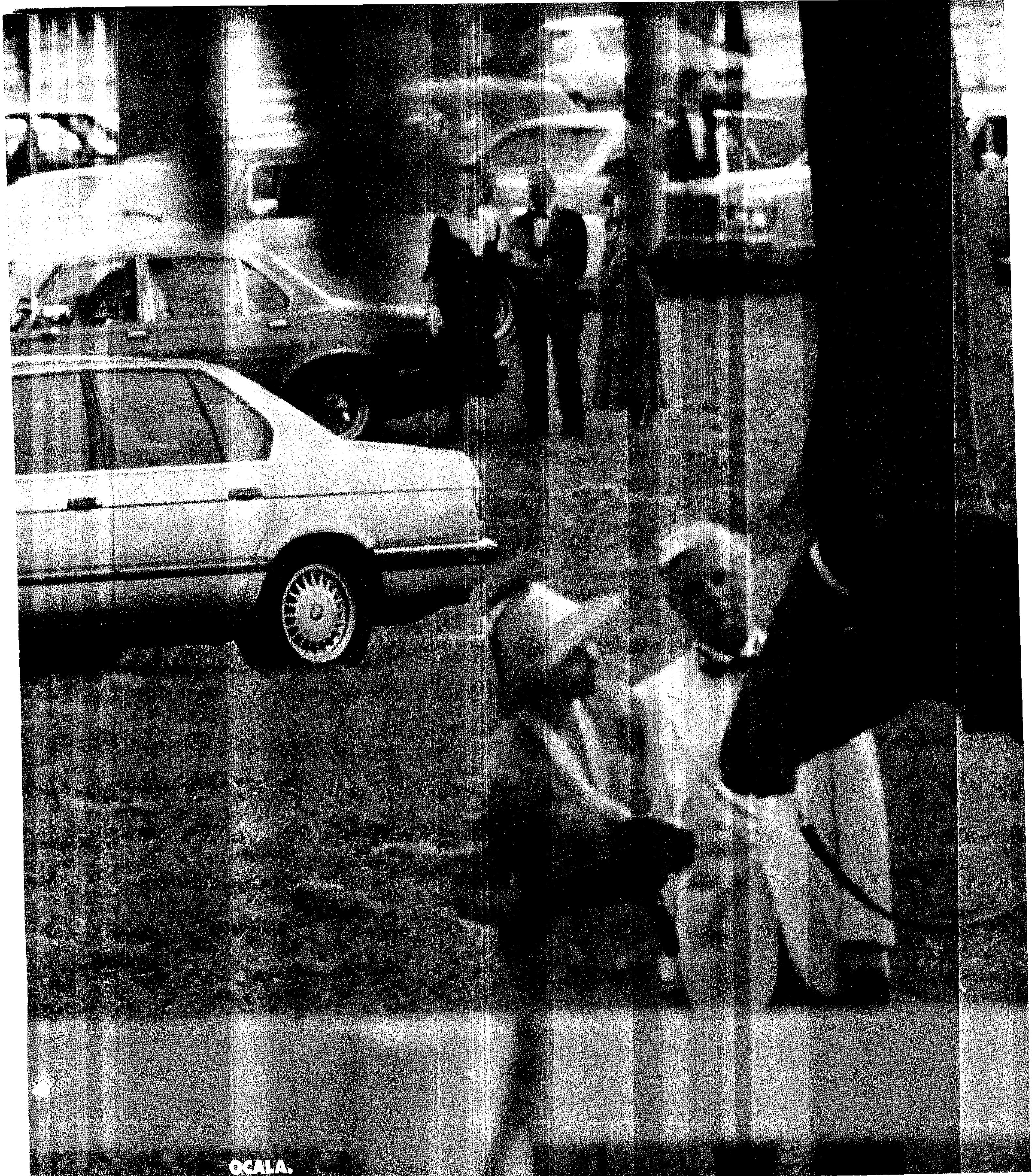

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

"IF it's Tuesday, and it's not Belgium, it must be Gaijin Karaoke!" cries Haoui Montaug, in a voice so effervescently arid it should be on tape for dry-beer ads. But then everything that Montaug and his co-host, d.j. *extraordinaire* Anita Sarko, do onstage at M.K.'s newly created cabaret has the froth and the put-on sincerity of Bill Murray's finest moments as "Saturday Night Live" 's sleazy lounge singer. Sarko dresses like Dietrich in "Destry Rides Again," and Montaug looks like the camp counsellor your parents prayed you wouldn't get. Sarko has the wan smile of someone who could watch you heading for a low ceiling and not cry "Duck!"; she and Montaug seem beside themselves with ennui as they preside over this night of dubious talent.

For people who think the tone-deaf sing only in the shower, Gaijin Karaoke will be a shock. Members of the audience are solicited to peruse a list of over eight hundred pop classics and from it select one they will sing. Accompanied by recorded orchestrations, the volunteers warble out tunes to a delighted audience of cowards.

One guy, whose name gets muffled by his palm—because he wipes his mouth as he introduces himself—has been goaded by his friends to sing Wham!'s "Careless Whisper." He proves that "guilty feet" are not the only things that "got no rhythm" when he falls at least six bars behind. "I'm screwing up!" he screams. Petal takes her chances singing "Like a Virgin," and forgets the words in the middle of the song, even though she's holding a printed copy of the lyrics. Duane can sing, but he attempts "What's Love Got to Do with It" in a key too high, letting it rip only on the low notes.

Every now and then, you get a true vocal hotdogger. Dressed in bike shorts, a motorcycle jacket, a T-shirt, and a neck chain strong enough to stable a Harley, Kevin tears into "I Want Your Sex," jumping, leaping onto nearby tables, and writhing as if he were exorcising the ghost of George Michael from his body. Sarko, who usually provides backup and spontaneous choreography, and Montaug, always busy inflating blowup toys that serve as Gaijin Karaoke's Grammy Awards, wisely give stage. A true artist needs no cheerleading, and on this night a star was born, however prematurely.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"Fête de la Musique"—What is so rare as a day in June, especially when the organizers of the New York International Festival of the Arts give it their attention? The aforementioned organizers have decided to celebrate the first day of summer (June 21) by dousing the city, all day long, in music that is not necessarily French. Jazz bands will play in bank lobbies; a group composed of L.I.R.R. employees will rock the lobby of Penn Station; the P.S. 92 glee club, decked out in red wigs, will sing numbers from "Cabaret"; the Sylvan Winds, a wind ensemble, will serenade listeners near the fountain at Lincoln Center. Other venues include hospitals, libraries, churches, and department stores. Don't go looking for entertainment on the first day of summer; let it come to you.

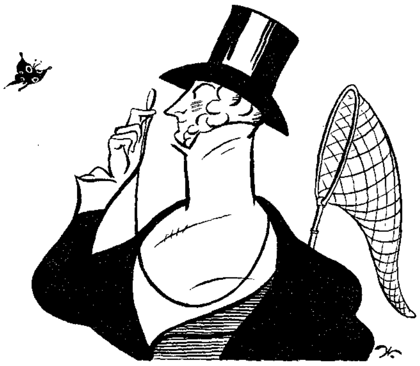
P.S. 122—June 15-18 at 9:30: Ridge Theatre in a musical about three consultants who are captured by crack dealers and have to tap-dance their way to freedom. . . . ¶ June 16-18 at 9: New dance and performance works by Salley May, Nancy Alfaro, and Kumiko Kimoto. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ART

THE Lucian Freud show, at Brooke Alexander, originated last year, in slightly different form, at the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, and is the first exhibition devoted to the artist's work on paper. Freud himself—now sixty-six years old—did most of the choosing. The heaviest concentration of works is from the forties and from the eighties, periods when this notorious scrutinizer of faces and anatomies was perhaps at his most unrelenting. Eros from the vantage of youth and late-middle age is the implicit subject here.

The youthful drawings offer many views of the birds and the bees. For instance, the floating male nymph and experienced-looking girl of "In the Silo Tower" (made in 1940, when Freud was eighteen) have just made hay and are now in it, while the naked, knowing subject of "Boy on a Bed" (1943)—a bit of a roughneck and, one imagines, for hire—holds his own bird in hand. The charming, boy's-world atmosphere of these works is surprisingly similar to the mood of early works by David Hockney, an artist to whom Freud is not habitually compared. Their brilliant, gnarled, and rather illustrational style may also remind viewers of work by Maurice Sendak, who, like Freud, looks to the German Romantic tradition.

With age, Freud's subject is almost invariably the treachery of the flesh. He seems to be saying that eventual ugliness is a universal punishment, and so it appears strange at first to find Watteau as a frequent reference in Freud's eighties work. Time surely is a traitor in Watteau's tableaux, but flesh has never looked better. Yet in two drawings based on the painting "Large Interior, W. 11," which was inspired by Watteau's "Pierrot Content," Freud shows us kitchen-sink Columbines and a cross-dressed troubadour who look bittersweet and half decayed—and only a little worse for wear than ourselves.



MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Museum Mile Festival—The eleventh annual open house takes place June 13, from six to nine in the evening. Fifth Avenue between 82nd and 106th Streets is accessible to pedestrians and street peformers only, and nine of the museums along the way are free of charge. (This year, even the Metropolitan Museum has suspended its usual policy of pay-what-you-want admission.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Goya and the Spirit of Enlightenment," a major exhibition of paintings and works on paper by this intense and elusive giant (1746-1828), proposes the artist as philosopher and political theorist. The installation is a little low on visual magic, a little long on wall labels, and of particular interest for two self-portraits: a young Goya working by the light of a candle-holding hat; an old, sick Goya attended by his physician. Through July 16. . . . ¶ "Apropos Aprons," a presentation of the Costume Institute, considers not the workaday item but apron extremes—extremely ornate examples from eighteenth-century Europe, and the extremely short Rudi Gernreich mini (1969), not to mention the Egyptian noblewoman's funerary apron, and various loincloths, girdles, pinafores, and pendant sashes. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ Thirty-six of Lucas Samaras's works on paper from the museum's collection are on view in the Berggruen Klee Gallery of the Wallace wing (the Klee works that are usually there are at the Tate Gallery for the summer). Through Sept. 2. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-five sculptures and fifteen drawings by Christopher Wilmarth (1943-87). A compact and exceptionally discomfiting retrospective. The artist's green-glass structures from the late sixties and seventies are elegant in the extreme but utterly mute. The late work—mostly bronze wall reliefs with ovoid etched-glass "heads"—offers about as despairing a vision of the self as you are likely to find. Through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ The Helen Frankenthaler retrospective—forty paintings from the past forty years, including early "soak-stain" canvases and some recent impastoed and scumbled paintings. Through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ "Minor White: The Eye That Shapes." Through June 18. . . . ¶ "America Worked: The 1950s Photographs of Dan Weiner." Through July 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Austrian artist and teacher Arnulf Rainer is a sympathetic and influential figure. Best known for his ongoing series of "Face Farces"—photographic self-portraits altered with paint—he exemplifies both a sixties-style liberated Expressionism and the sensuous flamboyance associated with the Viennese school. Seen in small doses, Rainer's work has considerable verve. But there's not enough variety or sweep in it to sustain this museum retrospective. Through July 9. . . . ¶ Hannelore Baron (1926-87). This small show features modest abstract collages, from 1975 to 1984, composed of threadlike ink lines and frayed bits of discarded canvas and paper. They offer a glimpse of a child's world marked more by trauma and darkness—the artist was a Jew who came to New York from Germany in 1941—than by dreams. Through July 9. (A companion show of collages is at Gallery Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.) (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Biennial. Through July 9. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Hispanic Art in the United States: Thirty Contemporary Painters & Sculptors" includes works by Luis Cruz Azaceta, Robert Graham, and Manuel Neri. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ The museum's Georgia O'Keeffe holdings (twelve pieces), including five paintings and one pastel drawing that all came through a recent bequest. Through June 19. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

ART–Cont'd

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Jewelry, artifacts, fabrics, baskets, and some reconstructed dwellings from Madagascar. Through Aug. 27. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—"George Nakashima: Full Circle" is a show of furniture by a woodworker who favors an organic approach to tables, chairs, cabinets, and lamps. Through Aug. 13. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Two hundred years' worth of French design, in honor of the bicentennial of the French Revolution. Through July 16. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A small sampling of views of Venice and Paris by Francesco Guardi (paintings), Charles Meryon (prints), and James A. M. Whistler (pastels and prints). Guardi may have looked closely at Venice's canals, but Whistler makes you want to travel down them. Through June 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by eighteen Israeli artists, responding to their country's political and social conflicts of the past decade. Through Aug. 6. . . . ¶ "Memories of Alsace: Folk Art and Jewish Tradition," a show of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century objects, most of which are on loan from European museums, includes a special tin Chanukkah lamp (thirty-three flames when completely lighted) and a walnut circumcision bench, called an Elijah chair. Through Aug. 14. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Words of Blood, Images of Fire," another tribute to the French Revolution, includes Robespierre's holograph of a speech Saint-Just gave attacking Georges-Jacques Danton; a sketch (attributed to David) of Robespierre on the *day of his execution; and letters, more* speeches, and memoranda. Through Aug. 20. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—The second installment of a two-part retrospective of work by Nancy Spero, that most politicized of aesthetes. The artist's more recent style characteristically involves collages with passages of typescript (feminist treatises, literary quotes, Amnesty International bulletins) that seem to float among lyrical sequences of block-printed, archetypal female figures from many different periods and cultures, ranging from Greek goddesses on the warpath to bereft Vietnamese mothers. Through July 9. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, *noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)*

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Botanical illustrations from the eighteenth to twentieth centuries, among them Georg Ehret's colored engraving "Yucca Aloifolia," a couple of Redouté watercolors and prints of his work from "Les Roses" and "Les Liliacées," and watercolors by Lilian Snelling, Mary Grierson, and Pandora Sellars. Through Sept. 2. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

FRANCIS PICABIA (1879-1953)—In the early forties, while most of Europe was at war, Picabia was ensconced on the Côte d'Azur making these, the kitschiest paintings of his career. On view are ten sex-kitten pinups, two portraits, and a matador. Through June 16. (Panicali, 21 E. 67th St.)

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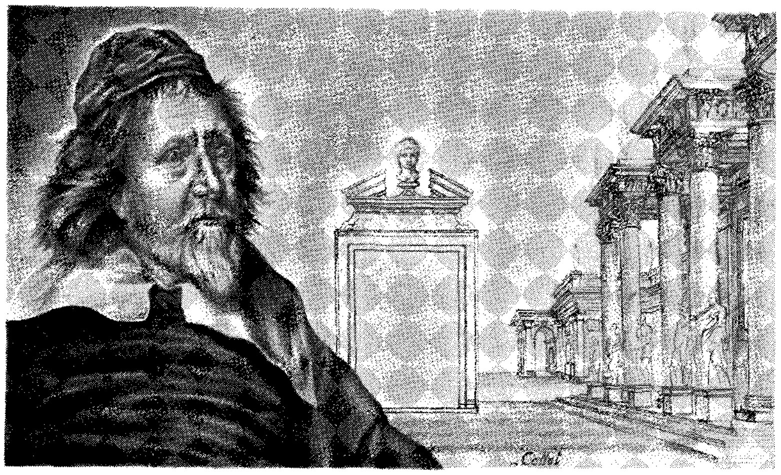
CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART—"Wild Spirits Strong Medicine: African Art and the Wilderness." A provocative display of artifacts. It begins with pairs of objects which illustrate the contrasts between village life and wilderness, or bush, life. The village objects are refined and domesticated; the others are aggressive and exaggerated. Additional exhibits related to the wild include an extraordinary fifteen-foot snake mask. Through Aug. 20. (54 E. 68th St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

FOUR ICELANDIC ARTISTS—Jón Axel Björnsson is an expressionistic painter, and his wife, Sóley Eiríksdóttir, makes odd, linear figure sculptures in black concrete. Kolbrún Björgófsdóttir, a ceramist, shows cones and pyramids with a brown-spotted glaze, while her husband, Magnúss Kjartansson, is represented by ambiguous work—simultaneously abstract and Pop—painted on paper. Through July 28. (American-Scandinavian Foundation, *127 E. 73rd* St. Open Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.)

"POELITICAL OBJECT"—Twenty years of vanguard Spanish art—printed work, mostly—with a neo-Dada attitude. Joan Brossa's visual poems are especially succinct and fun—there *is an "O," for instance, shaped like Alfred* Hitchcock's profile. Through July 22. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open daily.)



Inigo Jones

GROUP SHOWS—At **LAFAYETTE PARKE,** 58 E. 79th St.: This hodgepodge of still-lifes includes works ranging from Martin Johnson Heade's simple floral arrangements in a champagne glass to an odd pre-Pop abstraction in Sumi ink by Jim Dine. The show is worthwhile for its hidden marvels, like Jean Metzinger's Cubist oil and Gabriele Münter's two Expressionist paintings. Through June 24. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A delightful Miró painted on burlap in the artist's characteristic figurative shorthand, a sturdy analytic-Cubist Braque of *1913, an airy Matisse of a woman in her boudoir,* and other exquisitely selected masterworks of the early Parisian modernists. Through June 30.

SHORT LIST—**HANNELORE BARON,** Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (through June 30); **CHRISTOPHER WILMARTH,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through July 29).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

PATRICK HENRY BRUCE (1881-1936) / **MORGAN RUSSELL** (1886-1953)—This show of paintings made in Paris traces the development of the American Bruce (a descendant of the revolutionary Patrick Henry) from Cézannesque still-lifes and landscapes through an enervat*ing Synchromistic painting (1916) that man*ages to be both still-life and landscape to solid, cubic still-lifes. / A modest display of drawings illustrating Russell's fascinating shift from figuration to Delaunay-like Synchromism. Through June 30. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER (1898-1976)—Calder's signature metal sculptures and generally cheerful flying shapes have survived their well-known official uses, and coming on the heels of similar work by Neo-Geo artists and a revived interest in biomorphic abstraction, they look refreshed. Through June 17. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

ANTHONY CARO—New, compositionally majestic sculptures by this master welder, including one inspired by a Rubens depiction of the *descent from the Cross, which is paired with* a photographic reproduction of the source; and "Xanadu," a huge tour de force of crushed-and-rolled steel. Through June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

JEAN DUBUFFET (1901-85)—Paintings and works on paper from 1955 to 1962 (called "assemblages," "texturologies," and "matériologies") that look like closeups of soil. With these sere and gritty surfaces, Dubuffet seems to anticipate the work of artists as disparate as Milton Resnick and Anselm Kiefer. Through July 8. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

ROBERTO JUAREZ / ROBERT GRAHAM—Juarez has traded his spicy Expressionist flowers, shells, and fruit for sombre ones (à la Terry Win*ters) drawn against painted abstract back*grounds; some are lined with paper towels, others mixed with sand. / Beautifully framed drawings of nudes by a fine sculptor. Through June 30. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

PABLO PICASSO (1881-1973)—Small works from the Marina Picasso collection (most are for sale), including thirty paintings and more than twenty drawings, plus sculptures and graphics. There are choice tidbits from many decades, presented in a slightly stuffy way. Through June 30. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

BILLY SULLIVAN—Exuberant *pastels that chronicle a cross*-section of New York social life—voguing, a society benefit, boys dancing at the night club The World in their B.V.D.s—and breathe life into a tired urban-realist tradition. There is also a lively version of van Gogh's "Irises" that is stapled directly to the wall. Through June 17. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **MARISA DEL RE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Many of the paintings and sculptures in this odd selection of artists look hopelessly dated (those by Appel and *Pomodoro, for example), but there are three* George Tookers that are haunting studies of isolation and two Arman constructions that look like hearty Abstract Expressionist paintings—with tubes added. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH,** 40 W. 57th St.: Figurative sculptures, most of them very cartoonish, by six artists, including Red Grooms and Fernando Botero. Through June 17. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

ROGER ACKLING—In these sculptures, Ackling burns tightly packed horizontal lines into found bits of wood with the use of a magnifying glass and the sun. Through June 24. *(P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway.)*

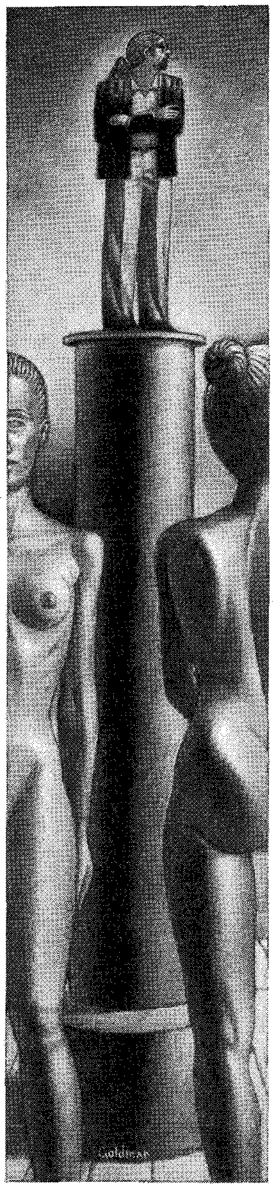
DAVID BATES / CHEMA COBO—Paintings on paper of herons and of elongated fishermen. / Self-obsessed drawings, like Francesco Clemente's, of playful philosophical conceits. Also, self-portraits. Through June 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

MARCEL BROODTHAERS (1924-76)—These plastic plaques look like large license plates and form a kind of autobiography of an artist who made the institutional framework of the museum one of his major topics. The work is tastefully garish, and short on the typographic poetry that marks much of Broodthaers' best work; there are references everywhere to his "Musée d'Art Moderne," the "Département des Aigles," and his fellow *mythic Belgian Magritte. Through June 24.* (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

HENRI CHEN KEZHAN—Watered-down Abstract Expressionism—ink paintings on traditional scrolls and on framed surfaces—by a Chinese artist from Singapore. Through June 24. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Jean Dupüy—The artist is best known for sixties and early-seventies work that is technological and interactive, and that usually has a quirky philosophical tinge—a microscope that reflects your own eye back at you, a clock that runs in reverse. Here, however, he is at his most verbally poetic: this cool, playful show of new, mostly graphic work is full of puns, homonyms, and rebuses. (The wordplay is in French, and efforts to understand it will be rewarded.) Through June 17. (Harvey, 537 Broadway.)

Mike Glier—Thirty-one small, effortfully realistic charcoal portraits of faces that are sleeping, or, just possibly, enjoying an orgiastic moment: it's hard to tell the difference, and that's the inside joke. "Satisfaction" is the title of the exhibition catalogue, and what Glier asked each of his subjects to define. Their answers are not very exalted, and neither is this show. Through June 30. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)



Robert Graham

Inigo Jones (1573-1652)—An impeccable scholarly display of lovely ink drawings by the great Palladio-influenced Elizabethan architect. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Laurie Kaplowitz—Brownish paintings with collage elements and shadowy, scratched-in figures that sometimes suggest an Egyptian motif. Through July 12. (Haller, 415 West Broadway.)

Mary Kelly—This feminist's new work consists of book pages, cast in oxidized metal, whose narrative has to do with relations between the sexes and with real estate. But Kelly's aggrieved message remains essentially unchanged. Through June 23. (Postmasters, 80 Greene St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—This invigorating exhibition brings together virtually all of the Pop master's bronzes (1976-89), an underappreciated aspect of his œuvre. Such classic Lichtenstein images as mirrors, brushstrokes, and drinking glasses are flat pictorial reliefs that have to do more with Cubist painting than with sculpture in the round. The bronzes have all the charm and wit of the artist's best paintings and are marvels of abstract composition. Through July 1. (65 Thompson Street Gallery.)

Jean Lowe / Rhonda Zwillinger—Paintings, ceramics, and painted furniture, with environmental and anti-vivisectionist themes, in a kitschy, cozy, American rococo style. / Candlesticks and, especially, shoes, transformed into fantastic, fetishistic architecture by means of glass, paillettes, pearls, notions-store cameos—you name it. Through July 1. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 532 Broadway.)

Chris Pfister / Imants Tillers—Romantic dark-green-and-brown landscapes with brushy fauna, some à la Claude. Many have an animal or putto frolicking about, and in one a soldier stands at attention. Through June 17. / This Australian looks at American and European art magazines and then paints oddly emotional pastiches of various images and themes by such artists as Ross Bleckner, Georg Baselitz, and On Kawara. The results fall somewhere between expressionistic appropriation and a reading-comprehension test, yet are interesting. Through June 24. (Cutler, 593 Broadway.)

Helen Soreff—Barren, mostly white constructivistic paintings. Through June 24. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

Steve Wood—Large, mostly black sculptures of flattened geometric shapes—generic post-minimalism with little staying power. Through June 17. (Sharpe, 152 Wooster St.)

"A Good Read"—Nothing here is meant to be read, but this delightful show includes work by Donald Lipski, who hides an unidentified book behind the cover of "Meat Through the Microscope," and suspends the volume between two painted cast-iron posts; Rodney Graham, who draws mock Donald Judd sculptures by using books of Freud's writings as a system of measure; and Cindy Sherman, who, in one of her early faux film stills, plays the innocent coed reaching for a book on a library shelf. Through June 24. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

A Belgian Exhibition—Lately, Belgium has been producing vital art that is just beginning to travel. These seven Flemish artists, for example—most of whom have been working for a while—make intelligent mixed-media work that owes something to Broodthaers and much to a worldly local culture. Through June 24. (Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St.)

Papunya Tula—Paintings by Australian aborigines of "dreamings," with heavy optical action and lots of circles and snaking lines made with painted dots. Through June 17. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

"Poetic Objectives"—Not all the works reach the stated objectives, but Sophie Calle's photo-portraits have a matter-of-fact poignancy; and Michael Tracy's crude altarpiece, with huge rusted needles and crowns of thorns piercing mudlike paint, is about violence, death, sorrow, faith, and—yes—poetry. Through June 24. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **ALA,** 560 Broadway: The six artists here have worked in various materials, but in these sculptures and paintings fake fur is king. Pino Pascali, an Arte Povera artist who died in 1968, covered large wood zigzag panels with it to form a very phallic-looking folded worm that is over thirty feet long. Eric Bainbridge used it to swathe a huge animal sculpture, "The Twentieth Century," that has a duck's body, a bunny's tail, a mechanical nut for a head, and suction cups for feet. It is part Trojan horse, part Tower of Babel, and part Frankenstein's monster. Through July 28. . . . **AUDIELLO,** 142 Greene St.: "In the Center of Doubt" is the rather pretentious title of an unpretentious show by ten artists whose works have in common a vague, fey humor. Cady Noland's offhand yet formal hardware sculptures, Federico Guzman's paintings wired to a phone on the floor, and Suzan Etkin's mirrored structures with vanity-table lights are especially good. Through June 24. . . . **DAVIS,** 568 Broadway: In these works chosen by colleagues of the painter Sean Scully, post-minimalism is a bit tired, except for Constance De Jong's thoughtful and contained black shaped paintings on copper and the simple and sophisticated use of color in Trevor Sutton's small, geometric works. Through June 24. . . . **HEARN,** 39 Wooster St.: "They See God" is a great title for a small show whose theme would appear to be masturbation, *the* subject this month. It includes modest pieces in different mediums by Marina Abramovic, David Askevold, Francesco Clemente, Susan Hiller, and Mike Kelley—the last consisting of a mattress (on the floor) wrapped in a felt piecework coverlet that was glued together to resemble stained glass. Through July 1. . . . **NOLAN,** 560 Broadway: A group of works on paper that is not quite up to the gallery's usual impeccable selectivity but still contains some fine things, such as Gerhard Richter's abstract paintings of pooled paint, Rosemarie Trockel's odd poetic drawings, Andy Warhol's "Sex Parts" prints, and a 1973 Sigmar Polke drawing that looks like what David Salle did ten years later. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **VIAFORA,** 568 Broadway: Tricky realist narratives of family melodramas by Donald McFadyen, fussy oval paintings (mostly abstract) by Verne Dawson, and a poetic, meticulously crafted shelf construction by Loren Callaway. Through June 27.

OTHER GALLERIES

Kahlil Gibran (1883-1931)—A generous selection of drawings and watercolors by the author of "The Prophet," interspersed with printed excerpts from his correspondence with a longtime soul mate, Mary Haskell, a Boston headmistress. Through June 24. (Baghoomian, 611 Broadway.)

David Hatchett—Large, accomplished sculptures of zippy assembled structures bound by grommeted metal, much of which is yellow or white or from old advertising signs. The work perhaps owes too much to John Chamberlain. Through June 17. (Souyun Yi, 249 Centre St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

THE two new exhibitions at the International Center of Photography, devoted to the work of Harry Callahan and Barbara Morgan, are reminders that unknown artists are not the only ones who need to be discovered. We didn't rush up to the I.C.P. the day the Callahan and Morgan shows opened, because we thought we knew what we were going to find. When we did go, it was more out of respect than from a hunger to see further pictures by these luminaries. But we stayed until the place shut.

Callahan's show reveals a gutsy photographer who didn't sit back after his Museum of Modern Art retrospective. Instead of continuing to work in black and white, a genre over which he had established perfect control, he converted almost exclusively to color. The chaos of color could have killed his reputation for clarity, simplicity, and graphic harmony, but, as we see at the I.C.P.—where selections of color shots from 1978 to 1987 are arranged with some of his earlier, black-and-white photographs—this switch turned up the electricity that had made his black-and-whites so charged. His strongest images, taken in Morocco, Egypt, and Mexico, have the exuberance of Matisse—that same jazzy boldness and handling of multiple patterns, and those clashes of one strong color after another and sweeps of breathing space.

Morgan's production isn't always outstanding—her operatic approach to dance photography can be as irritating as any overly arch melodramatics. Yet, as this collection of her prints, drawings, watercolors, and photographs makes clear, her work is infused with a spirit of openness. When her experiments pay off, as they do in many of the photomontages, she can give us brilliant icons of the modern age. The catalogue says that Morgan turned to photography in order to have time for her children, suggesting that the other mediums, which she abandoned for a while, required more of her. That's a plug the advertising industry missed—photography as a time-saving medium for Mother. It sounds less lazy than "You push the button, we do the rest."

PHOTOGRAPHY—Cont'd

Tina Barney—She always gives you a slice of white, upper-middle-class private life that's on target. When her pictures are good, they're very, very good. But when Barney over-art-directs them they risk becoming shticky and strained; it's not that they miss but that they're missing the ease of her most convincing portraits. Through June 16. (Borden, 560 Broadway.)

Bernhard and Anna Blume—No couch potatoes here. Cut-up potatoes, however, fly through the air or form the shapes of letters or are arranged into a word, and plug people up like pacifiers. The potatogeist stagings are a bit lumpish in terms of imagination, and are not the food for thought that they're clearly meant to be; they're rather heavy-handed, as is the rest of the installation. Through June 20. (Museum of Modern Art.)

Dan Weiner (1919-59)—Counting the number of people smoking cigarettes has become a new way to date photographs. In Weiner's pictures of the fifties there's no "no smoking" rule stopping anyone, but almost every other kind of pressure is at work in "America Worked." These candid photographs reveal faith not in God but in goods, and there are also brilliant exposés of office dynamics. Many of the potent images were taken on assignment for *Fortune* magazine; here, in a new context, they provide a retrospective view of the era they were documenting—they're like an ethnological portrait of a tribe under a spell. Through July 11. (Museum of Modern Art.) . . . ¶ Photofind, at 138 Spring St., also has an exhibit of Weiner prints. (Through June 30.)

Short List—**MARK BERGHASH** and **BENNO FRIEDMAN**, Pfeifer, 568 Broadway, closed Saturdays (through June 30); **PETER CAMPUS**, Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through June 30); **ROBERT CAPA**, Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St., closed Fridays and Saturdays (through July 5); **BEATRICE HELG**, Witkin, 415 West Broadway, opens at noon on Saturdays (through June 8); **HORST**, Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through July 7); **MINOR WHITE**, Museum of Modern Art (through June 18).

POLICE STORY

We had our wallet stolen at a Times Square movie house the other day—or, rather, we threw our bags haphazardly on the seat beside us, whereupon the wallet probably fell out.

We rang the Midtown South police station to report the loss. A female desk sergeant answered. She asked us a number of fairly personal questions, took down the replies, and, when she'd finished, added, "Now, if somebody calls you up and says they've got your wallet, you don't go to meet nobody, 'cause the people that got *your property probably* took *your property and they'd kill you soon as look at you." She went on, "And if somebody calls up sayin' they're callin' from the police station, you call* back *the police station and check it out." Feeling helpless and a little bit grateful, we asked the desk sergeant if she had any further advice for us. She shot back, "Don't keep your wallet and your keys in your pocketbook." Where did she keep hers? "Truth is, I got some chest." Thinking we hadn't heard right, we asked her to say again what it was she had. "I got some chest," she repeated, laughing. "I keep stuff in my brassiere." She said to take care. We thanked her and said that we would; also that we'd think seriously about trying to develop some chest.*

MUSIC

The Bach Aria Group was founded in 1946, and rode the crest of the first postwar surge of Baroque revivalism, in the nineteen-fifties. It was a troupe of well-known instrumentalists and vocalists who set out, in New York and on tour, to make known the buried treasures of the Bach cantatas, with their hundreds of magnificently constructed arias for solo voice within instrumental obbligato and continuo. This was a secularist group: they rarely performed cantatas (and not at all in worship services); rather, they presented programs of unrelated arias. The roster varied, but at the time some of their best recordings were made, the soprano and tenor were no less than Eileen Farrell and Jan Peerce. The players included Julius Baker and Bernard Greenhouse, and the pianist was Paul Ulanowsky. Pianist? Yes; in those days, as buyers of the recordings were informed in a helpful note that now looks delightfully dated and naïve, it was understood that "the word 'continuo' refers to the piano and violoncello."

The Bach Aria Group is still a going concern. It has yielded to the times to the extent of using harpsichord, but modern instruments have not otherwise been replaced by early ones, and the programming still favors arias over whole cantatas. It has branched out to other music, both within Bach's œuvre and without, and activities are now centered on a summer festival and institute at SUNY Stonybrook. The group's current season begins there on the 14th and continues for ten days, with a visit to Manhattan in the middle, on the 19th (unfortunately, from an acoustic standpoint, in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine). For a finale they will set up shop for an all-day marathon at the Nassau County Fine Arts Center on the 25th. The programs include Vivaldi's "Four Seasons," with poetry reading attached, Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," and lots of Bach. D'Anna Fortunato, William Sharp, Samuel Baron, and Ronald Roseman are among the performers.

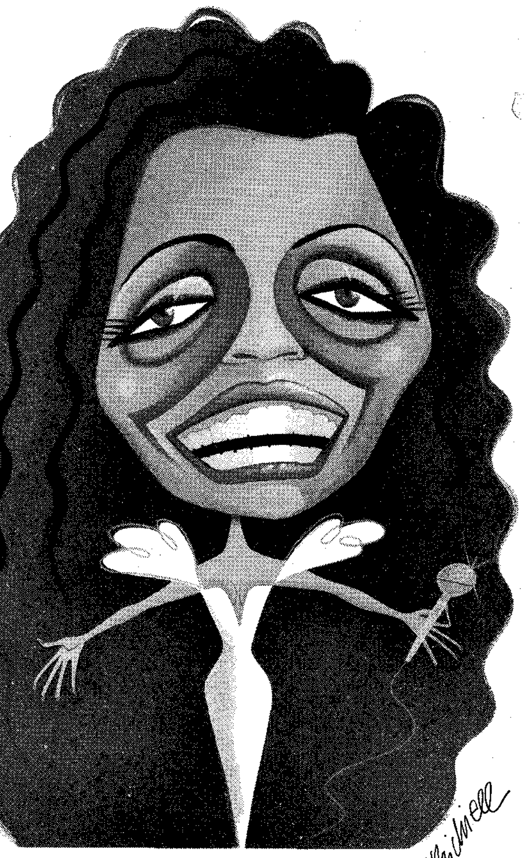
Florilegium Chamber Choir and Orchestra—JoAnn Rice conducting the premières of works by Dennis Riley, Joelle Wallach, and Enrique Ubieta. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. June 13 at 8.)

Judith Pearce—Flute. With Elizabeth DiFelice, piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. June 13 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Canticum Novum Singers and Orchestra—In a performance of Handel's oratorio "Samson." Harold Rosenbaum conducting; the soloists are Allan Glassman, tenor; Fredda Rakusin, mezzo-soprano; David Arnold, baritone; Drew Minter, countertenor; Terry Cook, bass-baritone; and Jeanine Thames, soprano. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. June 14 at 8.)

Goodman Chamber Choir—Andrea Goodman directing premières of compositions by Charles Martin Loeffler and Michael Davis, *among other works. With guest artists.* (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. June 14 at 8.)

The New Angle Series—Presenting Charles Dodge, Guy Klucevsek, and Alvin Lucier in a program of electro-acoustic works. (Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. June 16 at 9. For information about tickets, call 228-8307.)



Diana Ross

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN:** June 19 at 8 (rain date, June 22 at 6), "Il Trovatore," with Susan Dunn, Stefania Toczyska, Lando Bartolini, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Thomas Fulton. . . . **NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN**, the Bronx: June 21 at 8 (rain date, June 22 at 8), "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mariella Devia, Alfredo Kraus, J. Patrick Raftery, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Edoardo Müller.

Manhattan Philharmonic—Peter Tiboris and Don Horisberger conducting the orchestra and choral groups in works by Verdi, Vaughan Williams, Dvořák, and Hanson. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. June 19 at 8.)

Robert DeGaetano—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. June 19 at 8.)

New York Chamber Orchestra—Constantine Kitsopoulos conducting concertos by Bach and Copland, and other works. With John Kamitsuka, piano, and Larry Guy, clarinet. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. June 20 at 8.)

Ben Neill—The composer will show what his "mutantrumpet" can do when it's hooked up to an Atari. (Studio Pass, 596 Broadway, Room 602. 431-1130. June 20 at 8.)

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Performing Ned Rorem's new piece, "Love Alone." Also, the composer will accompany the chorus on the piano for five of his art songs. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. June 21 at 8.)

JAZZ / ROCK / POP / PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Diana Ross—Throughout her career, Lady Di has depended on producers and writers like Holland-Dozier-Holland, Ashford and Simpson, and Nile Rodgers to provide material that she can make her own. Since the superb crossover pop and high-pressure dance songs of the early eighties ("Upside Down," "I'm Coming Out"), however, her record sales have slipped. So it's welcome news that her new album, "Workin' Overtime," has Rodgers back at the helm. In performance, beneath the glitzy costumes and constant voguing (she did it decades before it became fashionable), Ross is always riveting, a perfect mesh of silk and steel. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. June 14-17 at 8.)

"ELVIS: A ROCKIN' REMEMBRANCE"—With three actors portraying Elvis at various stages of his career, film footage, and twenty-four backup people. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Through June 25.)

SHIRLEY BASSEY—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. June 13-15 at 8.

JUDY COLLINS—In a benefit concert. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. June 14 at 8.)

GEORGE WINSTON—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. June 15-16 at 8.

KENNY BARRON QUINTET—Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. June 15 at 7.

"FROM SOWETO TO SELMA"—South African and gospel music, with Thuli Dumakude, Thokoza, and Bob Law's Respect Yourself Choir. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 17 at 8.)

TITO PUENTE AND KOKO TAYLOR—Paul Schaffer, master of ceremonies. (Central Park Band Shell, mid-Park at 72nd St. June 21 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—June 14: Neil Young. . . . ¶ June 16: Jackson Browne, with David Lindley & El Rayo-X. . . . ¶ June 17: Howard Jones, with Midge Ure. (Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

METS—Vs. the Chicago Cubs, June 13-15 at 7:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Montreal Expos, June 19-20 at 7:35 and June 21 at 1:35.

YANKEES—Vs. the Texas Rangers, June 16-17 at 7:30 and June 18 at 1:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago White Sox, June 20-21 at 7:30 and June 22 at 1.

(Home base for the Mets is Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and for the Yankees, Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

HORSES—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Bowling Green Handicap will be run June 18. . . . At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30. . . . At Atlantic City Race Course: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:15. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:45.

FATHERS—About eight hundred Dads (and some of their offspring) will run a four miler in Central Park on Father's Day, June 18. The race starts at Fifth Avenue and 90th Street at 10 o'clock.

CHAMPIONSHIP—GOLF

U.S. OPEN—At the Oak Hill Country Club, Rochester, N.Y., June 15-18. Tune in to ABC for armchair spectating.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

HALFWAY around Prospect Park on our Sunday-evening run, we stopped to catch a breath, and, detecting a scent of horses, followed it to a quiet back street behind a highway ramp, where fifteen horses were playing, unattended. Each horse would trot out from what looked like a warehouse, then saunter down the street—past the dumpsters in front of a bowling alley, past a funeral-home parking lot—and turn up a drive into a ramshackle riding ring. Here, some set off in a wild gallop, while others, the antsiest, would roll on the ground, belly-up to the sky, squirming and whinnying.

This ritual was the end-of-the-workday exercise, or "turning out," for the rental horses of Brooklyn's Cullmitt Riding Stables—the last place in central Brooklyn where one can rent a horse, and probably the only place in New York where neighborhood kids are still exposed to horses in the intimate way that happens naturally for more affluent children. We'd seen some of these horses giving rides in the park before, and lately we'd noticed pictures of them on signs in the local shops—part of a fund-raising campaign to save them from eviction, the auction block, and, because rental horses are old, the slaughterhouse.

This Saturday, the stable will host an exhibition, adjacent to the Children's Zoo in Prospect Park, of horses from all over the metropolitan area. Rental hacks will be joined by racetrack veterans, rodeo steeds, and off-duty police horses. Rides will be available, and formal events will include a steeplechase, English-jumping and Western-riding shows, dressage, and a parade of breeds. Festivities begin at 10 A.M.

VIDEO ARCADE—If a video-games retrospective seems a little premature, consider that "Pac-Man" turned nine recently, and "Pong" seventeen, and that "Computer Space" is now old enough to be drafted. On June 14, the American Museum of the Moving Image will open "Hot Circuits," an exhibition of games—many from the museum's permanent collection—including all the historic landmarks mentioned above and forty-four others, involving, among other things, missiles, frogs, and giant apes. Video games have been credited with a lot of things—ushering in the home-computer age, lobotomizing teen-agers. You can visit the exhibition to form your own theories or just to play. You'll get five tokens with admission. (35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. Tuesday through Friday, 11 to 5; Saturday and Sunday, 11 to 6.)

"BLOOMSDAY ON BROADWAY"—Symphony Space has whittled what has occasionally been a non-stop, twenty-hour Joycean marathon down to six hours. Among those reading excerpts from "Ulysses" will be Swoosie Kurtz, Marian Seldes, and Geraldine Fitzgerald. The "Ithaca" episode (Joyce's favorite) will be read in its entirety. The evening will also include readings from Yeats' poetry and prose and from correspondence between the two Irish writers. (Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 16 at 7.)

TROLLEY TRIP—The New Snug Harbor Trolley, a reproduction of a train that ran along Richmond Terrace at the turn of the century, was inaugurated recently. It runs on compressed natural gas and its destination is the Snug Harbor Cultural Center, an eighty-acre retreat featuring concerts, museums, and gardens. Prospective passengers need only take the Staten Island Ferry to the St. George terminal, where, Wednesday through Sunday, the trolley leaves every half hour.

"THE CENTER SHOW"—Site-specific installations (of paintings, photographs, and sculptures) commissioned by the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center, to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of the riots at the Stonewall Inn, in Greenwich Village. Among the many artists involved are Keith Haring, Jane Dickson, David LaChapelle, Martin Wong, and Arch Connelly. (208 W. 13th St.)

READINGS—Garrison Keillor reading from his work. (Whitney Museum of American Art at Federal Reserve Plaza, 33 Maiden Lane, at Nassau St. June 15 at 12:30 P.M. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ On June 20, at 8, Michael Dorris will host the third evening of readings to benefit the American Foundation for AIDS Research. The readers will be Louise Erdrich, Reynolds Price, Gloria Naylor, and David Leavitt. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.) . . . ¶ Patricia Bosworth, author of "Montgomery Clift" and "Diane Arbus," reads from her work. (Barnard Hall, Barnard College, Broadway at 117th St. June 20 at 8:15. No tickets necessary.)

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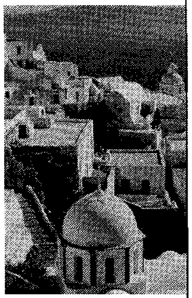
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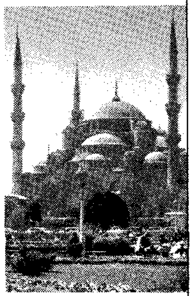
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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

June 13-15: At 6, "Cane Toads" (1988, directed by Mark Lewis) and "The Emperor's Naked Army Marches On" (1987, Kazuo Hara), both documentaries; at 10, "Pattes Blanches" (1949, Jean Gremillon; in French), with Paul Bernard.

June 16-18 and June 20-21: Twenty-four documentaries about the civil-rights movement.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Say Anything" (†).

Theatre 2: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

Theatre 3: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Dead Poets Society" (Peter Weir), with Robin Williams.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Field of Dreams" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

"Scandal" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).

Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).

Theatre 3: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through June 15: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

From June 16: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Miss Firecracker" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Cold Feet" (Robert Dornhelm), with Keith Carradine, Sally Kirkland, and Tom Waits.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Say Anything" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through June 15: "Miracle Mile" (†).

From June 16: To be announced.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips.

Theatre 2: Through June 15: "No Holds Barred" (Thomas J. Wright), with Hulk Hogan. From June 16: To be announced.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Field of Dreams" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through June 15: Theatre closed. From June 16: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.

Theatre 2: Through June 15: Theatre closed. From June 16: "Ghostbusters II."

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Dead Poets Society" (Peter Weir), with Robin Williams.

Theatre 2: "Scandal" (†).

Theatre 3: Through June 15: "How to Get Ahead in Advertising" (†). From June 16: "Milk and Honey" (Rebecca Yates and Glen Salzman).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through June 15: "Vampire's Kiss" (†).

From June 16: To be announced.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.

Theatre 2: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills" (Paul Bartel).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Earth Girls Are Easy" (Julien Temple), with Geena Davis.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through June 15: "No Holds Barred" (Thomas J. Wright), with Hulk Hogan.

From June 16: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).

Theatre 2: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

Theatre 2: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)

Through June 13: "The Brave Little Toaster" (1987, directed by Jerry Rees), an animated film.

From June 14: "Comic Book Confidential" (†).

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "Vincent: The Life and Death of Vincent van Gogh" (†).

Theatre 2: "Earth Girls Are Easy" (Julien Temple), with Geena Davis.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: Through June 15: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips. From June 16: "Field of Dreams" (†).

Theatre 2: "Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills" (Paul Bartel).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

"How to Get Ahead in Advertising" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through June 15: "Field of Dreams" (†). From June 16: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.

Theatre 2: Through June 15: "Vampire's Kiss" (†). From June 16: "Ghostbusters II."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Let's Get Lost" (†).

Theatre 2: "New York Stories" (†).

Theatre 3: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971, Louis Malle; in French), with Léa Massari.

Theatre 4: "Scandal" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: Through June 15: "No Holds Barred" (Thomas J. Wright), with Hulk Hogan. From June 16: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.

Theatre 2: Through June 15: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips. From June 16: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through June 15: "Heathers" (†). From June 16: "Ghostbusters II."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Dead Poets Society" (Peter Weir), with Robin Williams.

Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)

June 20-24 at 7:30 and June 25 at 1:30: "Napoléon" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 49th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)

Theatre 1: From June 16: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.

Theatre 2: From June 16: "Ghostbusters II."

Theatre 3: From June 16: "Field of Dreams" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Lawrence of Arabia" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"New York Stories" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills" (Paul Bartel).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"Let's Get Lost" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"The Rainbow" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Field of Dreams" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Earth Girls Are Easy" (Julien Temple), with Geena Davis.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Little Vera" (Vasily Pichul; in Russian), with Natalya Negoda.

Theatre 2: "High Hopes" (†).

Theatre 3: "La Bohème" (Luigi Comencini; in Italian), with Barbara Hendricks.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).

Theatre 2: "Chocolat" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through June 15: "Field of Dreams" (†).

From June 16: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.

Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).

Theatre 3: "Dead Poets Society" (Peter Weir), with Robin Williams.

Theatre 4: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

Theatre 5: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).

Theatre 6: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier."

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: Through June 15: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (†). From June 16: "Field of Dreams" (†).

Theatre 2: "Scandal" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through June 15: "Vampire's Kiss" (†). From June 16: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.

Theatre 2: Through June 15: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips. From June 16: "Ghostbusters II."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Cyborg" (directed by Albert Pyun), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Theatre 2: "No Holds Barred" (Thomas J. Wright), with Hulk Hogan.

Theatre 3: "Lady Terminator."

Theatre 4: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

Theatre 5: "Lords of the Deep."

Theatre 6: "Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert).

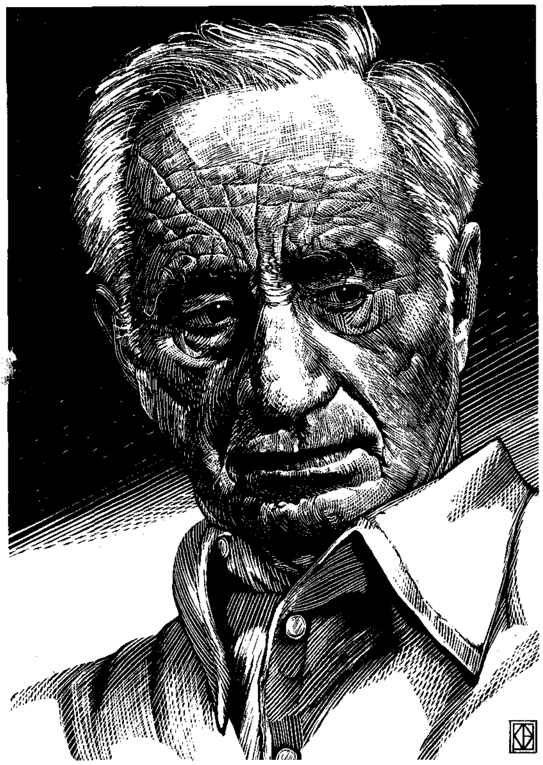
Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.

Theatre 3: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier."



Elia Kazan

Theatre 4: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier."

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through June 15: "Scandal" (†). From June 16: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.

Theatre 2: Through June 15: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips. From June 16: "Ghostbusters II."

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

Through June 15: "Vampire's Kiss" (†).

From June 16: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "Pink Cadillac" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood and Bernadette Peters.

Theatre 2: "Road House" (Rowdy Herrington), with Patrick Swayze.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th (582-4582)

Through June 20: The New York International Festival of Lesbian and Gay Films.

From June 21: "Wuthering Heights" (1939, directed by William Wyler), with Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through June 13: "The Tenant" (1976, Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Chinatown" (1974, Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.

June 14-15: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975, Miloš Forman), with Jack Nicholson; and "Marat/Sade" (1967, Peter Brook), performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company.

June 16-17: "Diva" (1981, Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei; and "Last Tango in Paris" (1972, Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.

From June 18: To be announced.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)

June 12: "The Vanishing American" (1925, George B. Seitz; silent); and "The Winning of Barbara Worth" (1926, Henry King; silent), with Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky, and Gary Cooper.

June 13: "The Ox-Bow Incident" (1943, William Wellman), with Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Anthony Quinn, and Frank Conroy; and "Yellow Sky" (1949, Wellman), with Gregory Peck, Anne Baxter, and Richard Widmark.

June 14: "Return of Wild Bill" (1940, Joseph H. Lewis), with Bill Elliott; and "Haunted Gold" (1932, Mack V. Wright), with John Wayne.

June 15: "Billy the Kid" (1930, King Vidor), with Johnny Mack Brown and Wallace Beery; and "The Texas Rangers" (1936, Vidor), with Jean Parker and Fred MacMurray.

June 16: "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (1949, Preston Sturges), with Betty Grable, Rudy Vallée, and Cesar Romero; and "Blazing Saddles" (1974, Mel Brooks), with Cleavon Little, Gene Wilder, and Madeline Kahn.

June 17-18: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969, Sergio Leone), with Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, Jason Robards, and Charles Bronson.

June 19: "Tumbleweeds" (1925, King Baggof; silent), with William S. Hart; and "Riders of the Purple Sage" (1925, Lynn Reynolds; silent), with Tom Mix.

June 20: "Springfield Rifle" (1952, André de Toth), with Gary Cooper, Phyllis Thaxter, and David Brian; and "Ramrod" (1947, de Toth), with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea.

From June 21: "Stagecoach" (1939, John Ford), with Claire Trevor, John Wayne, John Carradine, Thomas Mitchell, and George Bancroft; and "My Darling Clementine" (†).

Seaport Cinema, 210 Front St. (608-7889)

June 12: "Boy Meets Girl" (1984, Leos Carax; in French); and "Betty Blue" (1986, Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle.

June 13-15: "Bird" (1988, Clint Eastwood), with Forest Whitaker; and "Round Midnight" (1986, Bertrand Tavernier), with Dexter Gordon and François Cluzet.

June 16-19: Highlights from the 21st Tournee of Animation; and "Black Orpheus" (1959, Marcel Camus; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.

From June 20: "The Last Picture Show" (1971, Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachman; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972, Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

June 12: "Now, Voyager" (1942, Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962, Robert Aldrich), with Davis and Joan Crawford.

June 13: Five short films by Les Blank.

June 14: "Ride the Pink Horse" (1947, Robert Montgomery), with Montgomery and Wanda Hendrix; and "In a Lonely Place" (1950, Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame.

June 15: "Providence" (1977, Alain Resnais), with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961, Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

June 16-17: "Prick Up Your Ears" (1987, Stephen Frears), with Gary Oldman and Alfred Molina; and "Dance with a Stranger" (1985, Mike Newell), with Rupert Everett, Ian Holm, and Miranda Richardson.

June 18: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "The Roof" (1957, De Sica; in Italian).

June 19: "Hellraiser" (1987, Clive Barker); and "Hellbound: Hellraiser II" (1988, Tony Randel).

June 20: "Miles from Home" (1988, Gary Sinise), with Richard Gere and Kevin Anderson; and "American Gigolo" (1980, Paul Schrader), with Richard Gere and Lauren Hutton.

June 21: "Double Indemnity" (1944, Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Laura" (1944, Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 12: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (1944-46, Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian), with Nikolai Cherkassov.

June 13: "Vertigo" (1958, Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes; and "Frenzy" (1972, Hitchcock), with Jon Finch, Barry Foster, Anna Massey, Barbara Leigh-Hunt, Vivien Merchant, and Alec McCowen.

June 14: "Fellini's Roma" (1972, Federico Fellini; in English and Italian); and "Ginger and Fred" (1986, Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Giulietta Masina.

June 15: "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972, Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn; and "Head" (1968, Rafelson), with the Monkees.

June 16-17: "Dragonwyck" (1946, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Gene Tierney, Vincent Price, Walter Huston, and Glenn Langan; and "Jane Eyre" (1944, Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles.

June 18: "The Deer Hunter" (1978, Michael Cimino), with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Savage, and John Cazale.

June 19: "Wild Strawberries" (1957, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Shame" (†).

June 20: "A Slight Case of Murder" (1938, Lloyd Bacon), with Edward G. Robinson, Allen Jenkins, and Jane Bryan; and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944, Frank Capra), with Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair.

June 21: "How to Steal a Million" (1966, William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole, Charles Boyer, and Eli Wallach; and "Two for the Road" (1967, Stanley Donen), with Hepburn and Albert Finney.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

THEATRE 1: June 12 at 2:30: "Pull My Daisy" (1959, directed by Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie), "All My Life" (1966, Bruce Baillie), "Bridges-Go-Round" (1958, Shirley Clarke), "An American March" (1941, Oskar Fischinger), "Dots" (1940, Norman McLaren), "Tal Farlow" (1980, Len Lye), "Abstronic" (1952, Mary Ellen Bute), and "Sky Dance" (1980, Faith Hubley). . . . ¶ June 12 at 6: "St. Louis Blues" (1928, Dudley Murphy); and "Top Hat" (1935, Mark Sandrich), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ June 13 at 2:30: "The River" (1937, Pare Lorentz) and "The City" (1939, Ralph Steiner and Willard Van Syke). . . . ¶ June 13 at 6: "Monterey Pop" (1968, D. A. Pennebaker). . . . ¶ June 15 at 2:30: "The Last Waltz" (1978, Martin Scorsese). . . . ¶ June 15 at 6: "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959, Otto Preminger), with James Stewart, Lee Remick, and Ben Gazzara. . . . ¶ June 16 at 2:30: "A Place in the Sun" (1951, George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. . . . ¶ June 16 at 6: "East of Eden" (1955, Elia Kazan), with James Dean, Julie Harris, and Raymond Massey. . . . ¶ June 17 at 2: "On the Waterfront" (1954, Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Rod Steiger, and Eva Marie Saint. . . . ¶ June 17 at 5: "A Place in the Sun." . . . ¶ June 18 at 2: "East of Eden." . . . ¶ June 18 at 5: "Baby Doll" (†). Carroll Baker will be present. . . . ¶ June 19 at 2: "The Young Lions" (1958, Edward Dmytryk), with Brando, Clift, and Dean Martin. . . . ¶ June 19 at 6: "On the Waterfront." . . . ¶ June 20 at 2:30: "Baby Doll" (†). . . . ¶ June 20 at 6: "Hud" (1963, Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Patricia Neal, and Melvyn Douglas.

THEATRE 2: June 15 at 3 and 6: "Living on the Edge" (1987, Michael Grigsby), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 16 at 6 and June 17 at 2:30 and 5: Seven short films by Alexander Kluge, made between 1960 and 1977.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 36th St. at 35th Ave., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Silent Japanese films. June 14 at 2:30: "Bantsuma: The Life of Tsumasaburo" (1980, Shunsui Matsuda), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 15 at 2:30: "To Sleep So As to Dream" (1986, Kaizo Hayashi). . . . ¶ June 16 at 2:30: "Every Night Dreams" (1933, Mikio Naruse) . . . ¶ June 17 at 2: "Bantsuma: The Life of Tsumasaburo." . . . ¶ June 17 at 4: "The Outlaw" (1925, Buntaro Futagawa). . . . ¶ June 18 at 2: "To

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Sleep So As to Dream." . . . ¶ June 18 at 4: "Jirokichi, the Burglar" (1931, Daisuke Ito; taped narration by Shunsui Matsuda). . . . ¶ June 21 at 2:30: "The Lady and the Beard" (1931, Yasujiro Ozu).

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—June 12 at 6:30: "A Story of Floating Weeds" (1934, Yasujiro Ozu; silent) and "Every Night Dreams" (1933, Mikio Naruse; silent). . . . ¶ June 16 at 6:30: "I Flunked, But . . ." (1930, Ozu; silent) and "Apart from You" (1933, Naruse; silent). . . . ¶ June 19 at 6:30: "Tokyo Chorus" (1931, Ozu; silent) and "Orochi" (1925, Buntaro Futagawa; silent).

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing at either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. June 14 at 7: "Carriage Trade" (1972, Warren Sonbert). . . . ¶ June 14 at 8:30: "Abraham Lincoln (1930, D. W. Griffith), with Walter Huston. . . . ¶ June 15 at 7 and 9, June 16 at 6, June 17-18 at 4 and 8, and June 21 at 8:30 and 10: "Ashik Kerib" (1988, Sergei Paradjanov). . . . ¶ June 16 at 8: "Sausalito" (1948, Frank Stauffacher), "Eat" (1964, Andy Warhol), and "Der Firmling" (1934, Karl Valentin). . . . ¶ June 16 at 10: "Kinoglaz" (1925, Dziga Vertov). . . . ¶ June 17 at 6: "The Dawn Patrol" (1930, Howard Hawks). . . . ¶ June 17 at 10: "Shagai, Soviet!" (1926, Vertov). . . . ¶ June 18 at 6: "A Sixth of the World" (1926, Vertov). . . . ¶ June 21 at 7: "The Eleventh Year" (1928, Vertov).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Films, videotapes, and performances by thirty-four artists as part of the 1989 Biennial. June 13 at 1:30 and June 14 at 11:30: "Incidence of Catastrophe" (1988, Gary Hill), "Joyride" (1988, Tony Oursler and Constance DeJong), "Hitchcock Trilogy: Vertigo, Psycho, Torn Curtain" (1987, Rea Tajiri), "Under a Malicious Sky" (1988, Hans Breder), "Peggy and Fred in Kansas" (1987, Leslie Thornton), and "Peggy and Fred and Pete" (1988, Thornton). . . . ¶ June 13 at 4 and June 14 at 2: "Motorist" (1989, Chip Lord), "Ritual Clowns" (1988, Victor Masayesva, Jr.), "Lilith" (1987, Steina Vasulka), and "Living with the Living Theatre" (1989, Nam June Paik, with Betsy Connors and Paul Garrin). . . . ¶ June 13 at 6:30: "Motorist." . . . ¶ June 15-21: "Who Killed Vincent Chin?" (1988, Christine Choy and Renée Tajima. Showings Tuesday at 1:30 and 6, Wednesday through Saturday at noon, and Sunday at 1. . . . ¶ June 15-21: "Endangered" (1988, Barbara Hammer), "Mayhem" (1987, Abigail Child), and "Damned If You Don't" (1987, Su Friedrich). Showings Tuesday at 4, Wednesday through Saturday at 3, and Sunday at 4.

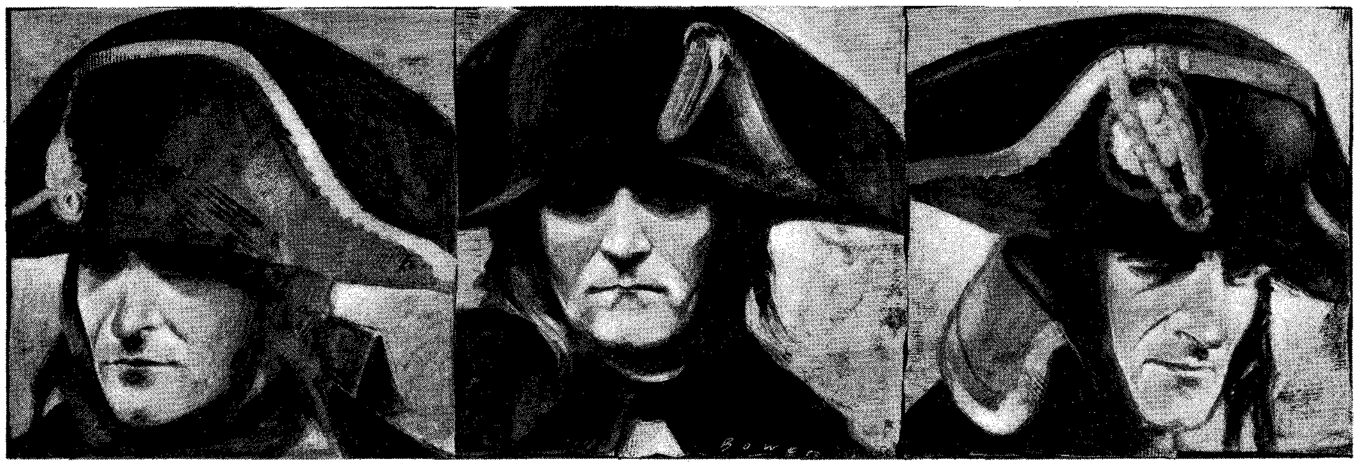
Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty years. June 13-17: Jeremy Sandford's "Cathy Come Home" (1966, BBC), with Carol White. . . . Starting June 20: Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome" (1960, CBS), with Julie Harris. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ Comedy specials and episodes from comedy series. June 13-17: "Weird Al Yankovic—The Compleat Al" (1985), a documentary. . . . Starting June 20: "Billy Crystal: A Comic's Line" (1984). Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15. . . . ¶ Commemoration of Richard Rodgers. June 13-17: "Rodgers and Hammerstein" (1954, ABC, CBS, NBC), celebrating the tenth anniversary of their collaboration, with such performers as Gordon McCrae, Florence Henderson, Yul Brynner, and Ezio Pinza. . . . Starting June 20: "Bell Telephone Hour: The Music of Richard Rodgers" (1960, NBC), with Howard Keel, Dolores Gray, and others. Showings Tuesdays at 2:30 and 6:30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2:30.

92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100)—June 15 at 8: "Daniel" (1983, Sidney Lumet), with Timothy Hutton. A discussion with Dr. Sybil Del Gaudio and Lumet, about E. L. Doctorow's "The Book of Daniel," a fictional version of the Rosenberg case.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.



"Napoléon" at Radio City Music Hall

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

The Adventures of Baron Munchausen—The Baron, who lived from 1720 to 1797, was a fibber of genius—a fabulist. Terry Gilliam, who directed this special-effects extravaganza, sees his theme as the liar as artist; his Munchausen (John Neville) is a poet, a man of imagination. He's pitted against the practical men who believe in facts and compromise and conformity (i.e., the men who finance movies). The elements are here for a fantasy on the order of "The Wizard of Oz" and "Pinocchio" and the 1940 "Thief of Bagdad," yet the picture is dry and choppy and remote. The design (by Dante Ferretti) and the cinematography (by Giuseppe Rotunno) are sometimes magnificent, and there are scenes that are near-inspired. Something is missing, though: a bit of conviction —of ardor and awe. The picture is almost devoid of emotional shadings. With Sarah Polley, Oliver Reed, who's a great rampaging Vulcan, Robin Williams (uncredited) as the King of the Moon, Uma Thurman as Venus and Eric Idle, Jonathan Pryce, and Charles McKeown, who co-wrote the script with Gilliam.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/3/89.) (Metro Cinema; through June 15.)

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll and engrossing carnal comedy, set low-down in Mississippi. The infantile, flirtatious heroine (Carroll Baker) sucks her thumb and sleeps in a crib. Her balding, middle-aged husband (Karl Malden) has agreed not to consummate the marriage until she is twenty; meanwhile, her husband's enemy, a sharp Sicilian (Eli Wallach), lays expert hands on her. (His performance is also expert.) Carroll Baker as the lazy girl who couldn't get through long division and Malden as a grotesque simp (lust makes him helpless) are all-out funny—it's unlikely that either of them ever gave another performance this good or had such wonderful material again, either. With Mildred Dunnock as Baby Doll's half-crazed old aunt, the young Rip Torn as the dentist, and Madeleine Sherwood, Lonny Chapman, and a number of residents of Benoit, Mississippi, whom the director, Elia Kazan, employed as extras. Williams, whose script is based on two of his one-act plays—"27 Wagons Full of Cotton" and "The Unsatisfactory Supper"—doesn't seem sure how to resolve the movie, but it's wonderfully entertaining.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; June 18 at 5 and June 20 at 2:30.)

Chocolat—Whatever Claire Denis's first feature is supposed to be about, it proves, at least, that the English don't have a monopoly on swanky colonial torpor. The movie is constructed as an extended flashback: a young Frenchwoman (named France) travelling in Africa remembers her fifties girlhood in a remote outpost of Cameroon, where her father was a district officer. Most of this story consists of smoldering looks exchanged by the girl's beautiful mother (Giulia Boschi) and the family's handsome African "boy," Protée (Isaach de Bankolé). When Maman feels herself becoming too hot and bothered at the sight of the noble black man, she brusquely orders him to fetch something; Protée deals with his frustration by taking a lot of showers. Nothing actually happens. In denying him any kind of release for his pent-up desire, Denis encourages us to think she's making a political point. What she's really doing is dehumanizing him—treating him as a gleaming hunk whose anger and wounded reserve just make him more exotically alluring. "Chocolat" looks pretty good, but it's merde in a fancy wrapper. In French.—T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

Comic Book Confidential—This documentary by the Canadian filmmaker Ron Mann begins promisingly, with a brisk, hilarious survey of the early days of comic books: the innocent thirties, the superhero-dominated forties, and the bizarre fifties, when comics were widely viewed as a noxious influence on young minds and the publishers started to censor themselves. Both the art and the interviews in this section are strong and vivid, and Mann also includes excerpts from some superbly hysterical anti-comics propaganda films. (One of these shows a group of boys convening furtively in the woods to read the toxic material and becoming increasingly tense and morose—sullen delinquents in the making.) But when Mann hits the sixties the pace slackens; the movie begins to make its case for the importance of the art form, and it takes on the ponderous rhythm of an introductory textbook. One by one, the artists are paraded before us, from the counterculture wild men of "Zap Comix" to the brooding avant-gardists of "Raw," and each is given a brief, uncritical profile. Mann treats all of them as if they were superheroes of the arts. There are, however, funny segments devoted to Lynda Barry and Harvey Pekar—both of them far too peculiar and marginal to fit into capes and tight bodysuits.—T.R. (Film Forum 1; starting June 14.)

Dangerous Liaisons—One of the least static costume films ever made, and what costumes! The women—Glenn Close, Michelle Pfeiffer, Uma Thurman, Swoosie Kurtz, Mildred Natwick—look as if they'd been dressed by Gainsborough. (Actually, it was James Acheson, who also dressed "The Last Emperor.") Principally about the erotic power games played by the Marquise de Merteuil (Glenn Close) and the Vicomte de Valmont (John Malkovich), who were once lovers but are now allies and co-conspirators, this first-rate piece of work by the daring and agile director Stephen Frears is alive in a way that movies of classics rarely are. The paradisially beautiful Pfeiffer is wonderfully affecting as the pawn of the debauchers' final game. The screenwriter, Christopher Hampton, reworked his 1985 theatrical version of the 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos; cinematography by Philippe Rousselot.—P.K. (1/9/89) (Festival.)

Field of Dreams—Doggerel emotion. Kevin Costner, a New Age farmer in Iowa, longs to be reconciled with his dead father, a minor-league baseball player whose outlook he had rejected in the sixties. He hears a whispered command to build a baseball field, and when he does the spirits of Shoeless Joe Jackson (Ray Liotta) and the other White Sox who were barred from baseball for life after the 1919 World Series scandal arrive and play regularly. This is only the beginning of the hero's mystical encounters. That the film is sincere doesn't mean it's not manipulative; when the weepers in the audience start up, you may feel like a pariah if you're not moved. Adapted by the writer-director Phil Alden Robinson from W. P. Kinsella's 1982 novel "Shoeless Joe."—P.K. (5/1/89) (Bay Cinema, 59th Street East Cinema, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Art Greenwich Twin, and Regency; through June 15. . . . ¶ Waverly, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema; starting June 16.)

Heathers—Westerburg High's three rich beauties who make life hell for those less gilded are all named Heather. Their reluctant associate, Veronica (Winona Ryder), confides in her diary that she dreams of "a world without Heather," and a psychotically fearless juvenile delinquent, J.D. (Christian Slater), materializes, and goads her to become his accomplice in making her dream come true. The script, by Daniel Waters, has a lot of prankish, spiky dialogue and some good rowdy slapstick nastiness, such as Veronica and J.D.'s killing two football heroes and arranging their deaths to suggest that they were lovers in a suicide pact; the script promises that the picture will lift off into the junior division of Blue Velvetland. But layers of didacticism weigh it down, and the young, inexperienced director, Michael Lehmann (who uses hyper-bright colors for a facetious artificial effect), doesn't find the right moods for the gags. Where's the sting?—P.K. (4/17/89) (23rd St. West Triplex; through June 15.)

High Hopes—Mike Leigh's wacked-out comedy-drama about life in Thatcherland features three couples: the rich twits (David Bamber and Lesley Manville as a young champagne dealer and his cool socialite wife); the pushy yups (Philip Jackson and Heather Tobias as a boorish car salesman and his shrill, social-climber wife); the working poor (bearded Philip Davis and dark-eyed Ruth Sheen as a pot-smoking Marxist who scrapes by as a motorcycle messenger and his companion of ten years, who likes to grow things). This may sound like a liberal-left horror, but the English delight in extreme, preposterous silliness hasn't died even among the serious left: the characters keep turning into absurdist cartoons. It's an exuberantly likable movie—not always satisfying but never drab, never ordinary.—P.K. (2/20/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

How to Get Ahead in Advertising—The second film by the British writer-director Bruce Robinson ("Withnail and I") is a black comedy about an adman in crisis. Dennis Bagley (the resourceful and energetic Richard E. Grant), a young "creative" hot shot at a London agency, goes into a panic when he can't come up with any ideas for a pimple-cream campaign. Then he develops a huge, ugly boil on his shoulder—a boil that turns out to have a face and a voice and an extremely nasty disposition. It is, of course, a big metaphor, swollen and throbbing with significance; it stands for all the toxic stuff—greed, ruthless ambition, the manipulation of consciousness by the media—that, in Robinson's view, has been raging through our systems and is now coming to an unsightly head. The metaphor is original, but the ideas are mighty familiar. About halfway through, the movie runs out of inspiration, though Robinson carries on as if he were unaware of his own creative crisis: he just keeps squeezing the material harder and harder. Also with Rachel Ward, Richard Wilson, and Jacqueline Tong.—T.R. (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Cinema 3rd Avenue; through June 15.)

Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade—This mediocre third film in the Indiana Jones trilogy—a reprise of the first, "Raiders of the Lost Ark"—is a mixture of cliffhanger and anti-Nazi thriller and religious spectacle. It's enjoyable, but familiar, and the action lacks the exhilarating, leaping precision that the director, Steven Spielberg, is famous for. The only real spin is in the slapstick teamwork of Harrison Ford as the archeologist-adventurer Indy and Sean Connery as Indy's father, a medievalist who's too engrossed in his studies to pay much attention to his daredevil son's triumphs. The Ford-Connery clowning can distract you from the doldrums of punches and chases and plot explication (this time the Nazis are after the Holy Grail, which, in this account, confers everlasting life). With River Phoenix playing Indy as a boy, Alison Doody, Denholm Elliott, John Rhys-Davies, and Julian Glover. The screenplay, by Jeffrey Boam, is based on a story devised by the producer George Lucas and Menno Meyjes.—P.K. (6/12/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—If you went to see it under the delusion that it was going to be about T. E. Lawrence, you probably stayed to enjoy the vastness of the desert and the pleasures of the senses that a huge movie epic can provide. Directed by David Lean, from a script by Robert Bolt, loosely based on Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this picture fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, but it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of expensive spectacles. The central figure is played quite stunningly by Peter O'Toole, though he seems to be doing "Lord Jim"—which he was cast in a couple of years later (and then it looked as if he were doing Lawrence all over again). Bolt and Lean turn the hero into such a flamboyant poetic enigma that he is displaced in the film by a simpler hero—Omar Sharif's Ali, a handsome sheikh with liquid brown eyes and conventionally sympathetic lines to speak. As it became apparent that most people in the audience hadn't the remotest idea of what the Arabs and the Turks were doing in the First World War, or which was which, or why the English cared, the question raised by the movie was, Can complicated historical events and a complex hero really get across in a spectacle? (The film, substantially cut after its first release, has been restored to a more or less definitive version, running 217 minutes.)—P.K. (Ziegfeld.)

Let's Get Lost—This documentary, by Bruce Weber, isn't primarily about Chet Baker the jazz trumpeter and singer: it's about Chet Baker the love object, the fetish. And maybe because Weber, despite his lifelong fixation on this charmer, knew him only as a battered, treacherous wreck, in the two years before his death, it's one of the most suggestive (and unresolved) films ever made. The soundtrack is made up of Baker recordings that span more than three decades—the idealized essence of the man. The 16-mm. black-and-white cinematography (by Jeff Preiss) is reticent yet expressive, impassioned; the film has a great look.—P.K. (5/1/89) (Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Screening Room.)

Miracle Mile—Steve DeJarnatt's original script has a nice, morbidly funny premise: Harry, a young musician (Anthony Edwards), has finally met a girl he really likes (Mare Winningham)—and then he finds out that a nuclear war is going to start in about fifty minutes. (There's always something.) This is a doomed-love scenario so extreme that at first we can't believe that we're meant to take it seriously. The tone is awkward, uncertain—DeJarnatt doesn't write great dialogue—but the film is absorbing and unexpectedly moving. DeJarnatt's direction is much surer than his writing: he keeps his attention focussed on the action, doesn't linger to philosophize on the big issues, and allows the relationship between Edwards and Winningham to develop its own urgent momentum. And the movie, shot mostly at night on the particularly garish stretch of L.A.'s Wilshire Boulevard known as the Miracle Mile, has a bold, distinctive look.—T.R. (Plaza; through June 15.)

Miss Firecracker—Adapted by the fey, witty playwright Beth Henley from her 1984 play, "The Miss Firecracker Contest," it's a farce about Southern eccentrics that's at the same time (and here's the death knell) a loving tribute to the indomitability of screwed-up, lonely dreamers. Holly Hunter is the waif Carnelle (in Yazoo City, Mississippi), who thinks that if she can just win this year's Fourth of July beauty pageant—the Miss Firecracker Contest—she'll be respected. Thomas Schlamme, directing his first feature, has tried for vividness, and the movie is never plain boring, but its comic pathos and Southern-gothic cuteness can grate on you. The only element that really makes the film worth seeing is the wild sense of fun in Tim Robbins' performance as Carnelle's courtly, impulsive cousin. (The role is a baroque contraption, and that's what Henley is good at.) Robbins and Mary Steenburgen, who plays his patrician sister, have a tingling love-hate intimacy; they're marvellous together. And he and Alfre Woodard are nuttily harmonious as lovestruck clowns.—P.K. (5/29/89) (Eastside Cinema.)

My Darling Clementine (1946)—Among the greatest Westerns ever made. John Ford's version of the famous gunfight at the O.K. Corral is unhurried yet thrilling: it seems to be moving to the rhythm of Henry Fonda's tense, elegant stride. Fonda, wearing a little mustache, plays the fabled lawman Wyatt Earp, and it's a beautiful, delicately shaded performance. Young Mr. Earp is a true hero, a man of almost unfathomable courage and integrity, but Fonda makes us believe him: he gives the character a luminous simplicity. The movie is largely atmospheric and anecdotal—a patient buildup to the big shootout. There's a long, daringly slow sequence, set on a bright Sunday morning in Tombstone, which ends with a town dance: it's one of the most brilliant scenes of Ford's career. And the action, when it comes, is swift, unfussy. This is a Westerner's Western—laconic and large-spirited. The rest of the cast isn't on Fonda's level, but Walter Brennan is terrifying as the patriarch of the murderous Clanton family, and Victor Mature coughs effectively as the bitter, self-destructive Doc Holliday. The clean, eloquent black-and-white cinematography is by Joseph P. MacDonald.—T.R. (Film Forum 2; starting June 21.)

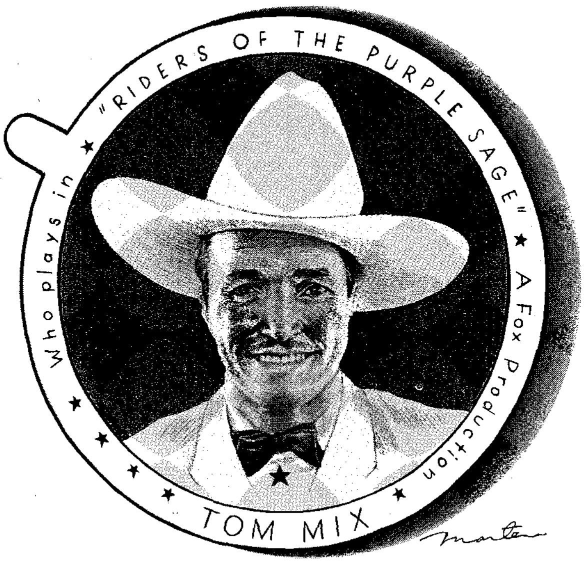
Napoléon (1927)—Presented in this reconstructed version in 1981. Abel Gance originally made it as a six-hour silent film, in color (the prints were tinted and toned by a dye process), and with sections designed to be run on a triple-width screen, by a process called Polyvision. His conception was far more complex than what directors later did with Cinerama, since Gance frequently used the images at the left and right of the central image for contrapuntal effects—history became an avalanche of armies, battles, and crowds. The film is both avant-garde and old-fashioned. In Gance's view, Napoléon (Albert Dieudonné) is a Man of Destiny. Before that, when he's still a boy (Vladimir Roudenko), he's a Boy of Destiny. As a thinker Gance is essentially a fantasist, a mythmaker enslaved by his own schoolboy gush. And when Napoléon is treated as the embodiment of the French Revolution, you know you're in the grip of a crazy. Gance isn't rounded (as, say, Renoir was). His films are superb in glimpses or in sequences, but they're not unified by simple emotion, as Griffith's epics were. They're held together by obsession, by fervor. (When Gance tries for simple, ordinary feelings, he's usually at his worst.) But he's a great moviemaker. The film was chopped down into so many different versions (some of them reëdited by Gance himself) that it took the English filmmaker and film historian Kevin Brownlow years to assemble this new, relatively complete version. Francis Ford Coppola served as impresario for its release in the United States, and a score was prepared by Carmine Coppola, who will be present to conduct the American Symphony Orchestra. With Gina Manès as Josephine, Pierre Batcheff as her lover General Hoche, Nicolas Koline as Fleuri, Annabella as his daughter Violine, Antonin Artaud as Marat, and Gance himself as Saint-Just.—P.K. (Radio City Music Hall; June 20-24 at 7:30 and June 25 at 1:30.)

New York Stories—A three-part anthology film, with sections by Martin Scorsese, Francis Coppola, and Woody Allen. Scorsese's intensely enjoyable "Life Lessons" features a masterly performance by Nick Nolte as an Action painter who needs tumult in his life. (Richard Price wrote the script.) Coppola's "Life Without Zoe" is a forgettable attempt to use New York as a city out of the Arabian Nights. Woody Allen's "Oedipus Wrecks" is a Freudian vaudeville about a Jewish lawyer (played by Allen) who feels that if he marries a Gentile (Mia Farrow) he'll escape his mother (Mae Questel). (He doesn't stand a chance.) Allen's short-story comedy is a bit too long and schematic, but it has some genuine laughs, and a lovely performance by Julie Kavner as a hopeless involuntary comic. All told, the movie is a two-base hit.—P.K. (3/20/89) (Quad Cinema, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

The Rainbow—The pastoral locations are grassy vistas that seem to melt before your eyes, and the images suggest that the material—the second half of the D. H. Lawrence novel about marriage—is being approached with humility and seriousness. This isn't one of the director Ken Russell's lurid, campy pictures. But his underlying attitudes haven't really changed; the campiness is simply more restrained, and the movie is amorphous and unsatisfying. As Ursula Brangwen, who (in the novel) yearns for sexual and spiritual union, Sammi Davis seems merely petulant. One of the pioneering feminist heroines—a woman who represents an advance on previous generations, a woman on a quest—has been turned into a snippy, closed-off brat. Glenda Jackson and Christopher Gable are surprisingly relaxed (and effective) as Ursula's parents, and David Hemmings is very smooth as her smiling, corrupt uncle.—P.K. (5/29/89) (Paris.)

Say Anything—Lloyd Dobler (John Cusack) is a high-school senior who doesn't know what he wants to do yet. And he's so in awe of Diane (Ione Skye), the class valedictorian and prize student, that when he phones to ask her to the graduation party he's so nervous he can't keep up a sequential conversation. Yet when they're out together he makes Diane feel happier than she has ever been. As for Lloyd, he has found bliss. This first picture directed by Cameron Crowe (who wrote "Fast Times at Ridgemont High") is unabashedly romantic about Lloyd's capacity to make a commitment. Crowe is great here on oddity and fringe moments; the comedy helps to dry out the romanticism. And Cusack is a wonder: Lloyd's (nearly) blank look tells you that a lot of things are going on inside him—he has a buzz in his blank face. Crowe's script has some central flaws, and there's no special moviemaking excitement in the picture, but it's a lovely piece of work. Clearly, Crowe loves actors. There's a compelling performance by John Mahoney as Diane's father, and there are a couple of astonishingly fluid scenes between Cusack and his real-life sister Joan, playing Lloyd's sister. The cast includes Lili Taylor as the girl who has written sixty-five songs about her ex-boyfriend's perfidiousness, Kim Walker, Jason Gould, Eric Stoltz, Chynna Phillips, Lois Chiles, Philip Baker Hall, and a terrific three-year-old, Glenn Walker Harris, Jr.—P.K. (5/15/89) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Gotham Cinema.)

Scandal—Tepid. The director, Michael Caton-Jones, and the writer, Michael Thomas, who dig up the Profumo affair, might have used it as the basis for a satirical slice of history; instead, they've made a sentimental docu-drama—one more English film about the cruelty of the class system. What sustains a viewer is the narrative, with its evocative details of life in London from 1959 to 1963—how the teen-age showgirl Christine Keeler (Joanne Whalley-Kilmer), bored with the middle-aged dignitaries that the society osteopath Stephen Ward (John Hurt) introduced her to, took on a West Indian lover and then another West Indian, and how, as a result of a violent quarrel between the two, a newspaperman got on her trail. She then offered up the story of her earlier gentlemen callers, the Tory Secretary of State for War, John Profumo (Ian McKellen), and the assistant naval attaché of the Soviet Embassy (Jeroen Krabbé). And bang! The tabloids whipped up indignation over the decadence of the "Establishment"—over sadomasochism and spies and naked bathing in Lord Astor's pool. Whalley-Kilmer's opaque, unreadable Christine comes to life a bit in her scenes with her showgirl pal, Mandy Rice-Davies, played by Bridget Fonda, who brings a gamine crispness to the role. She's the movie's only wild card. With Daniel Massey, Roland Gift, Britt Ekland, Leslie Phillips, and Trevor Eve.—P.K. (5/15/89) (Murray Hill, Cinema II, Quad Cinema, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ National Twin; through June 15.)


Who plays in "RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE" A Fox Production
TOM MIX

Westerns at Film Forum 2

Sergio Leone wasn't always an actors' director. But in 1969 he anchored his one true Western epic, "Once Upon a Time in the West" (playing June 17th and 18th at the Film Forum 2), with performers whose charisma holds the camera, even though they have Monument Valley as their competition.

Leone sculpts his four principals to such a hard edge that they could form a movieland Mt. Rushmore: the zesty Claudia Cardinale, as the widow who owns a watering hole near the first transcontinental railroad; Henry Fonda, as the sleek, flint-eyed badman who tries to drive her off; Jason Robards, as the grungy outlaw who defends her; and an electrically laconic Charles Bronson as the Man with the Harmonica. Leone deploys the character actors Jack Elam and Woody Strode with a sardonic precision that transforms their one big scene—a train wait punctuated by dripping water and a buzzing fly—into a paradigm of comic irritation.

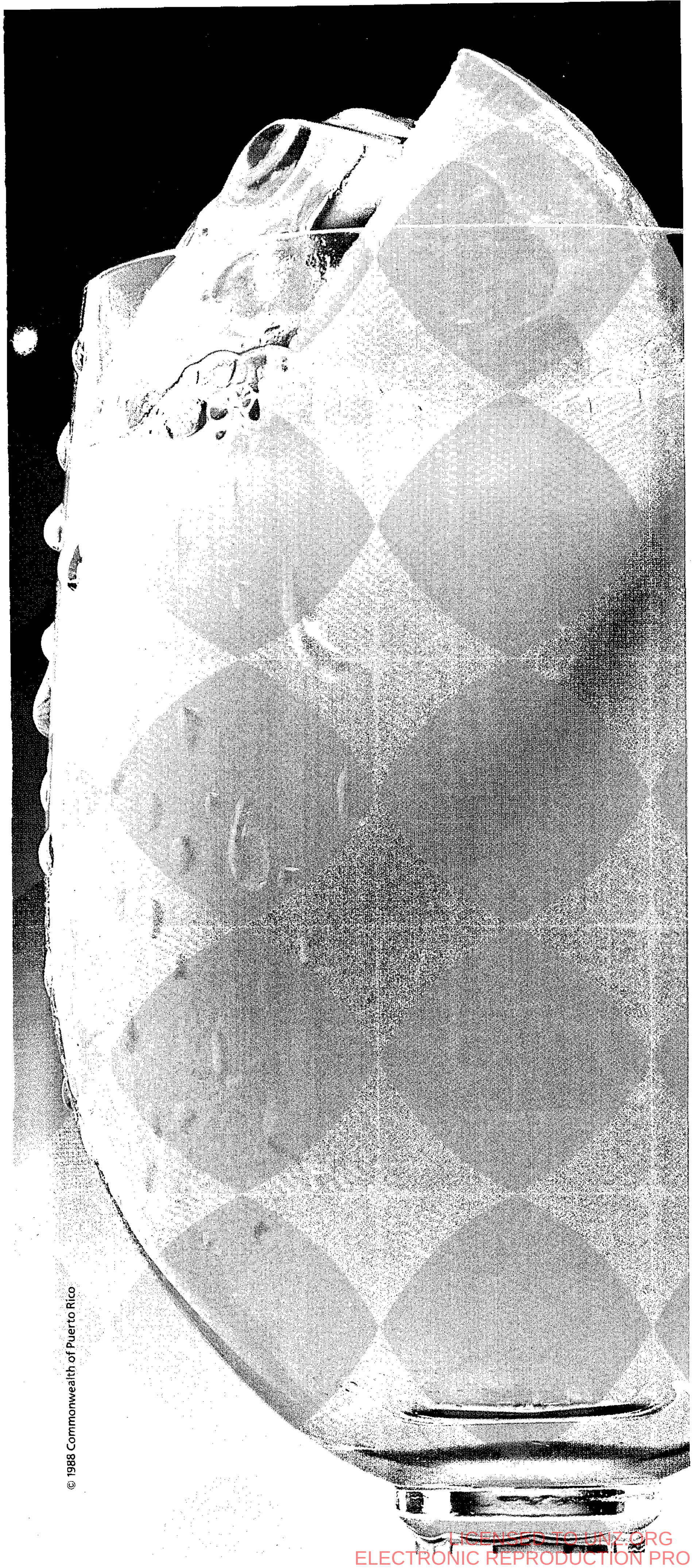
The conquest of space—the hidden theme of Leone's early Westerns—emerges here full force. The camera tracks beyond the railroad and captures the conquering heroes (and menacing villains) in outsize closeups. The cinematography combines with the majestic Ennio Morricone score and the nonpareil actors to make this the ne plus ultra of spaghetti Westerns: the Iron Horse Opera.

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). One of Bergman's greatest films, this is one of the least known. In Swedish.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 19.)

Vampire's Kiss—Nicolas Cage is airily amazing here. As a Manhattan literary agent—a poseur with a high-flown accent and a pouty, snobbish stare—he does some of the way-out stuff that you love actors in silent movies for doing. Something between a horror picture and a black comedy, this may be the first vampire movie in which the modern office building replaces the castle as the site of torture and degradation. The young British director Robert Bierman works well with the performers, and despite some narrative confusion (that may be the result of the cutting done by Hemdale, the producing company) the movie has an effective scary wackiness. With Maria Conchita Alonso, Jennifer Beals, Kasi Lemmons, and Elizabeth Ashley. The script is by Joseph Minion; Colin Towns provides an eerie score; Stefan Czapsky's cinematography suggests a madman's city.—P.K. (6/12/89) (Beekman, Art Greenwich Twin, Olympia, and Warner; through June 15.)

Vincent: The Life and Death of Vincent van Gogh (1987)—Paul Cox's documentary biography of the great painter is earnest, honorable, and uninspired. Cox has the good idea to tell the story in the artist's own words: the voice-over narration consists entirely of excerpts from letters written by van Gogh to his brother Theo. (They are read, with tremendous solemnity and perhaps an excess of actorly skill, by John Hurt.) But Cox's use of the letters is crude: van Gogh's raw, anguished meditations on life and art are presented without irony, as if he really were a profound thinker. (Sample *pensées:* "Nothing awakens us to the reality of life as much as true love"; "To suffer without complaining is one lesson that has to be learned in life." Too bad the movie doesn't tell us how Theo responded to this stuff.) The words actually dominate the images; at times, the beautiful paintings function only as illustrations of the deep thoughts. Cox also includes endless footage of Dutch and French countryside, as well as a handful of staged tableaux—peasants eating potatoes, a scene in a cabaret, the painter's funeral. It's all much too pretty—"painterly" in a horribly naïve way. He seems to be trying to compete with van Gogh as a maker of images; he loses. All Cox's follies are probably the result of too much enthusiasm, too much passion, too much empathy with his subject. His excesses mirror van Gogh's, but his art doesn't: in this film, the light always seems to be coming from the wrong direction.—T.R. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her long-time live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish.—P.K. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)



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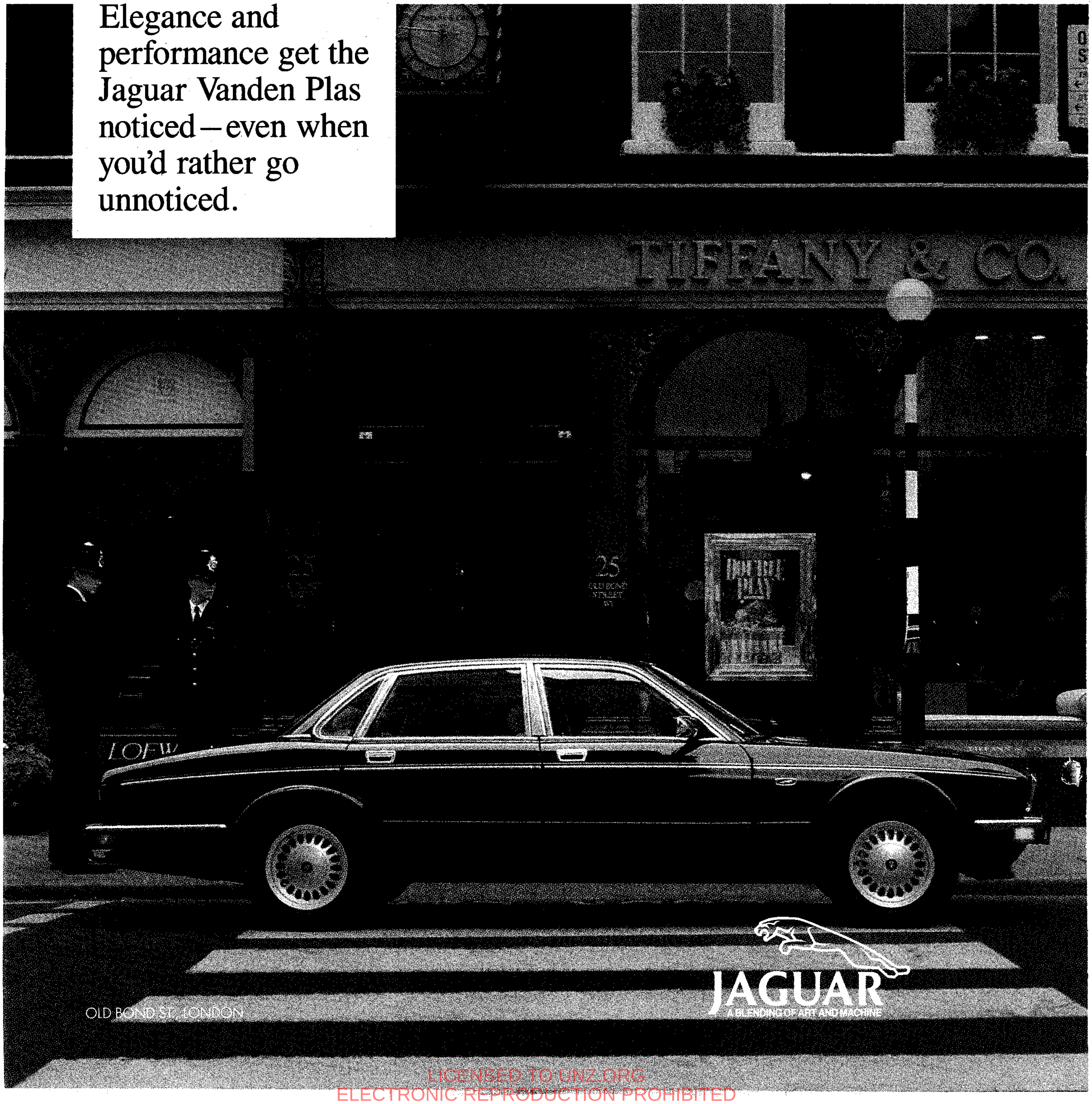


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

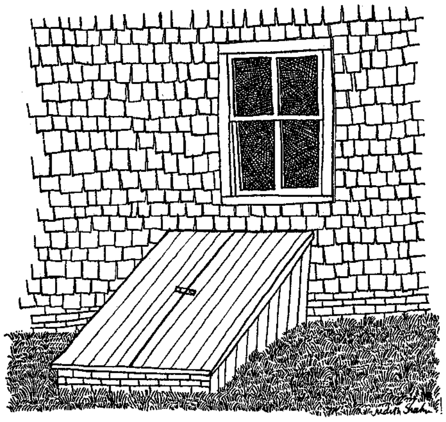
Notes and Comment

POLAND has odd luck when it comes to news. Often, as developments in that country seem to reach a peak, some extraordinary event takes place somewhere else in the world, and Poland finds itself temporarily bumped from the headlines. For instance, word of the resolution of the negotiations that followed the police riot in Bydgoszcz in March, 1981—surely the tensest crisis during Solidarity's first sixteen months—was overshadowed by news of the attempted assassination of Ronald Reagan. In October, 1984, the world turned its attention once again to Poland when Solidarity's much loved chaplain, Jerzy Popieluszko, was kidnapped by police agents, but no sooner was his body discovered, several days later, than the world's attention was diverted by the assassination of Indira Gandhi. Similarly, last August's proliferating strikes in Poland were displaced from the news by word of the air crash that killed President Zia of Pakistan.

The Czech writer Milan Kundera once remarked on how "the bloody massacre in Bangladesh quickly covered over the memory of the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia, the assassination of Allende drowned out the groans of Bangladesh, the war in the Sinai desert made people forget about Allende, the Cambodian massacre made people forget Sinai, and so on and so forth until ultimately everyone lets everything be forgotten." Still, one couldn't help thinking that Poland must be particularly unlucky in this regard when news of the results of Poland's first semi-free elections in more than fifty years—for that matter, the first such elections east of the Elbe since 1945—was quickly superseded last week by the riveting reports coming out of Beijing.

For a change, the story that displaced Poland's could hardly be considered unrelated, and the Poles were as caught up by the Chinese developments as everyone else. For a few hours on Sunday, June 4th, Warsaw and Beijing presented themselves as alternative versions of a single process—the perilous, fitful, and far from assured evolution from rigid totalitarian rule toward something not yet quite conceived. Some Poles we spoke with during the past week felt they were picking up in the news out of China echoes of some earlier Polish events, such as the crushing of the student movement in 1968, the worker massacres in 1956 and 1970, and the imposition of martial law in 1981—or, rather, a terrible conflation of all those. Other Poles looked toward Beijing and could only shudder, for what was happening there was precisely the "catastrophe" that Poles have imagined for years now to be the inevitable outcome should their own intricate game of tentative reformist progress toward democracy suddenly come undone.

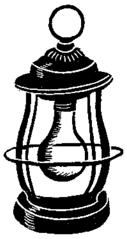
One woman, a Polish émigré, recalled for us her heady days during the Polish student protest of 1968. (The Polish students were among the first to rise up anywhere in the world in that remarkable year, and were the first to be violently suppressed.) She told us of the high spirits with which most Polish students had begun their demonstrations—as a lark, a sort of exhilarating impertinence—and then she described their tribulations: the arrests, the interminable interrogations, the show trials, the prison terms. She spoke of how one terrified young man turned on his fellows, denouncing even his own fiancée, and appearing as the key prosecution witness in several trials. But then most of the students had their words twisted, she said, and many were paraded forth as prosecution witnesses in one another's trials—such ordeals were an integral part of the regime's strategy of spiritual demolition. By 1969, when she fled the country, she was convinced that it was all over, everything had been destroyed, nothing was left. An old émigré, a veteran of even more extreme ordeals in Polish history, startled her one day by saying no, it was all just beginning.



Subsequent years proved the old man right. Many of the foremost leaders of what was to become Solidarity began their oppositionist careers as persecuted students in 1968. We asked this woman whether she thought that those particular students had been remarkable from the start or whether it was the repression itself that turned them into the formidable, and formidably wise, opposition they became. "That's a hard question," she said. "I'm not one of those who like to glorify repression. I think, in fact, that many splendid people from that generation were destroyed—that there are wonderful things the world will never see because of what was done to those people. Besides, it *was* an exceptional generation. We were the first postwar generation: hope rising out of the ashes. But still— Yes, of course, we were decisively formed by those experiences."

Among the students was Adam Michnik, who went on to become one of the most important political theorists in the Polish movement—and, for that matter, in the world—and it occurred to us that the tenor of much of his thought must have been shaped in 1968, as he watched his friends being crushed around him. His writing is suffused with an almost tender understanding of human frailty and a tolerance for individual limitations. In one of his most brilliant essays he urges against dividing would-be colleagues into "maggots" and "angels." We have all had our maggoty moments, he reminds his readers, and the movement must remain as open as possible. This tolerance has become one of the hallmarks of the Solidarity movement, along with its paradoxical twin trait, also one of Michnik's contributions—an uncanny knack for calling things by their true names.

We decided to phone Warsaw and try to speak to Mr. Michnik himself—or, rather, Congressman Michnik, for one of the items shunted aside from last week's news was that this veteran of dozens of stints in Polish prisons (six years in all) had been one of the biggest winners in the recent elections. We reached him at the offices of *Gazeta*, the new, aboveground opposition daily (the Soviet bloc's first), of which he is editor-in-chief. "Yes," he said when we asked him about 1968. "Without our experiences in those days and the ethos we developed from them, we would never have got to the point we have reached with these elections. But it's a difficult question. My whole personal experience is mostly the experience of defeat, of faithfulness to a defeated cause. Of course, that's a longtime Polish theme. I wrote a book about it during one of my prison stays. But I think only those causes are valuable for which you have to pay dearly. A freedom that doesn't cost much is not worth much." He was silent for a moment and then turned to the week's biggest story. "With all my heart I support those students in Tiananmen Square," he said. "I believe that the blood they shed will not have been wasted. That kind of blood is never wasted."



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A LETTER from a colleague:

Three times a year, I stop whatever I'm doing and fly to Chicago, to a think tank called the Center for Psychosocial Studies, and spend the weekend with a dozen amiable and eccentric scholars, talking about what the philosopher Jürgen Habermas calls "public spheres of discourse"—the coffeehouses and poster walls and journals and all the other unofficial spaces, real and metaphorical, where social and political change gets negotiated. We are an odd-lot group. We are philosophers and linguists and anthropologists and literary theorists, and we come from as close as Evanston and from as far away as Bombay and Beijing, and I think that what keeps us together is the pleasure of thinking out loud in such benign company about what the strategies and responsibilities of intellectuals have been and should be in a world as polyglot and exotic as our conference table. I'm the outsider in the group. Whenever I interrupt an argument to say "That's not true," the professors shake their heads and tell me I have left "the metatopical space of engaged tolerance," and I go home and dine out on metatopical spaces, and eventually start missing my brilliant, bewildering friends and wondering when the next meeting will be.

The director of the center is a Chinese-American anthropologist named Benjamin Lee, and our group includes a Chinese literature professor at Chicago named Leo Ou-fan Lee, whose speciality is Lu Xun, the writer Mao liked to refer to as "the other revolutionary." The group has strong ties to China. Every year, one of us goes off to the University of Foreign Studies in Beijing to teach, and one of us was there last week—a sociologist named Craig Calhoun, who phoned and faxed from the Shangri-La Hotel, where he happened to be stranded, to report to us in rage and sadness about which of his students was dead and which was missing and what it was like to watch an army of teen-age Mongolian conscripts shoot their way through the city with submachine guns that weighed more than they did. Over the past few weeks, Ben Lee's office has become a listening post for Chinese students and professors who are in this country, stranded in their own way, helplessly out of touch with their besieged city and, at the same time, helplessly *in* touch through the surreal agency of the Shangri-La fax and the CNN hourly news and all the other technology of a global village where people are able to call across the world but not to cross the street and help each other.

Our group met on the weekend the Thirty-eighth Chinese Army, which is Beijing's army, refused to move against the students camped in Tiananmen Square. We were supposed to be talking about Salman Rushdie and about the politics of print in eighteenth-century America, but everybody wanted to talk about the square, because we all knew that there we had a classic public sphere of discourse —and because we couldn't concentrate on anything else. Ben had just come back from Beijing with a stack of the *People's Daily*, and after he described his days in the square, Leo went through the papers for us, showing us the inventive and entirely Chinese ways in which the official Party paper had cut loose from its censors and told the people what was going on. It was a question less of between the lines than of the lines themselves: whether the type ran sidewise or up and down, how big a headline was and what the headline was beside it, what it meant when, say, a piece about Li Peng came after a longer, bolder piece about garbage collection in some remote western province. The *People's Daily* made a kind of typographical record of China's democracy movement, starting with the bleak and disciplined front pages of the April papers, moving into the excitement and even joy of the May typefaces, and now beginning to settle back, in warning, into its old official form. A lot of the public-sphere people remarked on how "Bakhtinian" this was, and said it was no wonder Chinese intellectuals had got so interested in the Russian critic Mikhail Bakhtin and felt at home with his dialogic theories about authoritative discourse and underground discourse and double voices and autonomous voices and the play of voices in a "text."

The next weekend, twelve Chinese graduate students arrived at the center to meet with Ben, Leo, and a couple of Yale Bakhtinians and talk about "a Bakhtinian approach to modern Chinese literature." The news from Beijing reached them that Saturday afternoon, just after a discussion of polyphony and heteroglossia. One of the students called a friend at Harvard, and the friend said that he had just called China, and that soldiers were killing people in Tiananmen Square. After that, all the students called China. They passed around Ben's telephone credit card and took turns trying to reach their universities and their parent's flats and their friends' parents' flats. Ying, from Princeton, called home and heard that the universities were surrounded. Qiu, from the University of Rochester, called a friend, who looked out of his window on the Avenue of Eternal Peace and saw two of his neighbors shot and killed. Every time one of the students got through, the news was worse than before.

"Walter's solution is to pump a lot of fresh air into the atmosphere."

Leo said later that all day he was haunted by an image from Lu Xun—the Chinese people were sleeping inside an iron house, slowly suffocating, and the question was whether to let them die quietly or wake them up to agony and hope. The students, for their part, tried hard to get back to their workshop. They wanted to talk about Lu Xun's stories, to hold on to something familiar, something "textual." They wanted to draw parallels and analyze the "data" of the past six weeks, because they knew that that was also what Tiananmen Square was about—that kind of freedom and exchange. By nightfall, the lines to Beijing were jammed anyway.

They went to a Chinese barbecue place and drank a lot of Tsing Tao beer and listened to Jing, from the University of Chicago, do his famous imitation of Deng Xiaoping and had, they agreed, what Bakhtin would have called a "carnivalesque" conversation. Then they came back to the center and drafted a protest. The next day, they were out demonstrating in Grant Park. Some of them stayed on in Chicago. They had a swim in the lake, and afterward they talked about Lu Xun's revolution elegy, "In Memory of Those Who Would Be Forgotten," and that reminded them of their own Tiananmen archive. They had decided to put together an archive like the Solidarity Archive. They wanted to collect the tapes and testimony and documents and videos of "Tiananmen 1989" so that a record would survive to contradict the "official" history that was bound to appear at home. They were tired and shocked, and they felt guilty because, as Qiu put it, "I should have been in the square, locking hands with the students to stop the tanks." In a way, none of them knew exactly what they were doing at a scholarly think tank in Chicago, watching television news and waiting for phone calls and faxes and debating Bakhtinian models for Tiananmen Square when their friends were dying. But I think that, in another way, they all knew. Seventy thousand Chinese students are in America now. They are not the masses. They are part of an élite, sent out into the world to learn—and to get used to the world, and be confident in it. And, whatever their torment now, when they are so far from home, the experience they have had has made them free. It seems to me they are a living archive. They know the irony of who they are and where they are. Bakhtin might have called them decentered voices—longing to go home, and yet wanting to stay and survive and keep on talking and getting ready for a better world.

• •

Riches

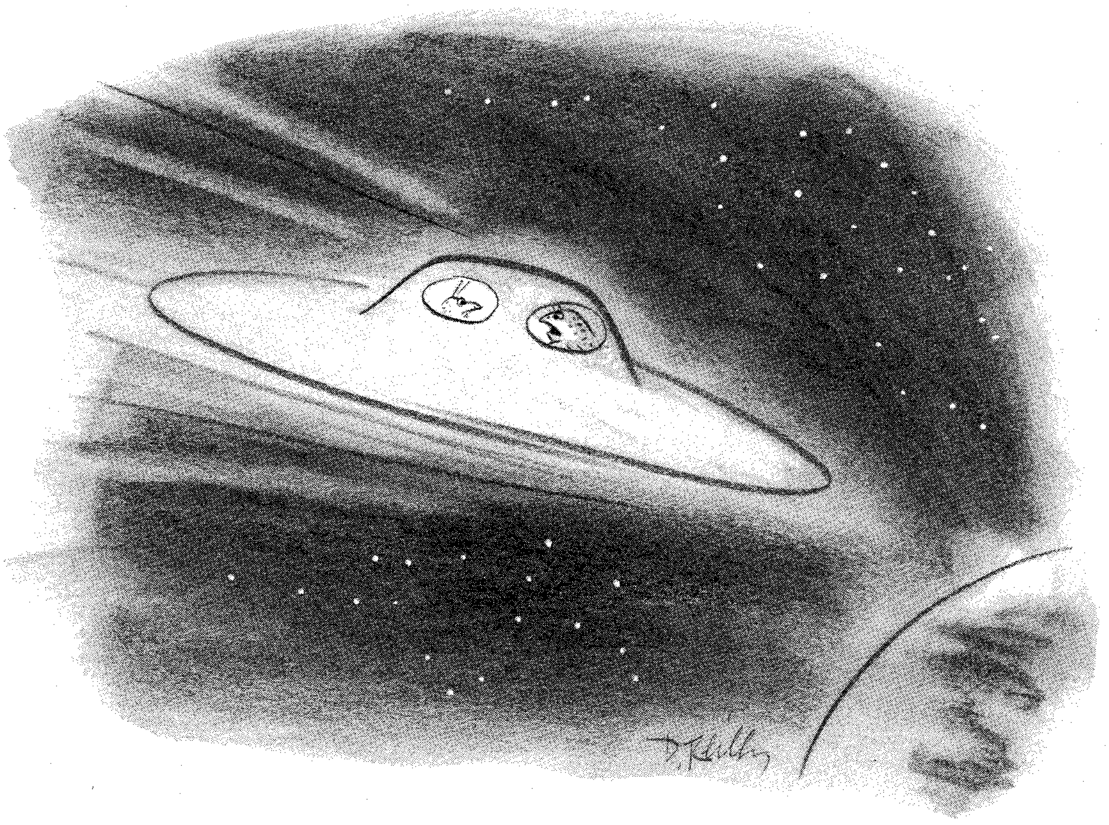
A FRIEND writes:

Wandering along Central Park's East Drive at Seventy-second Street on Saturday at dusk, I suddenly realized that I was passing through one of the largest crowds I'd ever seen in the Park except during some special event, like a rock concert. The balmy weather had brought out New Yorkers of every age, race, and fashion statement, and I thought of a poem I'd loved in school, "Piers the Plowman," which talked about a "fair field full of folk" with "all manner of men, the poor and the rich, working and wandering as the world requires." My goal was the long, flat side of the lake between Bethesda Fountain and the Loeb Boathouse Café, where one can get a clear view of the water and of the enormous rock shelf at the Café end. Both were scheduled to figure in "Bateaux des Rêves," an outdoor spectacle of dance, theatre, and music which was being produced by a small local arts organization called Cirque Grégoire, after its founder, a New York choreographer named Suzanne Grégoire. According to Miss Grégoire, "Bateaux des Rêves" was loosely based on one of the most famous and costly spectacles in the history of European theatre—the marriage celebrations, or "magnificences," in Paris in 1581, for the union of the Duke of Joyeuse and the sister of Queen Louise of Lorraine. Those fêtes, which had important diplomatic significance, took two weeks to complete and cost a million écus, a staggering sum. They included a water event for a river chariot drawn by twenty-four ships that were disguised as various mythological creatures, and "Le Balet Comique de la Reyne," which many dance historians consider the origin of serious theatrical choreography in the West. The subject of "Le Balet Comique" was the ascendancy and ultimate defeat of Circe, the enchantress who turned people into beasts by encouraging them to give in to their animal passions—drunkenness, lust, cruelty. (The list hasn't changed much.)

As I neared the Boathouse Café, I thought about what I knew of the recent assault on the jogger in Central Park. How simple it would be if we could just pin the whole thing on the gods. The producers of "Le Balet Comique" had probably been thinking something similar. At the time the ceremonies were being devised, the French king, Henry III, was sliding into what the historian Roy Strong has called "endless eccentricities and excesses." In less than a decade, France would undergo the assassination of its king, the extinction of his royal line, and a terrible civil war. The allegory of Circe's defeat was devised by a court—led by the knowing Queen Mother, Catherine de Medici—whose members hoped against hope that their ideals would prove true, and probably felt in their bones that they wouldn't.

But history never repeats itself. The festival put on by the Cirque Grégoire lasted barely forty-five minutes. It employed seven rowboats, decorated with cutouts and colorful fabrics, and they were followed by an eighth rowboat, containing something that Henry and Catherine could never have imagined—a TV cameraman and a sound technician. Circe and a few other mythological figures showed up in the persons of some comely and very young performers. The most dazzling moment came when Circe detached her cloak of rose and gold lamé, perhaps thirty feet long, and left it on the shining rock, from which the rest of the company had fled.

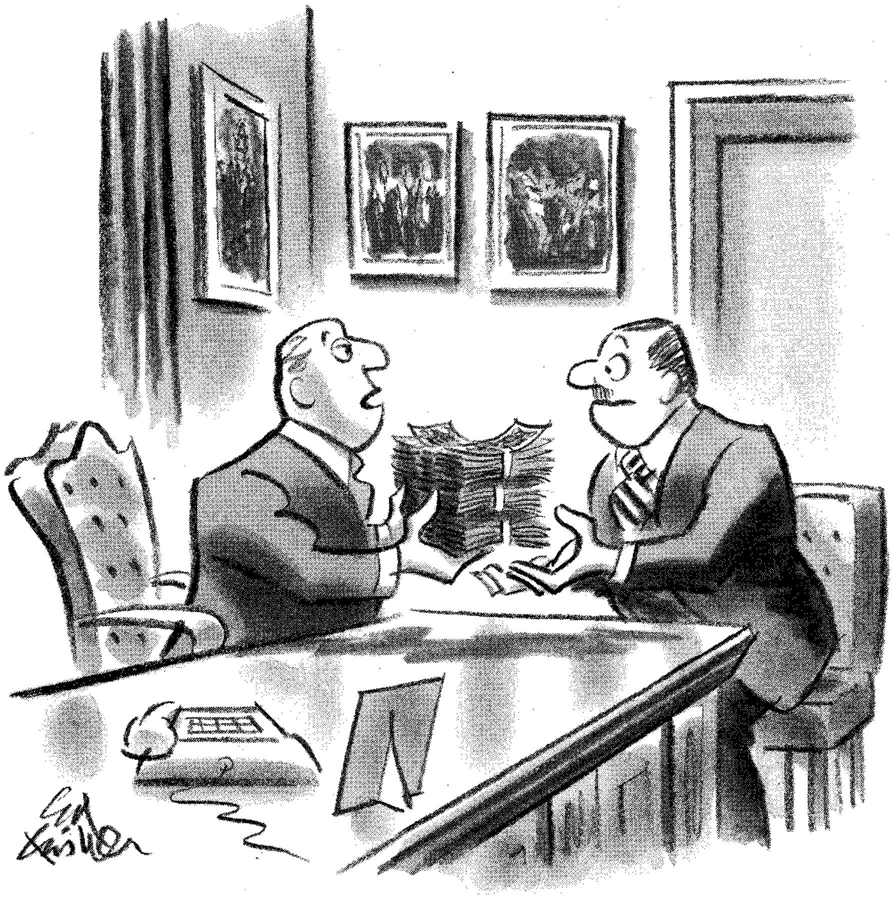
Everything that made this spectacle spectacular as far as the history of mankind is concerned was invisible or implicit. To achieve a gold lamé and the materials for the other costumes at a cost that a small contemporary-dance group could afford required centuries of scientific experiment and a manufacturing industry developed to a remarkable level of refinement. To bring a company of young people, most of them girls, into a public place for free performances in Lycra Spandex unitards entailed an outlook on culture, art, childhood, and mores radically different from anything the sixteenth century could have dreamed of. The height of the performers, their muscle tone, the health of their teeth and bones—compared with such things in the sixteenth century, these were riches. The nature of the Central Park crowd itself, full of texture and mobility, and, for a limited time in a limited space, benign—that was a kind of treasure, too, ephemeral but worth prizing. The Monday following Cirque Grégoire's production, the front page of the *Times* was crammed with news of other crowds—in Beijing, in Iran, in a burning valley near the Black Sea. New York *is* a city where anything can happen, even peace.



"Who's your second choice if we can't grab Little Richard?"

Waiting

ON a wet Tuesday morning in the middle of what George Will has decided are the most momentous months in human history, the line waiting



"Mind you, this isn't to be considered a quid pro quo."

• •

outside the French Consulate Visa Section on Vanderbilt Avenue stretches up the block to Forty-sixth Street and then winds around the corner and onto Park. Everyone is waiting for a visa; everyone is going to Paris. A quick canvass of the line by an inquisitive foreign-exchange dealer has revealed that nobody is headed for Bordeaux or Lyons or the Midi. Not right away, anyway. Maybe a "side trip"—a phrase that is heard a lot in the line as people exchange plans. "Man, it's strange," says a Jamaican kid who is passing out material for some travel agent. "Americans come to the Caribbean and they go *allll* over. They go to France, they think it's just one town."

For the past fifteen minutes, two affable middle-aged women—the kind of comfortably sanded and varnished women with indeterminate Middle European accents who might staff the Laszlo counter at Saks or the fur salons at Bergdorf's—have been trying to remember why, exactly, the French government decided to force any New Yorker who wanted to visit Paris to stand in a line for a couple of hours. One woman thinks that it was terrorism—some murderous atrocity, whose details she can no longer remember—that compelled the French Republic, like someone operating a speakeasy, to take a wary look at anybody who wanted to come in. The other woman suggests that it was in exchange for some rash act of American protectionism, our refusing to let them sell us—something. (Veal fed with hormones? No, that was what they wanted us not to sell *them*.) "It was retaliation," the first woman says, finally, and the other nods.

The line, like the world this week, is awash with signs, symbols, portents. The waiting people talk, in a single continuous stream, mostly about China and about the alleged appearance of Rob Lowe in a notorious video that was broadcast uncensored on one of the cable channels last night. Like all New York lines, this one is awash not so much with rumor as with inside information. "They're waiting for the fourteenth of July, and then they're going to cut out this visa crap," a man says. "Good-will gesture for Bastille Day. The stunt would be to go in August, but who wants to go to Paris in August?"

Three middle-aged men dressed in T-shirts and floral shorts are reading. The first man is reading the *Post:* "BRINK OF CIVIL WAR." The man behind him is reading the French daily *Libération*, which also has a headline, oversize and agonized, about what is going on in Beijing. The third man is reading *Life*, which features an article on the centenary of the bra, a hundred years younger than the French Republic.

The line has somehow become expert in the names, the potential loyalties, and even the matériel of the various divisions of the Chinese Army stationed around Beijing. "I hear the Thirty-ninth Army is ready to march," one man says.

"The Thirty-eighth," another man corrects him.

The line moves slowly, slowly, slowly. Everyone imagined, during the two hours that it took to go the half block from Park to Vanderbilt, that once you were inside the consulate your troubles were over. Inside, though, there is just another line, this one like the line at a bank—people waiting behind a velvet rope—while clerks collect passports and visa applications. The visas are processed in big batches, like cookies. Every fifteen minutes or so, a stack of little dark-blue books appears from a back room and is handed to the most formidable of the young women—at once querulous and chic, in the French manner—who are running the show. In the highest tradition of the French civil service, she reads off the American names on the passports in a pure, high, uncompromising lycée accent: "Shoo-art-es," "Guud-en-blooom," "Bairt-anna-lay," "Smuut." For a moment, Mr. Schwartz and Miss Goldenbloom and the Bertonelli family and Mr. Smith stand still, dazed and unsure. Then comes the moment of recognition, and they begin to sort themselves (and their passports) out, alight with the pleasure of having felt the thing that they're going to Paris for in the first place: the sense of having known—for a moment, anyway—what it's like to become a French translation of yourself.

TWO YEARS

I'M nothing, I'm nobody. This is what I said to myself on my way into the V.F.W. Hall, like a charm to keep myself steady, but really I was all right. I drove there in my own car and when I walked in I saw my own friends and family sitting at tables and standing around by the bandstand and getting drinks from the bar. Even my cousin was there, tending bar. "Give me a drink, quick, John," I said, and he laughed, and he did.

That was how the night started.

It was the Veterans Day dinner dance, which is the event that draws the most people at the V.F.W, although it's not as fancy as New Year's. It's a heavy thing to go to, a burden and a responsibility. Everyone drinks a lot. It was cool outside this time around —maybe starting to be chilly, but not cold.

"You're looking good," my cousin John said to me when he brought me a bourbon-and-Coke.

I kissed him, because why not, and I went over to sit with my Aunt Lou and her second husband, Eugene, and her kids.

"How are you, Kathy?" she asked me, and I said, "Just fine. How are you all?"

"Eugene's O.K., aren't you?" she said to him.

"Pretty good, pretty good," he said. "You're looking good, honey," he said to me.

"Well, I try," I said.

"What color is your nail polish?" the fourteen-year-old asked. She's Aunt Lou's oldest—the one she had with her dead husband.

"Strawberry Sherbet," I said, spreading my fingers out like a fan.

"Yum-yum," the twins said together, and smacked their lips. They're Eugene's.

"They're going to be putting out the food in a minute," Aunt Lou said. "Where's your mom and dad?"

"They're not coming till later," I said.

"Well, I hope they're here in time for the door prizes."

I looked around to see who was there and it was the usual crowd. I could see Lisa and Jeannette sitting with their husbands. I could see John by the bar talking to some guys. I'd gone out with one of them a couple of months ago, so I waved. He waved back and crooked his finger for me to come over, but I just smiled and shook my head. So he started walking over to the table.

"Don't you need a drink?" he said to me.

"Do I?" I said. I had half left of what John had given me.

"Sure you do," he said.

I picked up my glass and drank the rest. "I guess I do," I said.

"So come on," he said, and I got up and walked to the bar with him. His hand was sort of hovering around looking for a place to rest, but I slid away from it.

At the bar they were telling stories.

"So the cop gets out of the car," John was saying, "and he walks up kind of slow and Big Ed's trying to push the gun in the glove compartment but it won't close and Joey's in the back going, 'What'd you want to carry that gun in the car? Couldn't leave it at home, could you?' He was carrying on like an old woman, and Big Ed's swearing and trying to make the catch click—he kept hitting it with his hand —and I'm trying to be real cool."

"Ed's a nut about those guns," somebody said.

"He's certifiable," said Joey. "Anybody'd be upset."

"So then," said John, "the cop comes up by the car and I roll down the window and I say in this voice that kind of squeaks, 'What's the problem, Officer?' and he leans down by the window and says, 'Did you know your tail-lights are out?' And right then the gun falls out of the glove compartment onto Big Ed's foot and he kind of yelps, and the cop says, 'What was that?' We thought we were dead."

"Give me another," I said to the bartender, who was this guy that my husband, Jake, went to high school with. He owns a dry cleaner's now. He's married to one of Jake's old girlfriends.

He poured from both bottles, showing off.

"Whoa," I said, because he was pouring pretty heavy.

"You've got to catch up," he said. "You look thirsty. Doesn't Kathy look thirsty?"

"She's gasping," John said. "Come on," he said to me. "I've got to go check up on the band."

So I went with him. I took a slug of my drink and it tasted really good, like it does on the nights when you're going to get blasted.

"You still going out with that loser?" John said when we got a little way from the bar.

"Shut up, John," I said. I wasn't anymore, but it wasn't any of his business. The band was set up, four skinny guys trying to look like the Eagles.

"You guys ready to start?" John said.

"We're on," the one with the cowboy hat said. "What do you want to hear?"

"How about something swingy so I can dance with this pretty lady?" John said.

"I'm his cousin," I said.

"How about 'Tequila Sunrise'?" he said.

So I set down my drink and John and I danced a fancy two-step.

"So how are you, Kathy?" he said to me.

"Oh, shut up," I said.

"Not another word," he said.

"Is Eleanor here?" I said.

"She's in the back getting the fried chicken and stuffed cabbage together."

"Is that what we're having?"

"Who knows?"

"So when are you and Eleanor going to have a baby?" I said to him.

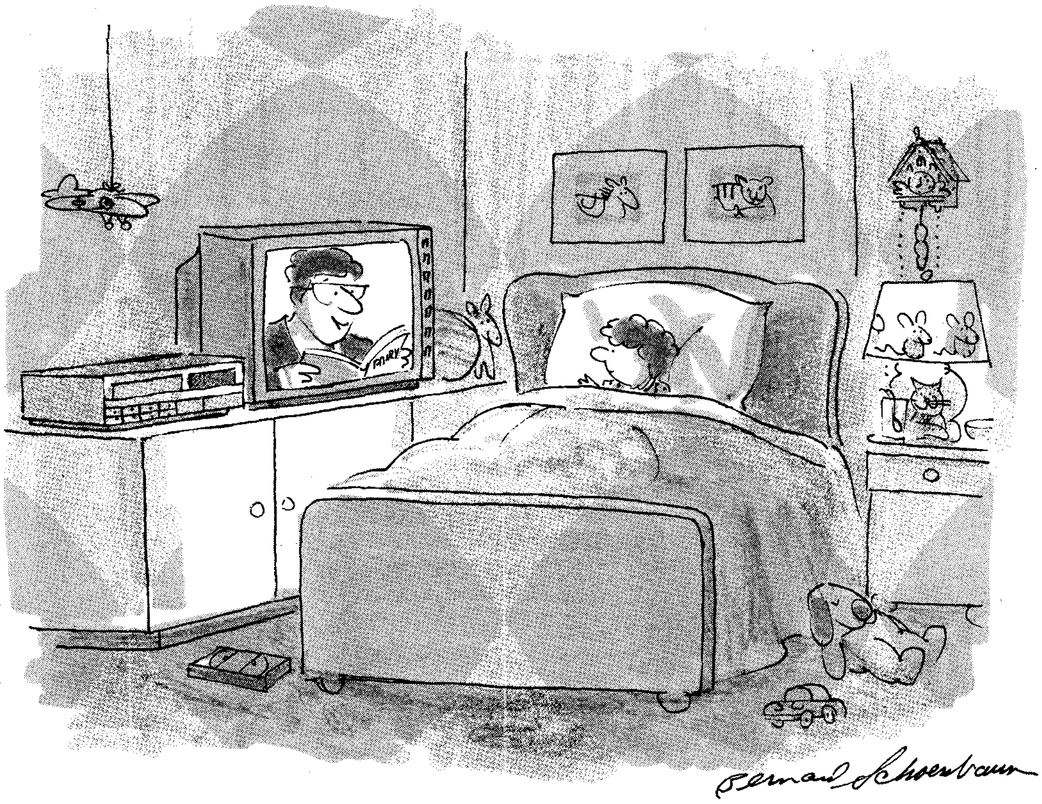
"Gee, Granny Kathy, I don't know."

We danced on in silence. We were almost the only ones on the floor, because there's not many who want to do the two-step. Besides us, there were Mr. and Mrs. Kimball—eighty years old at least, but they were dancing like maniacs, their arms and legs and bodies moving together like friendly machines, their faces perfectly calm, looking over each other's shoulders like they'd been dancing for a hundred years and could go on as long as they wanted. My second cousin Angela was dancing with her fiancé, but they weren't doing the two-step, they were just moving around. And there were some kids sliding around and pretending to dance.

"I'm going to get drunk tonight," I said to John.

"Fine," he said.

"Blasted. Just drag me home at the end of the night."



"Pleasant dreams, Billy, and here's Daddy with one of your favorite bedtime stories."

"We'll do that."

"Or forget it. I'll find someone taller and stronger and not related to me."

"That's O.K., too."

"Oh, shut up."

The band was supposed to play for fifteen minutes for openers and then while everybody went up to the buffet and then ate, but they took a break right away when the food came on. The band ate at a separate table over by the door to the main bar, in the other room. I got another drink and sat with Aunt Lou and Eugene and the kids while they ate. I was thinking about—oh, I don't know, nothing much. I guess about that dopey guy I wasn't going out with anymore, and also about the one I was going out with now, who I hadn't wanted to bring tonight, because I didn't like him well enough to make him public. I was thinking about John some, and how Eleanor was nice enough but not really what I thought John would go for, but they seemed happy. I was possibly thinking about Jake, but not much, not in a bad way. I was just feeling the bourbon fizzing through my veins and waiting to be high. I kidded around some with Aunt Lou's three.

Then this woman came over. "Lou?" she said. "Is that you?" Some old girl she used to know before she was married to Eugene, someone from school.

"And are all these yours?" she said.

"Not me," I said.

"This is my niece, Kathy. Kathy, you know Mrs. Weed."

"You must be Dave and Ginny's girl, then." And I could see her remembering things about me.

"Nice to meet you," I said, getting up. "I seem to need another drink."

"I was terribly sorry to hear about your husband," she said, too quick for me.

"Me too," I said, swirling my drink in the glass.

"Well, I'll say a little prayer for him when I do my dead," Mrs. Weed said. She turned to Aunt Lou and said, "I pray for all my dead every Friday night, for Mother and Father and the little one—you know, the first one, that had the cord wrapped around his neck—and a lot more. I keep a list, and I'll put your Jake on it."

"Thanks," I said.

"How did it happen, dear?"

I didn't want to tell her. I hated to have to tell her. But there is a way to behave when you are with people that made me tell her, and also it was the nature of the day, which is a day for the dead and for the remembrance of the dead and their stories.

"It was on a motorcycle. A car cut in front of him and he flipped it."

"Oh my, oh my. He was so young. It's the young like that that you just don't understand."

"Yes," I said.

I walked away holding my glass hard between my fingers, feeling the stiffness of my face. "Hit me again," I said to the bartender.

Lisa came up behind me and draped her arm around my neck. "You want to fast-dance if they play something good?" she said.

"I need at least two more drinks," I said.

"Bartender," she called. "Two more drinks here. This woman needs to dance."

"What do you want?" he said.

"You want to do some shots?" I asked. "Where's Jeannette?"

"There she is," Lisa said, and we both waved at her like maniacs.

We all had a shot. Lisa had peach schnapps, Jeannette had Amaretto, I had Yukon.

"To men," I said.

"To great hair," Jeannette said.

"To oral sex," Lisa said.

"Lisa, you're disgusting," Jeannette said, laughing.

"I'm serious. This is a serious toast. Call that bartender back over here and ask him if he doesn't think oral sex is serious stuff."

We scuffled by the bar for a minute while Lisa pretended she was going to make the bartender come over.

"Stop it, you slut," I said.

"All right," Lisa said. "I'm cured. I'm going to just think about oral sex."

"Well, really, you know, I don't

really like it. You know?" Jeannette said, lowering her voice.

"Don't like it?" Lisa said. "What does Ray have to say about that?"

"I just told him that I'd do it like maybe once in a while or whatever, but not all the time."

"Jeannette, you're such a prude," I said.

"Forget it, you guys." Jeannette knocked her shot back and set the glass on the counter. "Ray wouldn't like it if he knew I was talking about it anyway."

"Ray would love it," Lisa said. "Men love it if they think women are talking about them. That's why they get married, so they'll have a woman in a permanent position to talk about them. When I talk about my honey, I go home and tell him. It turns him on. I think you should tell Ray what we all said."

"Not in a million years."

"Well, Kathy and I'd be happy to do it for you. Wouldn't we, Kathy? We're all friends. I'll tell Ray and you can tell Bill. It'll make them hot. Right, Kathy?"

"You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours," I said. Then she looked at me, and I could see her remembering. She looked at Jeannette and I could see them remembering together. I could see them wondering if I was thinking about Jake, or if I was sleeping with someone else and thinking about him, and I despised them for it. I wanted to scratch their faces and rip their clothes or my own for thinking those things about me, or anything about me at all.

I set my glass down. "I think this is my song," I said. "You'll have to excuse me." I walked carefully toward the john. It seemed a very long way. When I got there, I used a booth and then I began to wash my hands but only held them under the cold water. I took out my lipstick and did my lips over again, very carefully outlining the arch of the upper lip and the curve of the lower. I didn't have a comb, so I ran my fingers through my hair. I looked as good as I did when I was twenty. Better maybe. No one could ever tell how old I was. They always guessed twenty-two or maybe twenty-six. What I am is twenty-eight, so I had two years' leeway. Two free years, so to speak. Maybe they were the two years since Jake, years that had gone and didn't count. What had happened in them was nothing. It was zip. My legs were wobbly now, but I hadn't drunk enough yet.

COLLECTIBLES

Even jumbled here in the schoolyard rummage sale
they keep their spirits up. This battered tin
combination cheese-and-nutmeg shaver
still offers " 'Gratings' from Fort Lauderdale,"
this bunch of velvet violets breathes a pale,
still shocking scent of lingerie, and here
(but where's your mate? your shiny silver cap?)
is—can it be?—the purple jug-shaped blown-
glass saltshaker from my parents' breakfast table.
A manic friendliness infuses these
things that mostly look like other things—
the tomato that holds thread, the black-and-white
kitten teapot, one paw raised for spout—
like toys that in a child's dream play all night
or like the magic kitchens in cartoons
where pots and pans leap down from the shelf and dance
and the orange squeezer oompahs like a tuba.
Innocent, foolish, jaunty, trivial,
small travellers from a land that thought it was
so full of love and coziness and cheer
the least things shared in it—why should
they pain us so somehow, who know so well
it wasn't like that, not really, even then?
Is that what they have come so far to tell us?
That we lose even what we never had?

—Katha Pollitt

• •

WHEN I came out, the band was taking a break, so I went over and sat at their table. "Do you do any Alabama?" I asked the drummer.

"We do 'Lady Down on Love,' " he said.

"So would you do it for me?" I said.

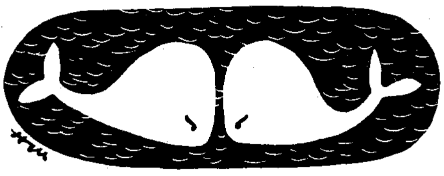
"Sure," he said. He pulled the top of his beer, watching me through his bangs. He thought he was being really cool. "So are you a veteran?" he said.

"Only of love," I said.

"A veteran of love, that's good. Hey, Tim, that's you," he said to one of the other guys. "Tim just ran into this girl he used to be hung up on and got hung up all over again."

"Did she look just the same?" I asked him.

"She looked better," he said. He was a really hangdog guy. Everything about him drooped.



"So what'd you do?"

"Nothing," he said. He drank some beer. "She and I went together for a long time, and then, I don't know, she got funny about some things and she wanted to get married, and so all of a sudden what do I know but she goes and marries this guy from Texas and goes back to Texas with him, just like that. He had four kids already from someone else."

"So then what?" I said.

"So then I got married to this broad I met out playing, but it was on the rebound. I never really loved her."

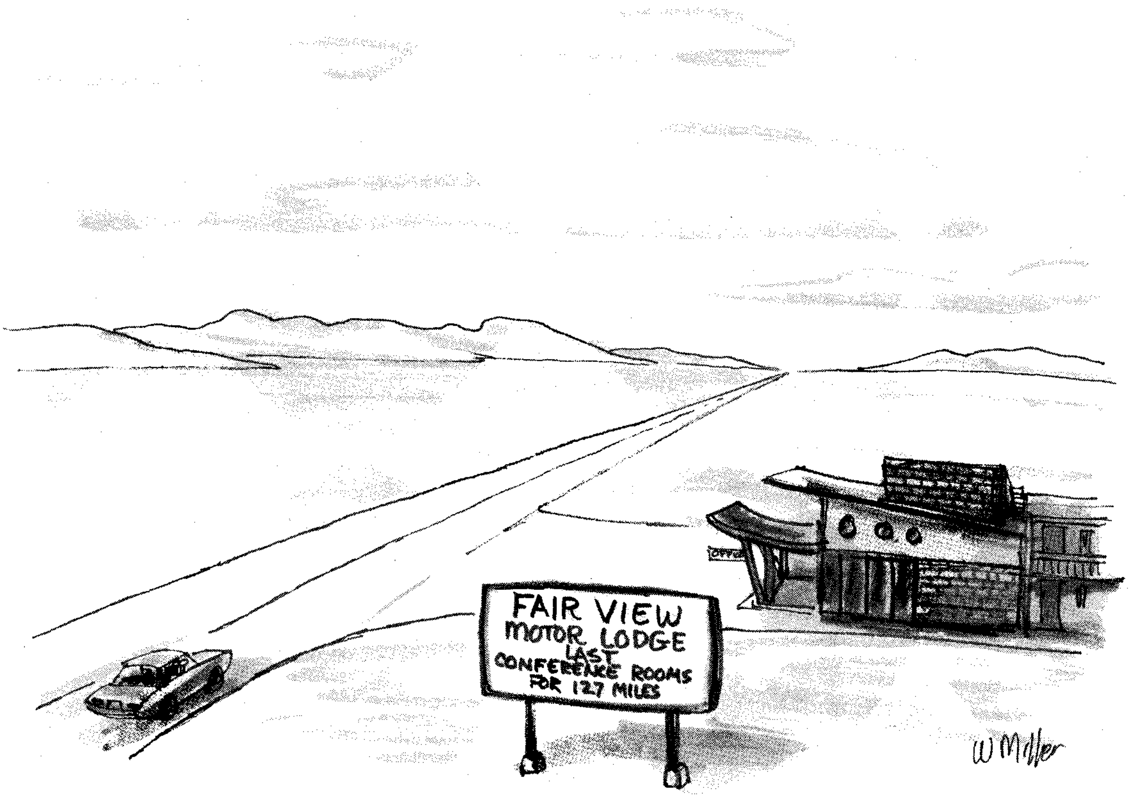
"You don't look like you're old enough to have had time to do all that," I said to him.

"When I saw her again, it all came back."

"She still married?" I asked.

"Yeah. She's up visiting her mother. She brought two of those kids with her. The funny thing is, one of them looks just like her."

"That's it," the drummer said. "You can wait for the kid to grow up. Your problems are over." He turned to me. "So, are you here with somebody?"



“No,” I said. “But you’d better watch out, because I’m related to half of the biggest guys here.”

“Oh yeah? I’m sweating,” he said. “What makes you think I got anything on my mind?”

“Just a hunch,” I said.

“Well, stick around after,” he said.

“Maybe I will,” I said, and I got up and went to wander up and down the rows of tables.

“Over here, Kathy.”

I went and sat down by Aunt Lou. She was sitting with some of the Ladies’ Auxiliary and they were all criticizing the food. The pirogies were hard around the edges, they said. Too much salt in the scalloped potatoes. They ran out of whipped jello.

“Who made that chocolate cake with the pink icing?” one of them said.

“That was Nettie Bill.”

“No, it was Aunt Mary Farrell. I saw her bring it in.”

“Well, the icing was rancid. I took a big bite and like to died.”

“Nettie Bill got married along about the same time I got married to Jack,” Aunt Lou said. “We used to run around together, the four of us.”

“Oh, that Jack was a riot, he was a ripsnorter,” another lady said.

“He could be wild,” Aunt Lou said. “But still.”

“Still?” I said.

“There was that time, you know,” she said, nodding to the ladies, “when I was getting un-engaged from that guy who worked at the mill and just starting with Jack. And I told him, the mill guy, that it was all over and that I was going to go with Jack, and he got so mad when I told him and he said he was coming over. My, but I was scared. Although I don’t suppose now that he would have done anything. But anyway I called Jack and he came over and took me to the O.K.—you remember, the O.K. Diner. That was what it was called then,” she said to me. “Now it’s something else. What is it—the All-American Diner, I think. It’s a lot cleaner now. But we went there and we talked and he bought me coffee and was just as nice. Oh, he dragged me through some awful times and I loved him through them all, because of things he did like that.”

The ladies nodded. My head was buzzing. But I was not drunk yet.

“I’ll never forget that, how he just came and took me away, didn’t even ask any questions.”

I got up and left them all staring into the middle distance. I didn’t like it, this sense that other people’s lives were rubbing up against me. I shook my hair and shrugged my shoulders. I smoothed down the sleeves of my dress.

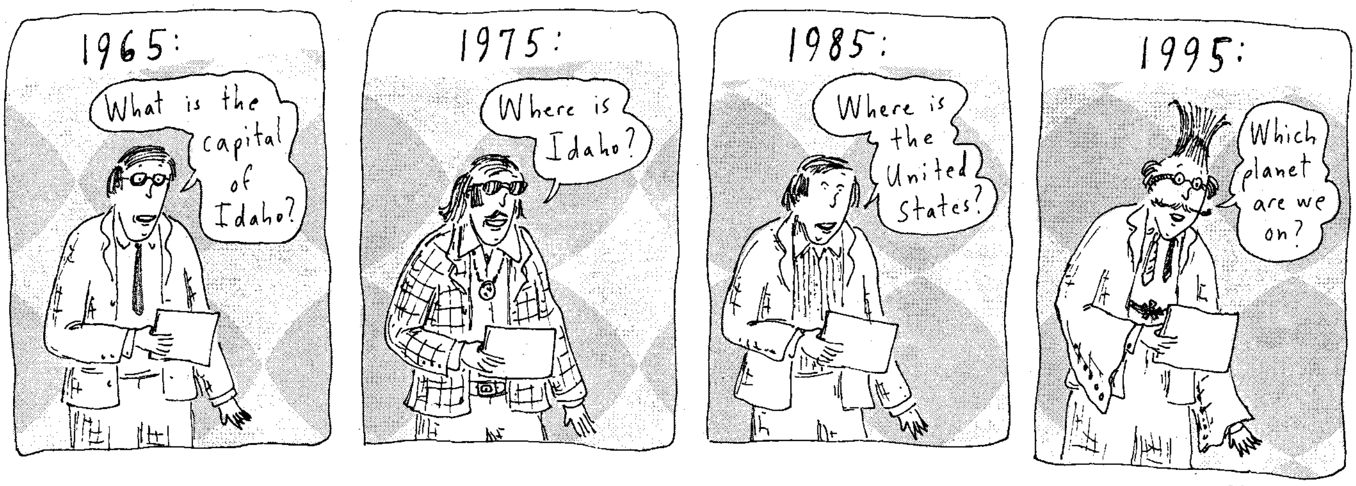
THEN it was time for the ceremonies. Old Mr. Kimball got up, wearing his World War II stuff, with that funny little folded hat. He started making some jokes, and I saw my parents come in. I waved but I didn’t go over. They went and sat with Aunt Lou and Eugene. I sat down at the bar. I held out my glass and the bartender came and filled it up.

“And now,” Mr. Kimball said, “our national anthem.”

I set my glass on the bar and stood up with everyone else while we sang along with a record. The scratchy notes were like feathers in my ears, and they went scratching at the back of my throat. And then Mr. Kimball read the list of the dead. Each of the names was heavy, they fell from his mouth like fruit, solid and enclosed in a skin. I heard my Uncle Jack’s name. I heard the name of my grandfather’s brother. Of one of my father’s best friends. Of the boy down the street, ten years older than me and ripe, then, for Vietnam. Vincent Miller. Henry Stacek. John Thomas Richlovsky. Lloyd Oliver. They didn’t say Jake’s name, of course. I reached behind me and put my hand on my drink. The glass was wet and cold. My lips were numb. I was almost drunk, but not quite.

Then they played “Taps” and I thought, How I hate this, how this makes my skin crawl. I looked around. One woman had her head bowed and was clutching the back of her chair, and another was standing up very straight, her jaw stuck out and wobbling. Some had faces like stone and some like the soft undersurface of the clouds before it rains. The men stood at attention, unbending their old bodies, and their eyes were on something far away that no one can see any

It's Academic


1965:
What is the capital of Idaho?
1975:
Where is Idaho?
1985:
Where is the United States?
1995:
Which planet are we on?

R. Chast

• •

longer. The music was so slow, each note so long.

Then, thank God, thank God, it was over. I drank from my glass and went looking for someone—John, I thought, or that drummer. But I ran into Aunt Lou's fourteen-year-old.

"Kathy," she said. "Could you get me a drink, please?"

"Do you want pop or what?" I asked her.

"Not pop. A drink."

"What are you, kidding me?"

"I want to see what it's like. Come on, Kathy. Just a little one."

"O.K.," I said. "But wait here."

I went over to the bar and asked the bartender for a glass of cherry pop, and I brought it back to her. "Just make sure you drink it slow," I said. "And for God's sake, don't act silly." She took it and carried it away, holding it carefully in front of her.

I sat down right where I was, at an empty table. It was hot. I could see my parents and Aunt Lou and Eugene and the twins across the room, and John and Eleanor by the bandstand, and Lisa and Jeannette and their husbands dancing to a slow dance. But I didn't want to talk to any of them, I was tired of them and their stories.

I sat there and I started to think about Jake. This was dangerous, I knew, but I didn't care. I thought about him for a while, and then I started to feel strange, my head felt strange. I was thinking faster and faster, and it made me uncomfortable, but I tried on purpose to remember how he looked. I tried to imagine him sitting down in the chair next to me. I tried hard to imagine him, up from the pieces that were all I could bring back—his hair, his forehead with the hair falling across it, his arm in the sleeve of his gray work shirt, his hand with the sleeve rolled back from it holding a cup of coffee or a beer—and I couldn't. My head was floating and my brain felt wedged in too tight. I shivered like someone had touched the back of my neck with a cold finger. I shifted in my chair and looked around and I saw him, saw Jake, at the other end of the hall, twenty-five feet away, saw him from the back, turned away from me so that I could only see his jaw, his fingers twitching, holding a cigarette, but it was him. It was unmistakable the way his shirt was tucked into his pants, the shape of his head, the curve of his body leaning against the wall. He was looking through the door that led into the bar, and he was smoking, and then he pushed the door farther open and went through it and I didn't see him anymore.

I was ordering my legs, Get up! Get up! and flexing my fingers to hold on to the table and pull, stiffening my back, tensing my shoulders. Nothing worked like it should.

"Once the Crucifixion was just a story to me," a voice said in my ear. "No question of believing or not, it was said and I heard it. God was like my grandfathers."

I turned my head with great effort and saw that Mrs. Weed was looking at me from close up, looking right into my eyes.

"I'd never seen my grandfathers anyway, because they were both dead. And Jesus could have been my uncle, like the one who had gone to fight in the war and never came back, though he was listed as neither dead nor missing. All the big events—the changing of water to wine, the big scene in the temple, the Stations of the Cross—were like family stories, you know what I mean?"

I nodded. My lips were numb.

"But what I think is that we have the story of the Crucifixion to prepare us early for trouble in our life, trouble and pain. Life is pain and trouble, trouble and pain." She patted my hand, my cold hand that lay on the table in front of me like a clod of dirt.

"I had a vision," I told her, pushing each word through my stiff lips. "I saw him."

"Blessed be the Lord." She held my hand between hers. "I'll put you in my prayers."

"I'm not dead yet," I said. I took my hand away from her and got up.

Each step was hard, for my feet were stiff in their shoes. I walked the long way down the hall and went out the back into the cold night air. The yard was empty except for some old boxes and a portable barbecue grill that they did clams in for Labor Day. The moon was shining down, dense and cold like perfume in the air. I would never go inside again, I decided. I would never live in a house again, would never sleep in a bed, never comb my hair in front of a mirror. I was drunk now. I knew all that.

—Mary Grimm

A WINDING STAIR

ALAN wanted to be loved, unlike some people. He was freckled and fair, and Marsha, who was brown-haired, was beguiled by his coloring. Now she stretched her arm out and ruffled his eyebrow as he got out of her bed. "It's attached," he said. He was not good-looking.

She had known Alan before she met Tom, early in 1973, and during the time she went with Tom she'd occasionally hear from Alan. "Let's walk," Tom would say, all that year. Marsha would be light-limbed and a little sore after sex. They'd dress, she in two sweaters under her coat, and walk through the dark, cold Cambridge streets for hours, saying almost nothing. Tom wore sweaters, too (often without a coat), and sometimes a wool-clad arm would circle her shoulders, but mostly they walked without touching, Marsha keeping her bag on the arm away from Tom in case he wanted to hold hands with her. They were both graduate students at Harvard, and Marsha was a teaching fellow there.

Sometimes when she got home her roommate—she had a roommate then—would tell her Alan had called. Once he sent her a postcard, cheerful and brief. Alan lived in New Haven—he was a student in the school of architecture at Yale. He wanted to fix up slums, he told her, not to build skyscrapers. When she visited him these days they often toured the Hill, where poor people lived. He said he thought New Haven was more interesting than Yale; he had joined a mixed-race committee that was refurbishing abandoned houses.

When Tom gradually stopped calling her, Marsha had suffered badly. Finally she called him and they went for a last walk. He told her he was seeing someone else. "We met on the Cambridge Common. She was walking her dog," he said.

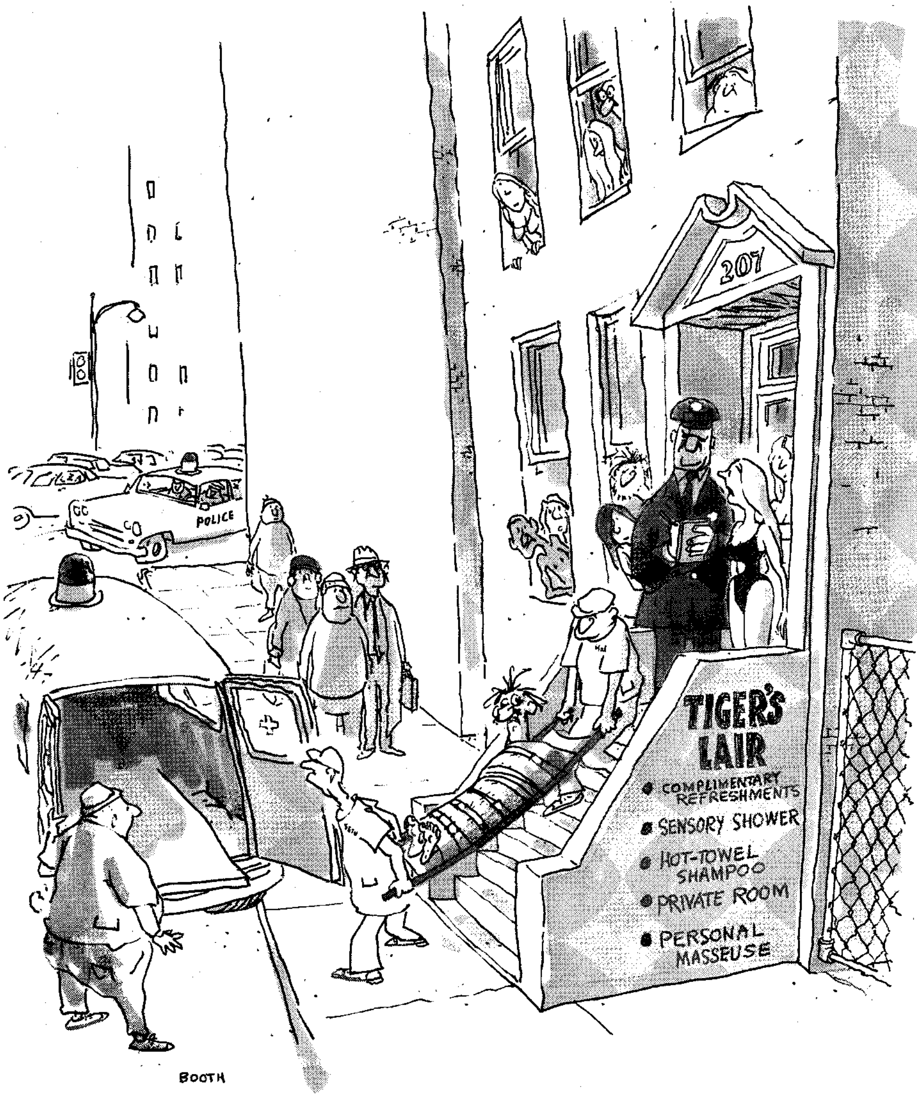
"You're a coward," she said. "You could have told me."

"You're right." He bowed his head in apology, but she thought that if he *had* told her she might have made a scene and embarrassed them both.

Two weeks later, she took nothing to read on a train trip to New York to visit her family. (She had brought the books she'd need for the next chapter of her dissertation, but she deliberately left them in her suitcase.) She gathered her thoughts and tried to follow a slim trail of self-knowledge as it circled more and more deeply into her mind. Riding along the Connecticut shore, looking out at Long Island Sound—flat and gray—she imagined Alan waiting for her at the bottom of a flight of stairs. She felt honest and tired. When the train reached New Haven, she suddenly dragged her bag off the overhead rack, climbed off the train, and called him. "Tom and I broke up," she began. They were still talking half an hour later.

That had been six months ago. Now, in her apartment in Cambridge, Alan looked down at Marsha, who was still in bed. Then something distracted him. "I don't know how you can live in this place without painting it," Alan said, circling her room. The paint was peeling. It didn't seem to occur to Alan that he was naked. Marsha always loved being naked before him, but then she didn't talk about walls. "I didn't even think of painting," she admitted.

"I like these old-fashioned moldings." He headed for the shower. He was taking the train back to New Haven that morning, but she couldn't see him off. As a teaching fellow, she was leading small groups of undergraduates through some seventeenth-century poems, and she had to conduct a tutorial on George Herbert that day. She and Alan ate breakfast, he dressed and she in her robe, and suddenly he had to hurry. He gathered his things together—he had a hard Samsonite suitcase she disliked—kissed her, and left. They couldn't see each other the next week-



"He did O.K. until the hot-towel shampoo, then he went all to pieces."

end, but on the Thursday after that she was to go to New Haven for the weekend.

When Marsha made her bed she found Alan's slippers under it—old blue corduroy with walked-on backs—and when she brushed her teeth she couldn't find the toothpaste and realized that in his haste Alan had taken it. She hurried off to the tutorial, which was in a small room in an old house near Harvard Yard. It was with five sophomore girls, who speculated that day instead of simply reading. "Will you please just *look* at the *lines*?" Marsha said sharply.

"Let him be rich and wearie," said God in the Herbert poem, speaking of man, to whom He had given all possible blessings except rest. "Restlessness," God pointed out, "may tosse him to my breast." The girls, all friendly, and usually quick, stared at Marsha.

Then Sarah laughed, catching the meaning. "Are we a blessing of yours?" she asked.

"Yes," said Marsha, relaxing. "You're definitely one of my blessings."

"Are *you* restless, even with all your blessings?" Sarah said, smiling at her. "I think today you are a bit restless."

Marsha *was* in a hurry, as if time mattered. "Next week 'Jordan (I),'" she called as they all tramped down the stairs—and then, shouting a line from the poem as she crossed the street, "'Is there in truth no beautie?'"

She went through the Yard and, beyond it, to the post office on Mount Auburn Street, where she bought a postcard. Leaning on a desk, she addressed the card to Alan. On the other side, in pencil, she wrote in crude, funny letters, "YOU WILL NEVER SEE YOUR SLIPPERS AGAIN UNLESS YOU SURRENDER MY TOOTHPASTE. THE BLACK HAND." She considered drawing a black hand, but it would look like a child's dirty print, so she drew footprints that wound up from the bottom of the card past the letters. It took a while to shade them all with the pencil, but the effect was satisfyingly sinister, and she mailed the card. On the steps of the post office she met Tom.

"Hi," he said. Tom's eyes always reminded her of Bing cherries. The dark parts, which seemed larger and softer than in other people's eyes, were so dark that light flashed off them.

"I'm mailing a present to my aunt," he said. "I bought her an art book. Would you like to come with me while I mail it?" Marsha laughed and went back inside the post office with Tom—where, anyway, it was warm. It was one of the first cold days of late fall.

"How are you?" she said.

"I miss you."

"How's the dog walker?" She had tried to keep herself from picturing him walking at night with a woman. She imagined someone tall and blond who wore her coat open and led an expensive, unfriendly dog.

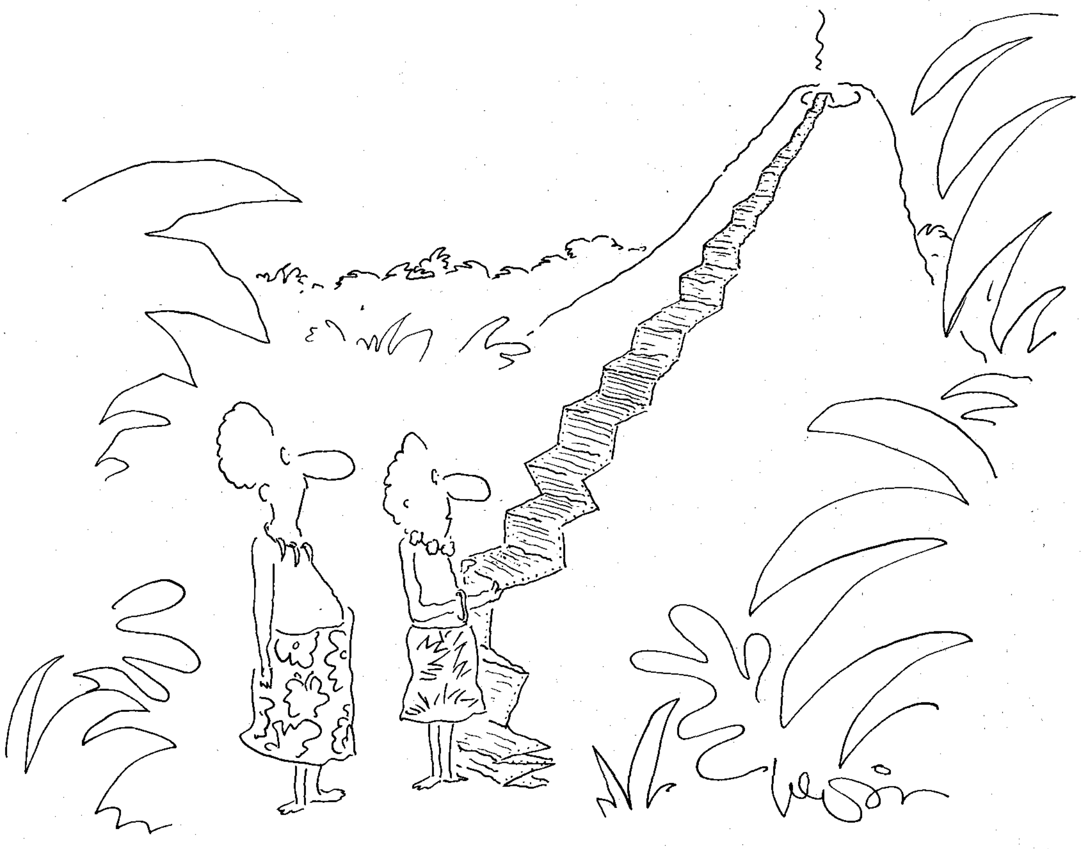
"That's up in the air." He reached the head of the line and mailed his package. "Lunch?" he said then. They left the post office and she walked beside him. He was taller and heavier than Alan. She and Tom didn't touch, but she stepped into the chunk of air that was next to him and carved out by his shape, recognizing it in the same way she recognized her winter coat when she put it on for the first time each fall, remembering its weight on her shoulders and how the wool smelled. They went to the Chinese restaurant where they had always gone, and ordered egg foo yung. Tom didn't talk much. Marsha talked about her teaching and her dissertation. After a pause he said, "I'm living with a caracole." He had thick, straight black hair, and now he pushed it back off his forehead, as if to see more clearly how she'd react.

Of course she thought it was a woman. "A *pretty* caracole?" She did know he was teasing.

"Not very."

"All right, what's a caracole?"

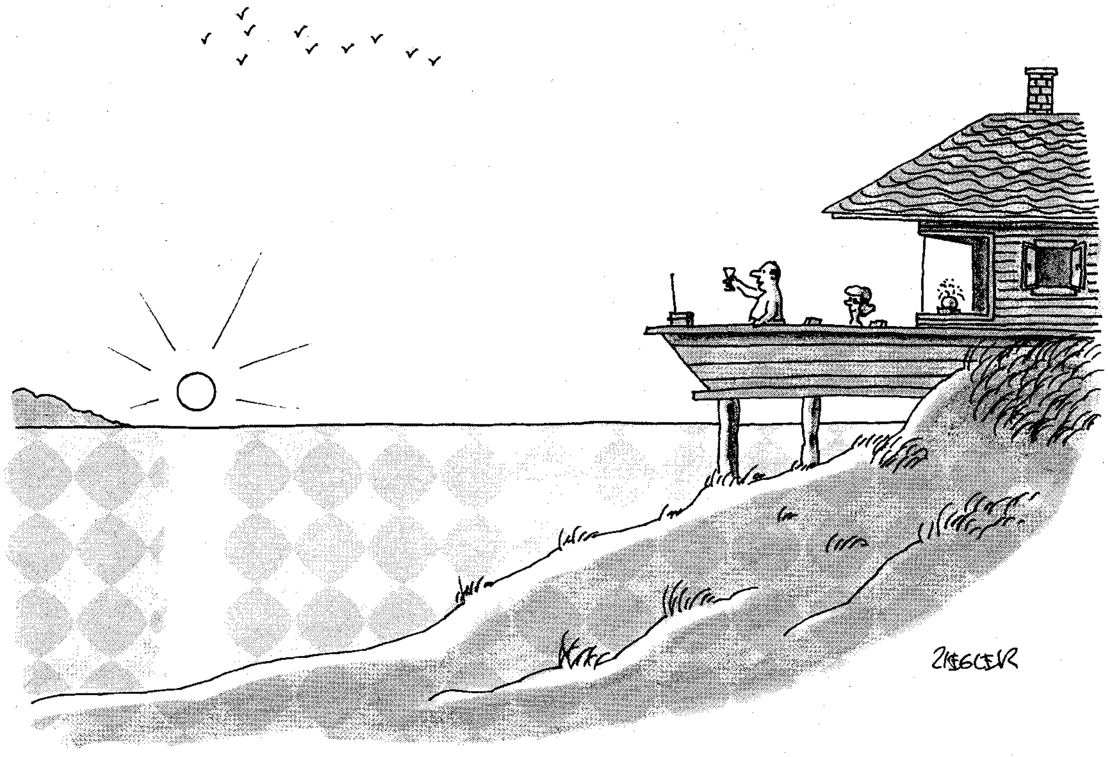
"Come back with me and see." He said he was staying in a duplex apartment in Boston, looking after the place while the owner, his thesis adviser, was in Europe. There was a cat he fed, he explained, and for some reason Marsha wondered whether he was just going in and out, feeding the cat, and had only *said* he was living there. They took the train to Boston. She had another tutorial at four. Ordinarily she'd spend the afternoon in



"The volcano has spoken."

her stall at the library.

The cat met them at the door and Tom fed it. The caracole turned out to be a spiral staircase, although Tom said the word also meant a half turn performed by a horse and rider, and before that a snail. He drew a spiral in the air with his finger, and they climbed the narrow metal staircase, which connected the bedroom with the rest of the apartment. The bed was a low, large mattress that took up most of the space in the room, and when they got up there they kissed and held each other for a long time, and then they made love.



"Here's to East, West, South, and Bridgehampton, and all the little Hamptons in between."

• •

"How did you know that word?" said Marsha later.

"I like to read the dictionary," Tom said. She knew this was true. They were still lying on the mattress, she closer to the top of the staircase, which was an unrailed hole in the floor. They were quiet for a long time. Then Tom said, "I'm thinking about my aunt, the one I sent the present to. Do you want to hear what happened to her?"

"Is it funny?"

"No." He was propped on one elbow, facing her. His eyes were grave.

She kept expecting the professor who owned the apartment to turn up, not in Europe at all, and find them, but she didn't get up. "Tell me."

"Aunt Lucy was a young girl then," he said. "She was travelling with her mama and papa through the great cities of Europe, and in one city—maybe Vienna, or Milan—they bought her a ticket and sent her to the opera alone. Her seat was up in a narrow balcony near the ceiling, in a single row of seats way over on the side. Aunt Lucy could hardly see anything except the opposite front corner of the stage." He told the story as if he knew it by heart.

"At one point—maybe this was a children's show—a clown came out onstage, just below her, wearing a sign on his chest. Of course Aunt Lucy couldn't see what the sign said—she could see only a little of *him*. Now, she was sitting almost as far to the right as possible. She had the worst seat in the house. Next to her on her left were two women, and Lucy thought maybe they could see better. After the clown left the stage, she turned and asked the nearer one what the sign said. But the *other* one courteously leaned forward in her seat and twisted around to hear Lucy—and fell over the railing. She fell to the floor of the opera house."

Marsha sucked in her breath. "Did she die?"

"Yes. Lucy still feels bad about it. She once told me it haunted her that while the clown was out there her attention had wandered a little. She thought that if she'd been alert she might have been able to read the sign after all."

"Does that make a difference?"

"Lucy thinks so."

On the ride back to Harvard on the Red Line, Marsha tried to remember what the package Tom had mailed looked like. She couldn't remember the name on it, and wondered whether he had held it out of her sight. In retrospect, it seemed the wrong shape for a book. She didn't believe he had an Aunt Lucy.

IF Tom called, Marsha planned to say she would not see him. He didn't call. "Wanting T. bad habit," she wrote in her notebook on the train to New Haven ten days later, on her way to spend the weekend with Alan. Then she drew a rectangle around the letters she had written and filled it in with short dense strokes of her ballpoint pen. She opened George Herbert, and because she had loved him so well he spoke to her: "Is all good structure in a winding stair?"

In New Haven, Alan was impatient. It was Thursday night and the paint store was open late. She was hungry but he insisted they had to buy paint, because he wanted to paint the bedroom the next day. Alan lived in a third-floor apartment they would share when the term was over and Marsha could move. The apartment was mostly wallpapered. "Little *designs*," Alan said, shaking out his fingers and arms as if the small, faded sprigs and twigs and flowers were crawling up and down him. They bought two gallons of off-white flat for the walls and a gallon of white enamel for the woodwork, and then ate at a diner, because when it was this late, for some reason, they always wanted eggs.

"That was some postcard," said Alan, halfway through his scrambled eggs.

She'd forgotten the postcard. She put down her fork. "I didn't bring your slippers!"

"Well, you can have your toothpaste back, anyway," he said. "I *guess*." He laughed. "I didn't know *what* I'd done with my slippers. I kept looking for them. And I noticed that I had two tubes of toothpaste, but I thought I forgot and bought it twice."

"We use the same brand."

"Well, the card was funny," he said. "And it kept me pure."

"What do you mean?" Her face grew warm.

He was eating quickly, but he looked pleased with himself. "There's this girl—woman—Donna, who's active on the committee. You'll meet her—there's a party Saturday. And she likes me. The other night, after the meeting, she asked me if she could come over, so we came home, but when I opened the downstairs door, there was the mail lying on the floor, with your postcard right on top, staring up at us, and scary feet all over it."

"Did she read it?"

"Yes. I picked it up and we both read it. She thought it was a riot. But it made things quite clear."

"She didn't know about me?"

"No, I guess not." He put down his fork. "But then she gave me a lecture on how you should move down here as soon as possible. She thinks long-distance relationships are terribly hard."

"She does?" She was angry with this Donna.

"She says it's too hard not to cheat."

Marsha and Alan had never discussed "cheating," but now it came to her that she probably would have used that word, too. He was eating a slice of toast, chewing slowly. "Is it hard for you?" he said. "Actually, it isn't hard for me."

"But you just said my postcard kept you pure."

"Not really," he said. "It was a relief to see it. I'd been wondering how to keep things from happening without hurting her feelings." The lights in the diner were bright, and the conversation felt public, though no one else was listening.

FAR ABBOTSBURY

All in a line in Cow Harbor, out past
the geranium dry dock, just wet down, the goslings—no
taller than the infanta irises—that swim

in the ear shape of the pitcher bay are not
the swans in Abbotsbury, where "the medieval
lingers, and the past strikes the eye," where

from the pebbly stretch of beach one can see
seven white spires, each one a swan's neck. Here,
in our harbor, you can count three

striped umbrellas—white and yellow—five geraniums, the
Travel section, and these geese, begging bread
in the parenthesis formed by the gravel

and the inlet. Due east, down Hardy's rainy oak
the days are plunder, beneath its boughs the goosegirl
counts her flocks—she is never

without them—but here they are, transmogrified.
Who is to say the worn goosegirl is not a princess,
and these fowl not peering swans, or that

the masts of the catboats are not steeples, for
through them the wind sings? Too small
to make much noise, the young are nonetheless

protected, their Victorian parents press them to
the bread, and beyond the Atlantic's great
sucking waves, at the eight-mile swannery

in Abbotsbury, the swanherd, for a small sum,
will give commentary: The birds should not be called
if there is no sustenance, for they are

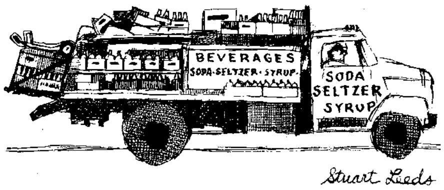
vicious; we are unprotected from their beauty; their song
holds captives and is captivating; to swans we stand
for nothing. Incidental, in this watery

sunshine, to say the same for goslings.

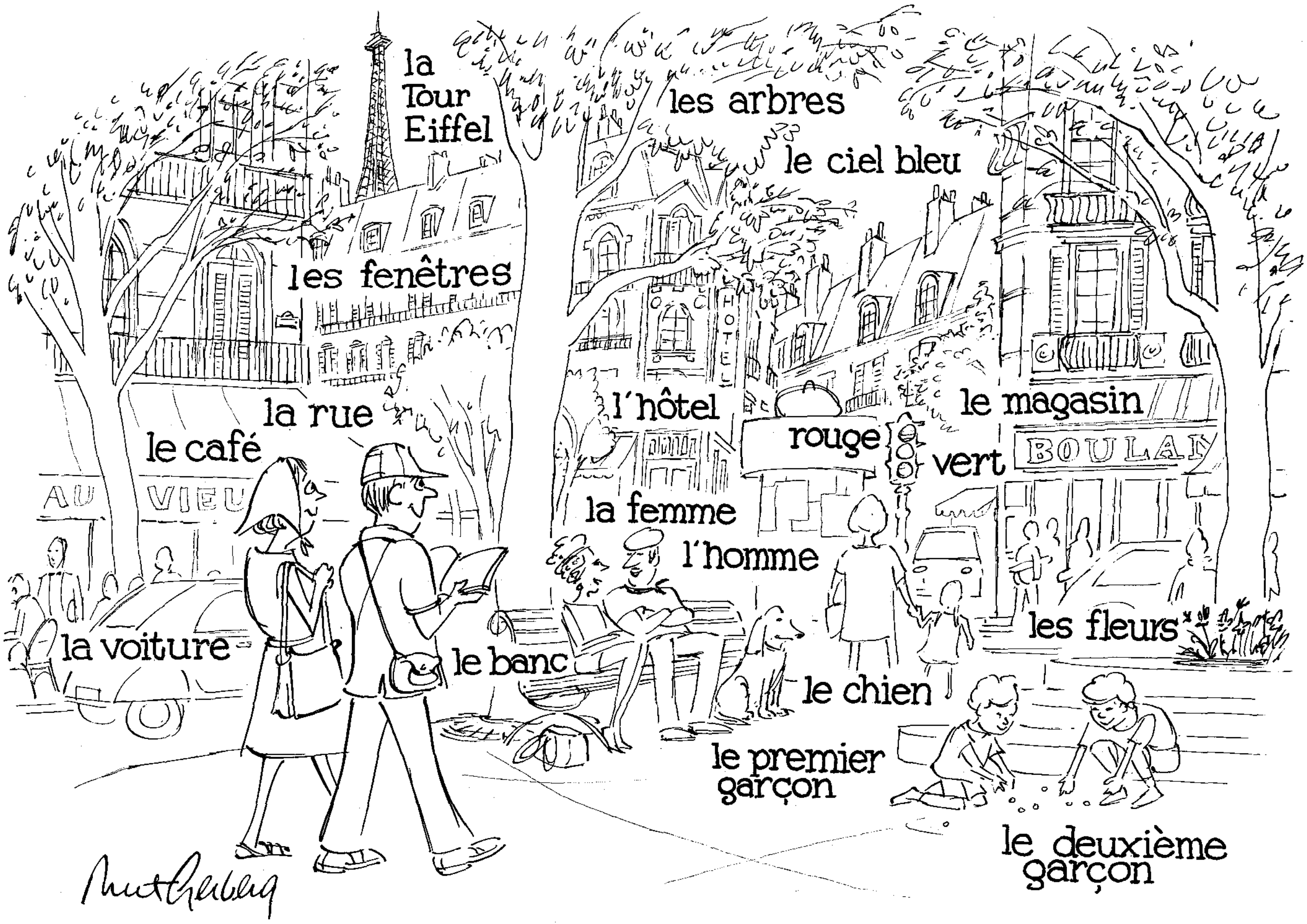
—CYNTHIA ZARIN

• •

"If I slept with someone else," he said, "I'd be thinking the whole time of how to tell you. You're the person I tell things to." The Formica table was red. There was spilled sugar on it—Alan took sugar in his coffee—and Marsha ran her finger in it, making a line of red, then a circle. She drank some coffee. She waited to hear what she was going to say but she didn't say anything.



In the morning they painted. Marsha had left old clothes there, and she put them on, first thing. Alan was anxious to get started because he had to leave soon—he had classes in the afternoon. They carried their coffee into the bedroom. Alan started taking apart the bookcase—bricks and boards—and Marsha gathered up the bedding and put it out of the way in the living room. They had two paint rollers. They began rolling paint over the wall opposite the bed, but almost immediately the



Strolling through Paris for the first time, Judie and Gary discovered, much to their great delight, that they remembered more high-school French than they thought.

• •

paint-dampened wallpaper—which had seemed so old and fixed that it was part of the wall itself—began to pucker and then to stand away from the wall in large patches.

"I should have known," said Alan. "We'll have to take it off."

Marsha eased her hand under the place where the paper was coming away from the wall and pulled. She was able to remove a scrap about eight inches long. It was satisfying to do this. The wallpaper that came off was thick—there were several layers. Underneath was a yellowish bare wall, stained with ancient glue.

The next piece was not so easy. After a while she brought a spatula from the kitchen. Alan was using a paint scraper that had a razor blade in it. They took the wallpaper off inch by inch. They did not talk much. This work was absorbing. Then, as she dug the spatula under an exposed edge, Marsha said, "Could a person who's sitting down fall over the railing of a balcony? At the theatre?"

"I don't think so. Why?"

"Someone told me a story. A woman up high in a theatre turns to answer a question. She shifts around with her rear end half off the seat—she needs to talk to someone two seats over." Marsha acted it out, spatula in hand, perched on an imaginary chair. "And she topples over the railing and dies."

"No. There are engineering specifications. The railing would be too high. Was that in a book, or what?"

"No, someone told me. It was in Europe."

"Europeans have common sense, too. Who told you about it?"

"I can't remember," she said.

She did not let herself pull the next piece of wallpaper off until she had loosened a good distance of edge, but still only a small square came when she did pull. "This will take forever," she said.

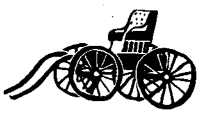
"Yes." And Alan had to go to class. For the afternoon, Marsha was alone, peeling wallpaper. Sometimes she wandered—to the bathroom, to the kitchen for coffee or a cookie. She turned over papers on Alan's desk and found her postcard. There were no secrets. The other papers were the syllabus of one of his courses and the schedule of a film series. Back in the bedroom she worked hard, so Alan would be impressed. As she worked, in her mind she told Alan the details about the woman who fell from the theatre seat.

"Do *you* think it would make a difference if Aunt Lucy's attention wandered?" she asked.

"Where did he *get* this story?" she imagined Alan saying. Together, they figured out Tom. "I don't know why I keep thinking about him," said Marsha. But then, in fact, she began to think of him some more—Tom calling her the following week, when she was back in Cambridge, and Tom in the future, dropping in to see them in a house in some distant city. She had a child—Alan's child. Tom admired her child.

When Alan returned, he had been given good advice. "There are machines to do this," he said, and went to the phone. They rented a wallpaper steamer—a huge, dark metal contraption, which they lugged up to the third floor. The steamer had a tank that held water and heated it. When the water boiled, Alan pressed a metal plate against the wall and squeezed a handle to release steam. Marsha followed him with the scraper. It was smelly and dirty, but the task was easy now. They stripped two walls. Alan went out for hamburgers and brought them back. Marsha took a shower. After they ate she was too tired to do more, and the bedroom was too messy to sleep in, so they dragged the mattress into the living room and Alan put the sheet back on it and wordlessly eased Marsha down. He undressed her and rubbed her back and shoulders. Then they made love and fell asleep.

Marsha had been eager to go to the housing committee's party, a potluck lunch, but on the way, the next day, she was seized with a prodigious shyness. They had finished removing the wallpaper. After the party was over, they would come back for the machine and return it to the rental store. The lunch was in the apartment of one of the black women on the committee. "I'll say the wrong thing," Marsha said. "She'll think I'm a bigot."



"That's all right. Claire thinks everybody's a bigot," Alan said.

They stopped to buy apple cider, his contribution. Waiting while he paid, Marsha studied her reflection in the door of the cooler. Her skin felt dry and permanently stained and shrunken from old wallpaper glue. She stared at the shadowy woman pierced by rows of soda bottles. Tom had never taken her to parties.

But it was all right. Coats were piled on a bed she could glimpse off a corridor. Plates of food were lined up on a table. This was not like one of the confusing parties people her own age sometimes gave, at which she was always afraid she might do the wrong thing; this was like visiting one of her aunts. Marsha was introduced around, and filled her plate with fried chicken and sat next to Alan on a sofa. A young black man drifted over to them. "He's deep," he said to Marsha.

"I'm sorry?"

"Deep," he said. He gestured toward Alan, who was being talked to by an earnest white woman in her forties. "He never said he had a girl. We were worried about him. We thought we'd have to fix him up."

"*I* don't think Alan's deep," Marsha said. The man had pulled over a hassock so he could sit and talk to her. She saw that he was curious about her. "I can figure him out every time."

The man laughed. "No, no, Alan's the mystery man. That's why my mom made sure he was coming—so she could keep an eye on him."

He told her his name was Terry. This was his mother's apartment, he said, pointing at Claire, a thin, sharp-faced woman in her fifties whom Marsha had just met.

"It's a nice apartment," she said, "but I just can't keep from thinking about the wallpaper." The living room had beige wallpaper with a dark-red intricate design on it.

"You don't like the wallpaper?"

"It's not that." She told him how she and Alan had spent the last day and a half. "I can't help it," she finished. "I keep looking for places where you could start a good rip. Right behind you—where the seam is. See? There's a little pucker. Sometimes you can get in under one . . ."

Suddenly she was perfectly happy. It was not just because Terry was friendly, but she didn't know what else it was. Just then a young woman came hurrying in, arms laden—a big white woman, tall and heavy, with blond hair down to her hips and wearing a navy-blue cloak. "Claire, I brought layer cake," she called, and Claire turned around.

"Well, I was just giving up on you, Donna," she said.

"That's Donna?" said Marsha. "That's not how I pictured her." Marsha never talked loudly, but this time she did, and everyone looked at her.

"How did you picture me?" Donna said. "Did Alan tell you I made a play for him?"

This was so close to what Alan had said that Marsha could not answer, but it didn't matter, because somehow Donna had turned the group—twelve or fifteen people, until now in clusters and pairs—into a single audience, as some gifted partygoers can.

"I have to tell you about this lady," she said, unbuttoning her cloak. "I have to tell you about this *postcard*. I went over to Alan's—I think Alan's irresistible." There was laughter. "And there's his mail in the hall, and this postcard that says—what did it say? 'If you don't give back my toothpaste you'll never see your slippers again.' Like a ransom note? It was signed, 'The Black Hand.' "

"Black hand?" said Terry. "Like black people?"

"I think I meant pirates," said Marsha. Nothing like this had ever happened to her before.

"Pirates," said Terry thoughtfully. "Pirates."

But after a few more minutes, as they were finishing their cake, Alan looked at his watch. They just had time to return the wallpaper steamer to the rental store. Marsha talked all the way back to the apartment. She talked about Terry and Claire. "I don't think she thought I was a bigot," she said.

"She probably did," Alan said, "but it's O.K." He parked his car and they hurried up to the apartment, and Alan lifted the huge wallpaper steamer. "I'll go first," said Marsha, running down to the second-floor landing. She couldn't calm herself.

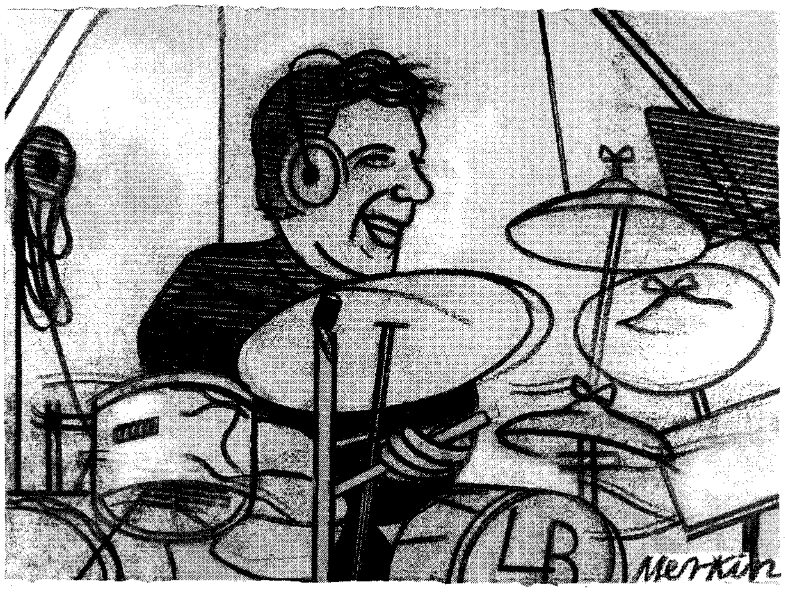
At the landing she looked up. The staircase had a turn in it, and for a moment she could hear the bumping of the machine but couldn't see Alan, and then he came slowly around the corner.

"You know, Alan," she said steadily, looking at him, speaking more slowly now, "I slept with Tom again last week." But as she spoke his foot slipped on a loose tread and he tripped. He didn't fall but did a quick shuffle and stumbled down, straight toward her, trying to control the descent of the heavy machine, and Marsha didn't get out of the way but foolishly raised her arms to catch him—which she did, in fact, though the wallpaper steamer bruised her ankle—while what she had said, no longer private and potent, seemed to pause in the air between them, the way their delighted child would, one day: tossed high but catchable.

—Alice Mattison

PROFILES

FIRST AND LAST



CHILD prodigies do not grow up easily. Sometimes, burdened by their gifts, they become quirky and eccentric, and retire from the world. Sometimes a mysterious stasis sets in, and they sink into melancholy. Sometimes they suffer temporary reversals, usually in midlife, then revive and carry on brilliantly. That is what happened to the virtuoso drummer Louis Bellson. He began playing at three, owned a set of drums at nine, taught percussion at thirteen, joined the musicians' union at fourteen, and, at seventeen, won a nationwide drum contest sponsored by Gene Krupa. During the next dozen years or so, he went on to work with the big bands of Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Harry James, and Duke Ellington.

Then two things happened: he married the singer Pearl Bailey and became the drummer in her accompanying big band; and he slipped into the ever-expanding shadow cast by Buddy Rich, a virtuoso drummer seven years his senior. Bailey and Rich continued to thrive, while Bellson, a gentle, self-effacing man, remained more or less in the wings, despite excellent recordings made in his own name and occasional, widely praised solo appearances (his stint as the drummer in Duke Ellington's first Sacred Concert, given twice in 1965). In the seventies, Pearl Bailey's career began to slow (she went to college and was invited to join the United States Mission to the United Nations), and Bellson came out more frequently as the leader of big and small bands of his own, and as a sideman with all-star groups (the two Swing Reunion concerts, given in 1985 on successive nights at Town Hall, with Benny Carter, Red Norvo, Teddy Wilson, and George Duvivier). In 1987, Buddy Rich died suddenly, and Bellson became not only the last of the great swing drummers but the most commanding of all living drummers.

The first—and some think still the greatest—swing drummer was Chick Webb. A hunchback, under five feet in height, Webb died in 1939, at the age of thirty. He was an exhilarating, almost overweening performer, who played with a power and precision and depth of timbre that completely belied his handicap. Buddy Rich learned from him (Webb patterns could be heard in Rich's last recorded solos), and remembered seeing him at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem, where Webb was in residence with his marvellously ungainly big band during most of the thirties. "Webb was startling," Rich once said. "He was a tiny man with a hunchback and this big face and big, stiff shoulders. He sat way up on a kind of throne and used a twenty-eight-inch bass drum which had special pedals for his feet, and he had those old gooseneck cymbal holders. Every beat was like a bell." Webb took the ricky-tick quality out of jazz drumming, and he was the first to tune his drums in such a way that each had a rich sound. He was the first expert cymbal player, pitching his cymbals to match the general tenor of his various band sections, and using them to wash and thicken his soloists. His own solos, rarely longer than twelve bars, were highly concentrated. He kept to his snare drum, issuing numbing staccato and double-time figures and filling the air with explosive rimshots. The jazz chronicler Helen Oakley Dance knew Webb well, and she has said of him, "Chick couldn't read music, but after the band had run down a new arrangement he would sing every part. If someone hit a wrong note on the stand, he'd know who it was, and he'd call him on it. If he wasn't getting what he wanted from the band, he'd get angry, and they'd whisper, 'Look out, that hump is breathing!' He had tuberculosis of the spine. Like most black people at the time, he wouldn't go to a hospital, because he was convinced they'd let him die there. Sometimes he'd come off the stand and faint, he was in such pain. Or he'd send in a sub like Kaiser Marshall. But he was a fighter. There was such fire in his playing. There was such fire in his drums. Before he started a set, he'd hit his big bass drum twice: Boom! Boom! And everybody in the audience would cheer." Every drummer studied Webb, but none achieved the lift and momentum he gave a big band, with the exception of Sidney Catlett, who carried Webb's flag forward after Webb's death. You can still hear Webb today, in the work of the drummers Panama Francis and Gus Johnson—and, in a subtle, oblique fashion, in Louis Bellson.

Bellson is medium-sized and has the cheerful, even-featured handsomeness that mothers and aunts relish and pretty women are at ease with. His feet are small and his hands are like steel. When he picks up a pair of wire brushes and plays, the effect is of great strength effortlessly used. He smiles a lot, and he talks rapidly, with little hitches that are like snare-drum offbeats. He is an emotional man, in a

THE EMBARRASSMENT OF EUROPA'S BOYFRIEND
Shanahan

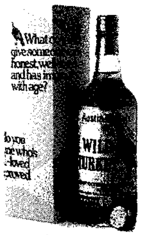
laughing, guarded way. Here is what he recently wrote about two of his idols, Sid Catlett and Jo Jones (the mixed metaphors compound the emotion in his words): "Big Sid and Papa Jo were the Leonardo and Michelangelo of this century. Their drum sets were perfect canvases and their strokes equalled the flight of huge birds in the sky. They left us beautiful paintings and a rich heritage, *never to be forgotten*."

BELLSON is generally in New York when Pearl Bailey is at the U.N., and not long ago he spoke about his life and his career: "I was born July 6, 1924, in Rock Falls, Illinois, but my family moved to Moline when I was eleven or twelve. Moline is about one hundred and sixty miles west of Chicago, over near the Iowa line. I was christened Luigi Paulino Alfredo Francesco Antonio Balassone. The middle names were for uncles and godfathers. My father, who was in the music business, changed the name to Bellson because it was easier to write and pronounce. There were four girls and four boys, all of them still living. The girls came first—Edie, Dee Dee, Josephine, and Mary. Two live in Las Vegas and one in Moline and one in Kewanee, Illinois. I'm the second of the boys, so it was Frank, me, Anthony, and Henry. Tony and Hank are drummers. Tony lives in Chandler, Arizona, and Hank tests drumheads for the Remo drum factory in Los Angeles. My father was born Luigi Balassone, in Naples. He'd been married to my mother's sister. When she died, he married my mother. She was born Carmen Bartelucci, in Rome. She died at the age of ninety-two, a year ago. She was about five feet tall, and, unlike a lot of short Italian women, she kept her weight down. She did all the cleaning and cooking, and she made everything we ate. She was a firebrand. She loved music and dancing. My father died in 1960, at the age of sixty-eight. He was huge—six feet two and two hundred and fifty pounds. He was quiet and peaceful and had great patience. He read the papers, he was up on politics. He made his own wine. We always had wine at meals, and I used to take some to school in a Coke bottle. The teachers never found out. My dad had a store, the Bellson Music Company. He built the showcases and painted the signs—things he had learned in Italy. He told me that he had an Italian professor who said he had to learn everything there was about music. And he did. He played every instrument except the accordion—his fingers were too big. He taught us the brass instruments and the saxophones and the strings. He taught us the great arias, and he made us aware of everyone from Bach to Ravel. He loved jazz, too. He let us in on everything, and I thank him for that. We lived in an apartment in Rock Falls and in a house in Moline with two stories and a basement. After school, we went right to the store. We'd clean windows and put up Christmas decorations and sell records and sheet music. When we were around thirteen, we'd help with the music lessons. I became the percussion instructor.

"There was music every night in the store. Monday, there was a fifteen-piece accordion band. Tuesday, a woodwind ensemble with flutes, clarinets, oboes, and all the saxophones. There was a brass ensemble on Wednesday, and a concert band on Thursday. Friday, a string orchestra. We practiced in the store on weekends, when we had access to the studios. I started playing when I was three. I had a parade drum with gut snares. I studied with Roy Knapp for two years, starting at fifteen. I played at a local tavern called the Rendezvous. It had a piano player named Speck Red and a drummer named Percy Walker. They let me sit in on Tuesday nights. That was where I learned some of the basics of jazz drumming.

"I also sat in with bands that were passing through. One was Ted Fio Rito, the Fio Rito who wrote 'When Lights Are Low' and 'I Never Knew.' He wanted to hire me, but I had three months of high school left. So he said if I was interested to join him at the Florentine Gardens in Hollywood after I graduated, and I did. The Mills Brothers were the main attraction there, and I stayed three months. One night, Freddy Goodman, Benny's brother, told me Benny was looking for a drummer, and would I like to audition? I went to the Paramount Studio, where Benny was making a movie, and the costume people put me in a tuxedo, and I played a quartet number with Benny in the movie. All he said after was that the band was leaving for New York that Thursday and to be at the station. Of course, it helped that before I joined Fio Rito I had won a Gene Krupa drum contest. It was nationwide, and it got a lot of publicity. I worked with Benny at the New Yorker Hotel. In New York, I got to hear and know drummers like Big Sid Catlett and Davy Tough and Jo Jones, people I'd only heard on records. How great it would have been if every aspiring drummer could have listened to Sid play and talk. I played loud then—bang! crash! real gung ho—and he told me never to hit my cymbals too hard. 'Let them breathe,' he said. He also said, 'Your drums are your own orchestra. Your snare is the soprano, the small tomtom is the alto, the big tomtom is the tenor, and the bass drum is the bass.' When Sid took a solo, it was as if he was weaving, and when he finished, there it was, with its colors and flowers and patterns—a beautiful carpet. Sid and Jo Jones could do time steps and the shim-sham-shimmy. I took some tap dancing. You had to do these things. That kind of dancing worked right into your drumming. I still think like a tap dancer when I play.

"Uncle Sam got me in 1942. I was stationed in Washington, D.C., at the Walter Reed Annex, in Silver Spring, Maryland. I was part of a full orchestra, and out of it came a dance band and chamber groups. A lot of the musicians had been at the Eastman School of Music. We played for dances at night, we played concerts almost every day, we played in the hospitals. When I got out, in 1945, I went back with Ted Fio Rito for several months, then rejoined Benny Goodman for a year. I started using two bass drums instead of one when I was with Fio Rito the second time. I'd had the idea in high school. I



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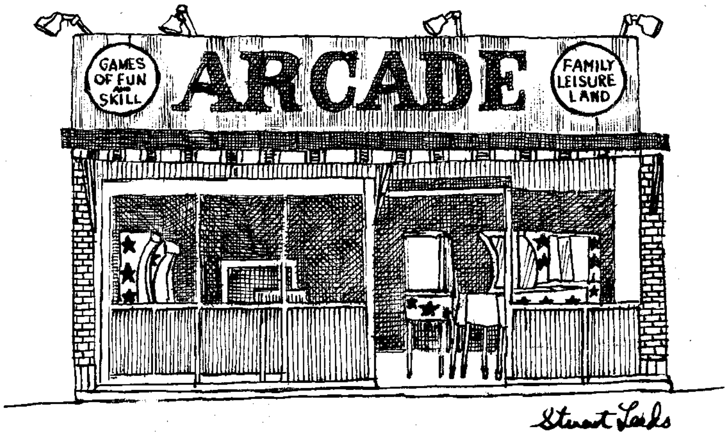
drew a picture of the set I had in mind—two bass drums, measuring twenty by twenty inches, five small tomtoms stretched across them, and two floor toms on the side. I took the drawing to the Slingerland drum people in 1940, but they weren't interested, and it wasn't until 1946 that the first set was built—by Gretsch. I joined Tommy Dorsey in 1947 at the Casino Garden ballroom in Santa Monica, and when Tommy saw the two bass drums the wheels started going. He had a great show sense. He could look out at an audience and know immediately what to play for it—tempo, material, mood. He told me, 'I want the people out front to realize you're using two bass drums.' I suggested we put the drums on a revolving platform. We had a motor built, and when we opened at the Strand Theatre in New York there I was on this platform in front of the band. Tommy controlled it. When I soloed, he'd stop me when my back was to the audience, and the lights would go out. I had a phosphorescent patch on each drumstick and a phosphorescent headband. All the audience saw was these lights leaping around. It was a great theatrical gimmick. You *worked* with Tommy. Once, we did six straight months of one-nighters, without a single night off. Some days, we'd be on the bus for five hundred miles.

"I was with Dorsey three years, and then I went with Harry James. Juan Tizol, the trombonist who had been with Duke Ellington, was in the band, and so was Willie Smith, the Lunceford alto saxophonist. I was staying in Tizol's house in Los Angeles, and one day he said, 'Would you like to join Duke Ellington?' Well. We approached Harry, and he said, 'Go,' and we joined Duke. It was 1951. I came to think of Duke as my second father. He paid the same attention to everyone, whether he was a newspaper boy or Toscanini. He was no disciplinarian. Sometimes Paul Gonsalves and Ray Nance would go on a binge for four or five days. He never said a word when they showed up. He'd get back at them that night by making them stand out there—and they probably not feeling too good—and take chorus after chorus, telling the audience how much they loved to play for them. He told me, 'If I had to deal with temperaments, I'd be under the ground.' I was interested in arranging. I had studied it as a kid, and I had written arrangements for Harry James and Tommy Dorsey. Tizol persuaded me to bring them in—'Skin Deep' and 'The Hawk Talks'—and Duke recorded them. Anyway, I asked Billy Strayhorn how he had voiced a certain piece of his, and he hemmed and hawed and changed the subject. I was embarrassed at bothering him, and I apologized. But later Duke sat me down beside him at the piano and showed me how he would give this note to Johnny Hodges and this one to Gonsalves, how he'd put Jimmy Hamilton's clarinet on top and Harry Carney's baritone in the middle and Gonsalves' tenor on the bottom. It was that kind of voicing that made his saxophone section sound like it had ten men in it. Duke wrote all the time. Once, on a plane trip, he turned around and asked me if I had any manuscript paper, and I said, 'Sorry, it's packed.' He took off his coat and drew five lines on one sleeve and wrote out the notes he had in his head. Tizol scored the melody when we got to the gig, and we played it that night. Duke and Strayhorn were full of superstitions. Nobody was supposed to wear anything with yellow in it. Nobody was supposed to button a shirt all the way down the front. Nobody was supposed to whistle in the dressing room.

"Ellington's arrangements never had drum parts. But not once did he say, 'This is how Sonny Greer did it.' He said, 'Do it your own way.' He made you create. He used to call me in for special events in later years. In 1965, I played his 'Golden Broom and the Green Apple' with the New York Philharmonic. There I was with twenty minutes of music to play and a hundred musicians sitting behind me, and all he had told me was that the first part was in waltz time. The same year, he asked me to sit in at the Grace Cathedral in San Francisco for his first Sacred Concert. He said, 'I want you to play a drum solo in church. You are the thunder and lightning.' That's what I thought about when I soloed at the end of 'David Danced Before the Lord,' while the band played and a choir chanted and all hell broke loose. Some nights, the band swung so hard I couldn't believe it. Some nights, it was on fire. Duke introduced me to everything I hadn't known before about music—and life."



Bellson uses a huge set of drums. It includes two twenty-four-inch bass drums and five tomtoms, ranging from a six-inch concert tomtom to two sixteen-by-sixteen-inch floor tomtoms. He also uses two roto-toms (shallow, dishlike drums with just one skin) and a five-and-a-half-inch snare drum. His drums are made by Remo. He generally has five Zildjian cymbals. There are two large ride cymbals, two slightly smaller crash cymbals, and a twenty-two-inch Chinese cymbal. His high hat has fourteen-inch cymbals, with an extra-heavy cymbal on the bottom. When his whole set is assembled, its gold and silver colors gleam and wink and shimmer, and it looks, before he sits down and anchors it, as if it might slowly and soundlessly ascend.

Bellson's accompanying is casual and annealing. It forms a light, steady flow of sounds, made up of suggestive but unobtrusive cymbal strokes and endless accents, carried out on his snare, his tomtoms, and his bass drums. He seems to hear every note that is played around him and to have the proper complement for it. He never overpowers, he never underplays. His solos are logical extensions of his accompanying. They are louder, they can be melodramatic, but they have the same grace and motion. He moves constantly from one part of his set to another, not in the speed-of-light way of Buddy Rich but in the legato, melodic manner of Jo Jones and Sid Catlett. The snare drum is the center of his solos, and he will use staccato strokes, double-time strokes, and quick rolls, all varied by side strokes to his tomtoms and his cymbals. Fast tempos bring out the Lear in him. He goes along for a while doing his roundelays, spilling hundreds of rimshots, and gradually preparing his listeners for the storm to come. This arrives when he begins what amounts to a single-stroke roll with his feet on his two bass drums. Soon it is a solid, thunderous wall of sound, decorated by snare and tomtom explosions and occasional cymbal crashes. A vein stands out on his forehead, his face reddens, and his feet move faster than feet were ever supposed to move. When the wall of sound becomes unbearable, he abruptly stops, flickers around his set in a Catlett, winding-down manner, and it is over. These theatrics jelly the audience and probably make Bellson's ankles tremble, but the next number begins, and he leads the way lightly, a smile on his face, his Atlas strength intact.

WHEN Pearl Bailey is in New York, she is completely absorbed by her work at the United Nations. But this is what she said one evening about her husband: "We've been married thirty-seven years. We live together and we work together, but we haven't hit each other yet. We are very different. I can stay indoors six weeks and never go out. I have my needlepoint, my books, my cooking. Louis has to move. He loves that telephone: 'Listen, man. I'll take the gig.' 'Listen, man. I'll call you back.' He's an introvert and I'm an extrovert. I do the cooking, he does the dishes. He's as neat as a pin. We cross a busy street and he sees a cigarette butt, he picks it up. If one of my pots gets a little dark on the bottom, he goes out and buys a new one. Many people beat a drum; Louis plays it. I see Louis as an awesome artist. If that man looked at me the way he looks at his drums, I'd be delighted. I love my husband. I don't tell him every day. The deed of love is stronger than words. He is loyal. He's family to the hilt. I believe there's nothing he wouldn't do for me. There is a lot of loving among musicians, too. They have a oneness. They hug when they meet, and they hug when they part. If music is their God, they are the holiest of men. He sings in his sleep—out of tune. He doesn't read much, so I'll lay a book I think he'll like by his side of

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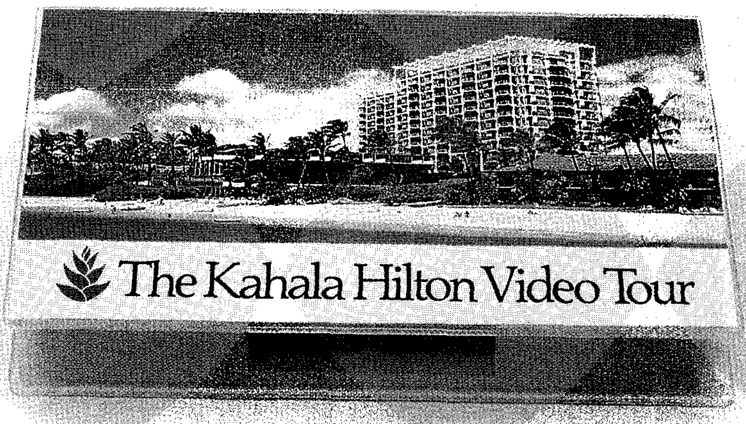

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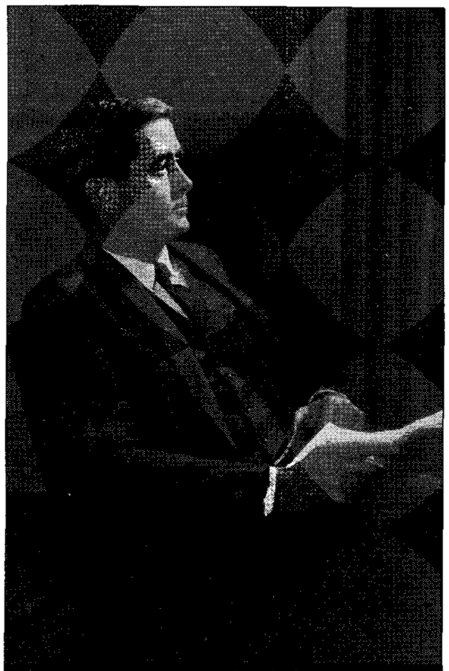

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the bed. It may take a while, but he gets into it and he'll read it. I first met Louis outside the Howard Theatre in Washington, D.C. Juan Tizol had told me about him: 'You should meet this wonderful young man. He doesn't go out. He has no girlfriend.' Tizol came out of the theatre with a young man. 'Hi. I'm Louis.' 'Hi. I'm Pearl.' Two weeks later, we were married, in London. We have two adopted children. Dee Dee is twenty-nine, and Tony is thirty-five. I lay the parables on them, Louis soothes them."

Louis on Pearl: "She's the most honest person I've ever met. She's got tremendous ESP. She scares me the way she psychs people out, the way she can tell you that this person she's just met will be a friend and that this one is disturbed—the way she gets to the crux of a person. Her natural ability overwhelms me. She has perfect pitch. She can start a song cold without a note. She's a great ad-libber. She has a wonderful theatre sense. She's the same onstage as she is offstage. When our kids were growing up, she was the disciplinarian and I was the softie. She took them to the circus and let them know about museums. She has given them whatever values they have. She's a joy to be with. I haven't figured her out, and I never intend to. Sometimes it's tough to go out shopping or to a restaurant. People won't give her any peace. But she doesn't sign autographs. She just says, 'Give me your name and address, and I'll send you a picture.' I come home with my pockets full of names."

BELLSON resumed talking about his career: "Pearl and I started going on the road after I left the Duke, in 1953. She had a band with people like George Duvivier on bass, Taft Jordan, Joe Wilder, and Dick Vance on trumpets, Butter Jackson and Jimmy Cleveland on trombones, and Hilton Jefferson and Selden Powell on reeds. We had tap dancers, including Honi Coles and Cholly Atkins and her brother Bill Bailey. We had a choir of twelve or fifteen voices. Don Redman was her arranger and conductor. I think there were sixty people in the package. We played the Apollo Theatre in Harlem, the Howard in Washington, the Earl in Philadelphia. We did Vegas and the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles. It was costly, but it didn't sink. We toured for a long time. Then she gave it up and took the lead in an all-black 'Hello, Dolly' on Broadway. Walter Winchell counted seven standing ovations one night. She did the show two years, and we went back on the road. When we were home, we lived in Northridge, California, and before that we had a place in Apple Valley, in the desert, a hundred miles from L.A. Seven years ago, we left Northridge and moved to Lake Havasu City, in Arizona. It has nineteen thousand people and London Bridge. We have a little house on the third tee of a golf course. We were on the road constantly until the late seventies. Now Pearl likes to do only theatres and concerts. She's not happy about hotels anymore. Of course, she's still part of the U.S. Mission to the U.N., and that takes several months of the year. When I'm not working with Pearl, I take my big band or a small group out for short gigs. There don't seem to be any more of the two-, three-, or four-week gigs we used to have. It's just a weekend or five days in and out. I have a pool of musicians on the East Coast I call on and a pool on the West Coast. And I still do drum clinics in schools and colleges. I like the kids to know what came before them, who the great masters were, and what they sounded like.

"Pearl and I got racist letters when we were first married, some of them real raunchy. We had trouble in restaurants and hotels, and the like. But we didn't wait around with chips on our shoulders. We figured we were two human beings in the entertainment field. The N.A.A.C.P. asked us to join in the fifties—for five hundred dollars. Pearl isn't a joiner. Her reply was 'Why should I pay all that money to be part of the world that God has already put me in?' "

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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ANNALS OF RADIATION

THE HAZARDS OF ELECTROMAGNETIC FIELDS

II—SOMETHING IS HAPPENING

AFTER twenty-three years at the University of California, Los Angeles, Dr. W. Ross Adey left in the spring of 1977 to become associate chief of staff for research and development at the Jerry L. Pettis Memorial Veterans' Hospital, in Loma Linda, some eighty miles east of Los Angeles, and professor of physiology at the Loma Linda University School of Medicine. By that time, he and Suzanne M. Bawin, a neurophysiologist, had reported extensively on studies they had carried out showing that weak extra-low-frequency (ELF) fields of between one and a hundred hertz, and also ELF-modulated very-high-frequency (VHF) fields of 147 MHz, could alter the outflow of calcium ions from the isolated brain tissue of chickens, as well as from the brain tissue of living cats. With financial support from the Food and Drug Administration's Bureau of Radiological Health, the two colleagues, along with the experimental psychologist Rochelle J. Gavalas-Medici, had also demonstrated that the same chemical changes could be effected by exposing the brain tissue of living cats to low-intensity microwave fields of 450 MHz, provided that the carrier frequency was modulated at the ELF frequency of sixteen hertz.

As it happened, this was extremely close to the frequency of a new type of radar that the Air Force was planning to install at the Massachusetts Military Reservation, on Upper Cape Cod—the Otis Air National Guard Base is part of the reservation—and at Beale Air Force Base, some thirty-five miles north of Sacramento, California. The new radar was called PAVE PAWS—an acronym for Precision Acquisition of Vehicle Entry Phased Array Warning System—and, unlike conventional radar, with its rotating antenna, PAVE PAWS was equipped with an array of more than ten thousand solid-state components, called radiating elements, which could be individually controlled by computers to form a single beam that, in turn, could be steered electronically and very rapidly in a large number of directions over a two-hundred-and-forty-degree field. The PAVE PAWS radar had been designed to detect sea-launched ballistic missiles; it was sufficiently powerful to resolve an object the size of a basketball at a distance of more than twelve hundred miles, and it operated at a carrier frequency of between 420 and 450 MHz, with a pulse-repetition rate of 18.5 hertz—very close to the sixteen-hertz modulation frequency of the 450 MHz radiation that Adey, Bawin, and Gavalas-Medici had used to change the brain chemistry of living cats.

In March of 1976, the Air Force had issued a two-hundred-and-fifty-page environmental assessment, which, except for a brief mention of the fact that emissions from PAVE PAWS might cause cardiac pacemakers to skip a beat or two, ignored the possibility that radiation emanating from PAVE PAWS might prove hazardous to human health. The Air Force assessment was, however, full of assurances that the radar would not harm the white-tailed deer, the wood duck, or the Wilson's petrel; indeed, the document appeared to have been written with the notion that the environment was something inhabited exclusively by birds and animals. An assertion by the chief of the Air Force's Environmental Policy and Assessment Branch that PAVE PAWS would not have "a significant impact on the quality of human environment" furnished the Air Force with a convenient excuse for not preparing an environmental-impact statement, which, unlike an environmental assessment, must be submitted to the Environmental Protection Agency, circulated to federal agencies and the public for comment, and be rewritten to respond to those comments. In this way, the Air Force hoped, it could avoid holding public hearings on PAVE PAWS and having to answer questions about the radar.

During 1976, the Raytheon Company, the prime contractor for the PAVE PAWS system, was hard at work making the radar a reality on Cape Cod. As a result, long before Cape Codders became aware that radiation from PAVE PAWS might prove hazardous, the radar edifice—a hundred-and-five-foot-tall truncated pyramid of reinforced concrete, which had been designed to withstand a nuclear blast—loomed above the horizon only thirty-five hun-

"It's scary. These new kids don't want to wait until they're thirty-five for their five million."

dred feet south of the mid-Cape highway. By contrast, in California, where construction of PAVE PAWS did not begin until April of 1977, the Air Force was compelled to answer questions about the safety of the radar as a result of local newspaper articles that disputed some of the claims made in the environmental assessment.

The manner in which the Air Force responded to these inquiries clearly revealed how anxious it was to allay any public fears about PAVE PAWS. On April 22, 1977, Lieutenant Colonel Paul T. McEachern, the director of the PAVE PAWS program, told a group of Californians that the radar would pose no health hazard. He also assured them that since the Air Force would have had over a year's experience with PAVE PAWS on Cape Cod by the time the California installation was completed, "we'll have a fairly good idea of the effects on the environment before we even turn it on here."

Cape Codders were taken aback when they learned about the new radar. They soon communicated their concern to their representative, Gerry E. Studds, a Democrat from the Twelfth District of Massachusetts. On January 9, 1978, Studds asked the Air Force to document the research it had used to determine that long-term exposure to low-level microwave radiation would not endanger human health, and declared, "The burden of proof clearly lies on their shoulders."

As things turned out, the burden proved somewhat heavy for John C. Mitchell, the chief of the Radiation Sciences Division of the Air Force's School of Aerospace Medicine, in San Antonio, Texas, who represented the surgeon general of the Air Force that same week at a three-hour forum held in the auditorium of the Henry T. Wing Elementary School, in Sandwich, a town whose center lies less than two miles northeast of the PAVE PAWS radar. For most of the meeting, Mitchell maintained that the Air Force had taken a "conservative approach" toward possible biological hazards of microwave radiation. However, when a young woman in the audience asked him if he could guarantee the safety of her two children from the effects of radiation from PAVE PAWS, he said that he was not going to guarantee her anything. "Then I ask you, who is my enemy?" she countered.

By that time, it was obvious that the Air Force had made a serious miscalculation in its handling of PAVE PAWS. The Air Force had expected that it could stick the radar on the best available piece of real estate, tell the locals that it would be good for business, assure the Audubon Society that it would not harm birds, and let everybody believe that it would merely scan the skies. At the end of January, however, the environmental groups that had sponsored the meeting formed the Cape Cod Environmental Coalition and retained a lawyer, and in March the Coalition filed suit in Federal District Court in Boston against Air Force Secretary John C. Stetson and several other Air Force officials, charging that the Air Force had violated the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969 by failing to submit an environmental-impact statement for the PAVE PAWS project.

In April, the Air Force announced that it had awarded a several-hundred-thousand-dollar contract to SRI International (formerly the Stanford Research Institute)—a consulting firm in Menlo Park, California—to prepare an impact statement for the radar. In August, Mitchell and an Air Force survey team, along with civilian monitors, set out to measure microwave-radiation levels emanating from the partly completed Cape Cod PAVE PAWS radar. The Air Force survey team diluted its measurements, however, by time-averaging the power density of the microwave radiation; that is, the team included in its calculations the intervals between the radar's short pulses, with the result that the average power calculated was only a small fraction of the peak pulse power. This expedient allowed the Air Force to say that it was adhering to the recommended standard for exposure to microwave radiation, of ten milliwatts per square centimetre, which was based upon the obsolete notion that its only harmful effect was the heat it could create in the body if it was generated at high power. Thus the Air Force was able to ignore mounting evidence that the instantaneous, nonthermal effect of being bombarded several hundred million times a second by powerful peak pulses of radiation, which penetrate deep into tissue, can have serious biological consequences.

By now, Representative Studds and the two Massachusetts Senators, Edward M. Kennedy and Edward W. Brooke III—all of whom had previously written strongly worded letters to the Secretary of the Air Force expressing concern about the potential health hazards of PAVE PAWS and demanding that the Air Force produce an environmental-impact statement for the radar—had begun to distance themselves from the controversy. The stands these three politicians had taken earlier were prompted by letters, telegrams, and telephone calls of inquiry and alarm from their constituents. By the late summer of 1978, however, their mail and messages regarding the radar had dwindled, and there was little political mileage in their continuing to criticize the conduct of the Air Force, especially since the Air Force had agreed to produce an environmental-impact study. The politicians had correctly gauged the temper of their constituents. In November, the Cape Cod Environmental Coalition agreed to suspend its lawsuit in return for an opportunity to participate in further environmental studies of PAVE PAWS—an almost meaningless concession on the part of the Air Force, which had already commissioned environmental studies and was paying for them with several hundred thousand dollars of the taxpayers' money. Under the agreement, the Air Force was allowed to continue its construction of the Cape Cod radar, and the citizens' group was given twenty-one days to amend its legal complaint once the Air Force had filed a final impact statement with the E.P.A. If within that period the Coalition failed to raise claims that the statement was insufficient, the court action would be dismissed.

Back in May, the Air Force had commissioned the National Academy of Sciences to determine whether preliminary measurements to be made of PAVE PAWS radiation could accurately predict the extent to which people living in towns surrounding the radar would be irradiated, and whether their exposure to the radiation emitted by

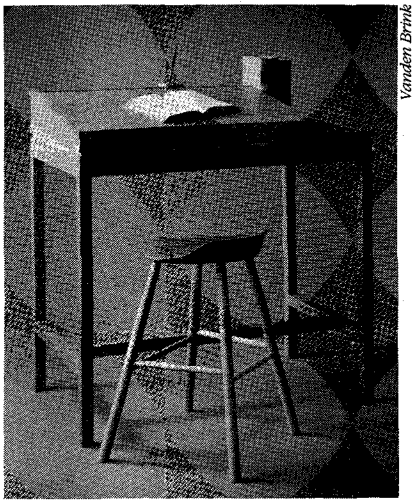
PAVE PAWS would constitute a health hazard. The Academy's National Research Council established two separate committees to answer these questions—a seven-man engineering panel, to evaluate the predictions of how much radiation would be generated by PAVE PAWS, and an eight-man panel, to evaluate the biological effects of the radar system. Among the members of the bioeffects committee were Brockway McMillan, the vice-president in charge of military systems for the Bell Telephone Laboratories, which had been instrumental in setting up the ten-milliwatt standard during the late nineteen-fifties; George M. Wilkening, the director of environmental health at Bell Labs, who had sat on the Academy committee that sanctioned Project Seafarer, the Navy's huge ELF transmitter that was designed to provide communication with submerged nuclear submarines; and Ross Adey.

As Adey and his fellow committee members began the task of assessing the medical and scientific literature on the biological effects of microwaves, a sixteen-member team of researchers at SRI International, which had been doing the same thing, was putting together a four-hundred-page draft environmental-impact statement for the Air Force. The draft statement, which SRI submitted to the Air Force in November and the Air Force filed with the E.P.A. on December 22, 1978, said that the preponderance of biological effects was found at power densities in excess of two thousand microwatts per square centimetre, with a few scattered effects of "no medical significance" occurring at levels down to about five hundred microwatts. The fact was that because the military and the electronics industry had been allowed to maintain financial control over microwave research for two decades most of the studies of microwaves had been designed to look only at their heating effects. Among the relatively few low-level studies that had been conducted, however, some showed that changes in the bioelectric functioning of the brain, in brain chemistry, and in the immune system could occur at levels far below those capable of producing heat.

The authors of the draft statement went on to cite as inaccurate a 1962 study showing that mice irradiated with microwaves from an Air Force radar transmitter had developed leukemia three and a half times as often as non-exposed control animals. "There is no evidence that the radio-frequency radiation caused leukemia in the mice," they stated. They omitted any reference to the fact that officials of the F.D.A.'s Bureau of Radiological Health had described this study as "the most discomfiting finding in the available literature." As for the extraordinary finding of Adey and Bawin that low-level radiation of the PAVE PAWS frequency of 450 MHz, when it was rhythmically modulated at a rate of sixteen hertz (close to the PAVE PAWS radar's repetition rate of 18.5 hertz), had produced changes in the chemistry of chick brains, the authors of the draft statement called this effect "curious and scientifically interesting" but went on to note that it had been observed in chick brains that had been "removed from the animals and placed in incubation dishes." They then declared that no observations existed on brains that had not been removed from the skull, and that "the significance of the findings for human health is unclear." They were in error; Adey and Bawin had observed changes in calcium outflow in the cerebral cortex of living cats, and the significance of this finding for human health would remain unclear until studies were conducted of human beings who had been exposed to radiation emanating from PAVE PAWS to determine if they had undergone similar changes in brain chemistry.

On the evening of January 22, 1979, several hundred Cape Cod residents and observers attended a public hearing that was convened by the Air Force in the auditorium of the Sandwich Junior-Senior High School to discuss the draft environmental-impact statement. At the hearing, which was conducted by a military judge, Mitchell declared that measurements at twenty-one test sites showed that radiation levels from PAVE PAWS nowhere exceeded a fraction of a microwatt of average power. Lieutenant Colonel David Kanter, the project officer for the environmental-impact statement, then assured the audience that "no reliable evidence" existed to show that radiation from PAVE PAWS would have any ill effects on the surrounding population.

As the hearing progressed, a dozen or so speakers from the audience criti-



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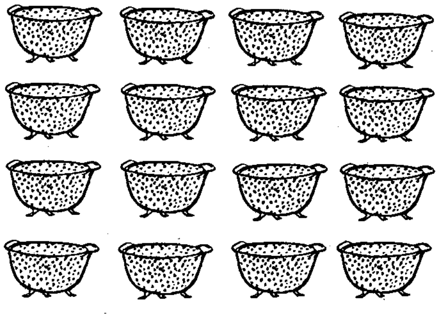

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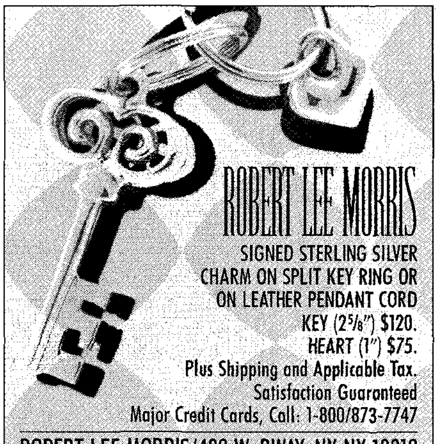

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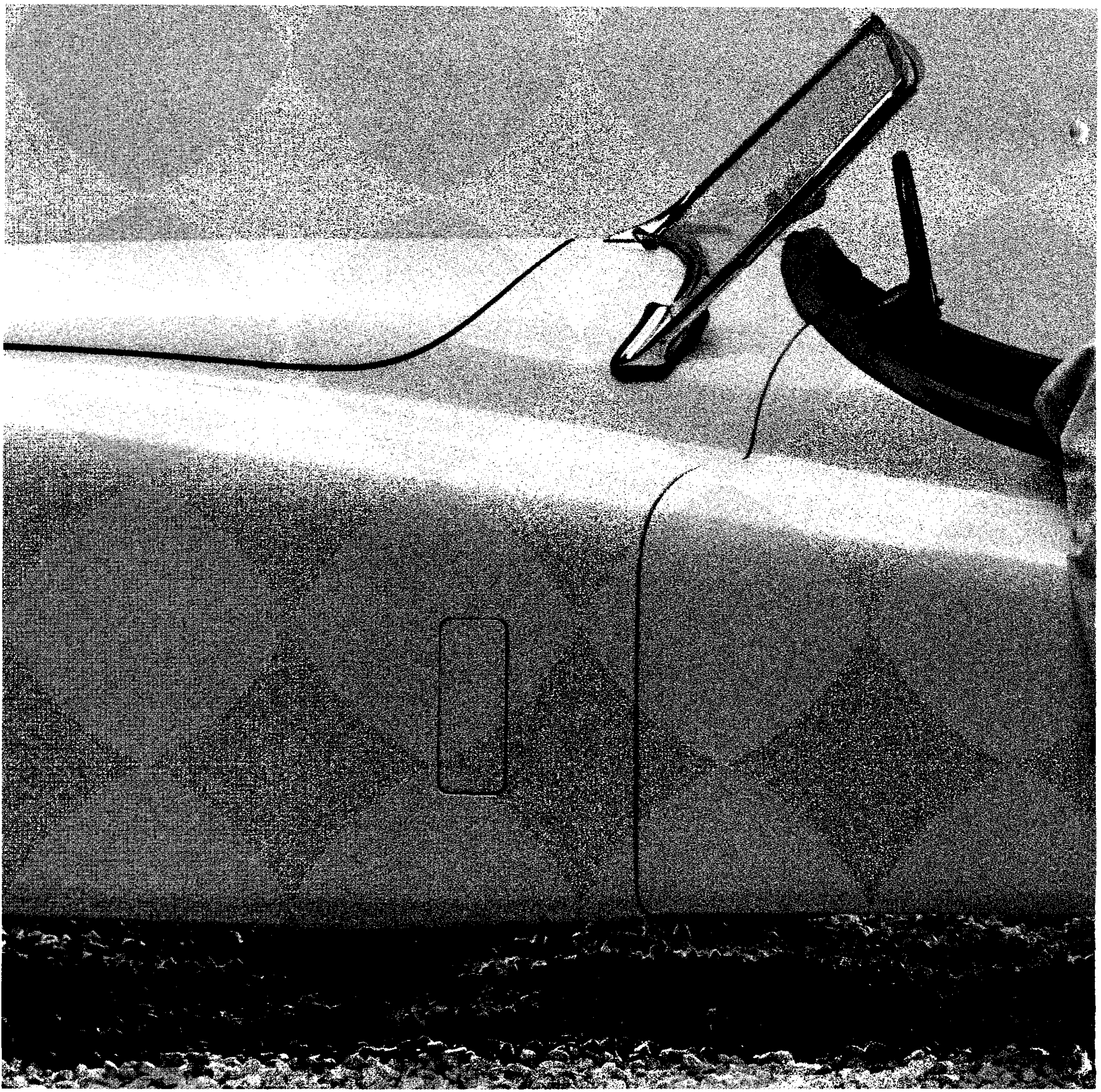

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cized the draft impact statement. One of them pointed out that the statement highlighted biological studies of "doubtful validity" whenever they tended to support the Air Force's contention that the radar would be safe. Another noted that although none of the civilian monitors who had accompanied Mitchell and the Air Force measurement team had a medical degree, or any other qualification enabling them to pass judgment on the safety of PAVE PAWS, statements issued by them had given "ordinary people the impression that a highly qualified authority had reached the conclusion that the emissions from PAVE PAWS could do no harm." Someone else cited 1977 congressional testimony by Mitchell that the biological consequences of such radiation "may not be known for several years."

The final environmental-impact statement, released by the Air Force in May of 1979, contained more than two hundred pages of letters and comments from federal, state, and local agencies and also from interested individuals. The tone of the letters and comments ranged from complete approval of to complete disbelief in the Air Force's conclusion that PAVE PAWS posed no threat to the health of people in the surrounding communities. Only one Cape Cod physician—Dr. Charles D. Johnson, of Falmouth—submitted a comment for the record. "Biological studies on mice, chicks, and monkeys which indicate that microwaves have real and serious effects on the blood-brain barrier, brain chemistry and on white blood cells are discounted in the draft EIS," Dr. Johnson told the Air Force. "The final EIS should acknowledge the importance of these studies, and admit that the longterm bio-effects of low level RFR's [radio-frequency radiation] are not known. It should also state that very little is known about the bio-effects of pulsed RFR of the type emitted by the PAVE PAWS radar system."

However, the final impact statement did no such thing. On page 2 of the summary section, its authors declared that "no scientific evidence was discovered to indicate that any ill effects will result from long-term exposure to the PAVE PAWS emissions." They buttressed this assertion by announcing that the National Academy of Sciences had concluded that "it is improbable that exposure will present any hazard to the public." The Academy had already submitted its own report on PAVE PAWS, entitled "Analysis of the Exposure Levels and Potential Biologic Effects of the PAVE PAWS Radar System," to the Air Force, and the Air Force had plucked this phrase from its concluding section in such a way as to make it not only self-serving but also misleading. The final paragraph of Chapter 3, "Summary and Conclusions," which appears on page 81 of the Academy's report, reads:

> In conclusion, the PAVE PAWS radar may be anticipated to expose a limited number of members of the general public intermittently to low intensities of pulse-modulated microwave fields with maximal instantaneous intensities of 100 μW/cm^2 [100 microwatts per square centimetre] or less and time-averaged intensities lower by two orders of magnitude. There are no known irreversible effects of such exposure on either morbidity or mortality in humans or other species. Thus, it is improbable that exposure will present any hazard to the public. In view of the known sensitivity of the mammalian CNS [central nervous system] to electromagnetic fields, especially those modulated at brainwave frequencies, the possibility cannot be ruled out that exposure to PAVE PAWS radiation may have some effects on exposed people. Because these effects are still hypothetical, it is not feasible to assess their health implications. Such assessment will require additional research and surveillance and must be addressed in future evaluations of the potential exposure effects of PAVE PAWS and other high-power-output radar systems.

Thus did the National Academy of Sciences acknowledge that members of the general public exposed to radiation from PAVE PAWS would become participants in a biological experiment whose outcome would be ascertained by future evaluation. Some of the rest of Chapter 3 was equally unsettling in its assessment of the future well-being of Cape Codders who would be living in the spillover of the giant radar's beam. On page 80, for example, the authors of the report got down to the particulars of the brain-wave frequency that had been used by Adey and Bawin in their pioneering experiments. "Data from both *in vivo* and *in vitro* studies suggest maximal sensitivity of neural systems to fields modulated at mammalian brain wave frequencies (i.e. 1-20 Hz), which include the predominant PAVE PAWS modulation frequency at 18.5 Hz," they wrote. "Because of the aforementioned possibility of field-intensity windows and the lack of adequate data on mammalian systems, it is not known whether such effects will be induced in humans under the anticipated exposure conditions."

The report went on to put the best possible face on this scary possibility. "The effects of such exposures of members of the public, if they occur, will, on the basis of available data and the known interaction mechanisms with biologic systems, be reversible or transient," its authors wrote. "Thus, the possible exposure effects of PAVE PAWS should be restricted to transient, reversible functional alterations in the CNS that may or may not be perceived by the exposed persons." Having suggested a new version ("What you don't perceive won't hurt you") of an old folk saying, the authors, as if worried by the absurdity of their conclusion, qualified it with a confession of ignorance. "Whatever the effects of exposure on the human central nervous system are, it is not known whether the effects are deleterious to health," they wrote. "It has not been established, for example, that such effects involve impairment of judgment or alterations in mood that would impose psychologic or physiologic burdens on those affected."

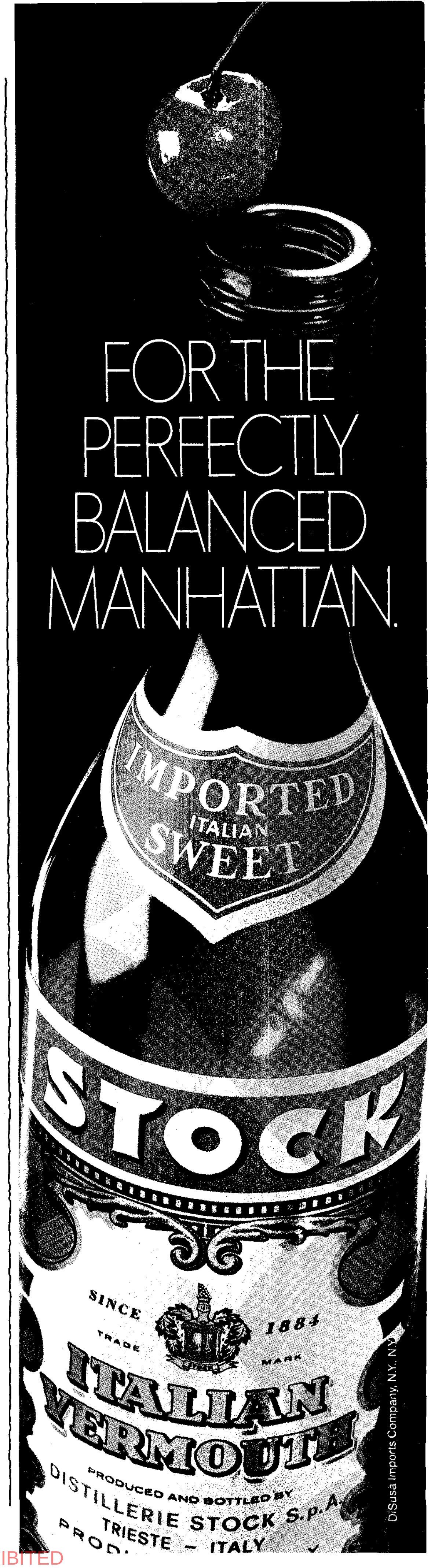
Copies of the Academy's report were available in some Cape Cod libraries, but it is not known how many local people read it, or ever heard about the admission of the committee members that they had no idea what the ultimate effects upon human health of the PAVE PAWS radiation would be. It is a fact, however, that no newspaper on the peninsula saw fit to report on, let alone reprint, this admission.

During the summer and the autumn of 1979, the will and the wherewithal to resist the imminent startup of the radar dissipated like smoke in the wind. In September, a group called Sandwich Citizens Rallied Against PAVE PAWS revived the lawsuit that had been filed by the Cape Cod Environmental Coalition, and asked the Federal District Court to find that the Air Force's final environmental-impact statement was inadequate. On December 6th, however, Federal District Judge Joseph Tauro granted a motion by the Air Force to dismiss the case. In a four-page decision Judge Tauro ruled that "the relevant provisions of the National Environmental Policy Act do not empower this court to make substantive decisions regarding technical matters disputed by the parties." He also ruled that two affidavits stating that microwave radiation might be a health hazard were not relevant, on the ground that they represented "the speculations of experts." (One of the affidavits had been given by Ruth Hubbard, a professor of biology at Harvard.) It is not known whether Judge Tauro read the conclusions of the National Academy of Sciences' report before reaching his decision, or, if he did, whether he found them, too, to be irrelevant. It is known, however, that the Air Force's PAVE PAWS radar system had already become operational, and had begun to irradiate the inhabitants of the four towns surrounding it—Sandwich, Mashpee, Bourne, and Falmouth—with low-level microwave radiation pulsed at a frequency and modulation that had been shown in repeated laboratory experiments conducted by Adey and his colleagues to be capable of changing the chemistry of brain cells in living creatures.

BACK in early February of 1979, Adey had written a letter to John M. Richardson, the chief scientist of the National Telecommunications and Information Administration and the chairman of its Electromagnetic Radiation Management Advisory Council—a group that had been established in 1968 by the President's Office of Telecommunications Policy to advise the President on the biological hazards of microwave and radio-frequency radiation—and had sent copies to Carlos Stern, an Air Force environmental official, and to several other members of the Council. Adey told Richardson that each PAVE PAWS transmitter operated in excess of a thousand megawatts of time-averaged power, and that its sidelobes—the sidewise radiation spilling from the main beam, which could be expected to irradiate inhabited areas—"require careful evaluation from the viewpoint of human safety, particularly in the light of a system life-expectancy of up to 20 years." He informed Richardson that the modulation characteristics of any radio-frequency signal "are powerful determinants of the nature and extent of tissue interactions," and that "this aspect of PAVE PAWS requires careful evaluation, since certain of its modulation modes closely resemble those known to react strongly with tissues of the central nervous system." He added, "The Air Force's need for this type of radar is unquestioned, but the choice of the Cape Cod site may reflect a grave lack of good judgment."

Adey apparently hoped that by sending Stern a copy of his letter to Richardson he could influence the Air Force and SRI to do a thorough and evenhanded job of rewriting the draft impact statement. But the authors of the final statement simply added brief references to studies they had omitted—among them a single-sentence reference to Adey's cat study—in the middle of a section entitled "PAVE PAWS and Safety to Human Populations." They concluded, "We see no evidence that the low levels of general public exposure to PAVE PAWS RFR are hazardous." As for the National Academy report, Adey and his fellow committee members apparently hoped that by expressing uncertainty about the ultimate effect of PAVE PAWS radiation on human health they could influence the Air Force and SRI to acknowledge as much in the final impact statement. That did not happen. Instead, their carefully qualified doubts merely served as camouflage for the fact that, when all was said and done, they were conferring the imprimatur of the National Academy of Sciences upon the installation and operation of the radar system.

In early January of 1980, Adey appeared at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in San Francisco, as an invited speaker at a symposium on the biological effects of microwave radiation. On that occasion, he described some recent studies he had conducted with Richard A. Luben, a cell biologist at the University of California, Riverside, which demonstrated that low-frequency magnetic fields pulsed at either fifteen or seventy-two times a second could affect the ability of parathyroid hormones to trigger the



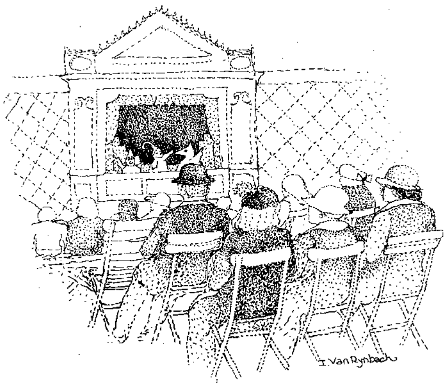
activity of adenylate cyclase, a metabolic enzyme inside the cell membrane which plays a crucial role in the formation of new bone. Adey said that the power of the external fields was far too low to alter cell chemistry by itself, but he suggested that the ability of the cell membranes to sense the weak external signals might trigger large changes in cell behavior.

Toward the end of his presentation, he laid down a heavy barrage of criticism against the Air Force, saying that it had shown a "lack of integrity" in its assessment of possible health hazards of the radiation emanating from PAVE PAWS. He pointed out that the characteristics of the electromagnetic radiation he had used in his experiment were almost identical to those of the radiation being beamed from the radar; and he went on to suggest that the Air Force had tried to discount the value of his work by claiming that it had been performed with isolated chick-brain cells, although Air Force officials could easily have learned that he and his colleagues had produced the same chemical changes in the brains of living cats.

After the San Francisco meeting, articles about Adey's pioneering research and his denunciation of the Air Force appeared in a number of newspapers across the nation, among them the San Francisco *Chronicle* and the Boston *Globe*. Curiously, not a word on the subject found its way into the Cape Cod *Times*—the Cape's largest newspaper, with a circulation of thirty-seven thousand. Indeed, the *Times* had carried little news about the radar since June 2, 1979, when it ran an editorial expressing the hope that no major flaws would be found in the Air Force's final environmental-impact statement, and that "all can agree PAVE PAWS poses no major health or safety threat to the community."

Almost no mention of the health effects of PAVE PAWS appeared in the Cape Cod *Times* during 1980 and 1981. On December 31, 1982, however, the newspaper ran another story about the radar. It appeared under the headline "PAVE PAWS: WHERE HAS THE CONTROVERSY GONE?" and contained the paper's first mention of the reservations about the safety of the radar which had been expressed three and a half years earlier by the authors of the National Academy of Sciences' report. The story quoted John Mitchell, who pointed out that the radiation levels from PAVE PAWS measured by the Air Force were extremely low. Once again, Mitchell refused to guarantee that those levels posed no health hazard. "There's no way you can ever guarantee anything," he declared. He then told the Cape Cod *Times* that scientists at the University of Washington, in Seattle, were conducting a study of the long-term effects of low-level microwave radiation. The study was being financed by the Air Force to the tune of some four million dollars, and was being carried out by Professor Arthur W. Guy, an engineer and the director of the Bioelectromagnetics Research Laboratory at the University of Washington's School of Medicine. Dr. Chung-Kwang Chou, associate director of the laboratory, told the Cape Cod *Times* that the Seattle study consisted of exposing a hundred rats around the clock for two years to low levels of microwave radiation similar to those being emitted by PAVE PAWS. Chou said that the exposed rats would be examined and compared with a non-irradiated control group, in order to determine whether the radiation had affected their blood chemistry, their body weight, or their behavior.

Meanwhile, Adey was pushing on with research aimed at finding out how weak electromagnetic fields might trigger amplified changes in brain chemistry. Since his earlier work with Leonard K. Kaczmarek, a biochemist, on calcium ions had suggested that highly non-linear effects must be involved—effects that would allow large releases of chemical energy to be triggered by tiny stimuli—he now proposed a three-stage model based upon the amplification of weak cell-surface events. In the first stage, the cell membrane senses the arrival of a weak field and reacts to it by initiating, in domino fashion, a release of calcium bound to the protein strands that protrude from the membrane surface. (Because of the domino effect, the energy released by the altered calcium binding is far greater than that of the initiating chemical or electric triggers.) In the second stage, this released energy is transmitted, in the form of signals that travel along the protein strands, to the interior of the cell. In the third stage, the cell interior reacts to the arriving signal by stimulating or inhibiting intracellular enzymes—protein molecules that act as chemical catalysts.



During 1981 and 1982, Adey and Daniel B. Lyle, a research immunologist at the University of California, Riverside, together with two associates, demonstrated that the PAVE PAWS carrier frequency of 450 MHz modulated at the electrical-distribution-system frequency of sixty hertz could significantly suppress the ability of cultured T-lymphocyte cells from mice to kill cultured cancer cells; and when the four researchers published their findings in the journal *Bioelectromagnetics*, in 1983, they noted that progressively smaller suppression occurred when the microwave radiation was modulated at forty, sixteen, and three hertz. These findings had possibly serious implications, of course—not only for the tens of thousands of people living close to PAVE PAWS but also for the tens of millions of people living in the vicinity of power lines and electrical-distribution wires. Indeed, when Lyle later repeated the study, using simulated sixty-hertz high-voltage power-line fields, he again observed a large suppression of the killing capacity of T-lymphocyte cells—a chilling finding in the context of the 1979 study by the epidemiologist Nancy Wertheimer and the physicist Ed Leeper which found an increased incidence of cancer in children in the Greater Denver area who had been exposed to low-level magnetic fields from high-current electrical-distribution wires.

The results of a study that was performed in 1983 by Craig V. Byus, an assistant professor of biomedical sciences and biochemistry in the Department of Biochemistry of the University of California, Riverside, together with Adey and two researchers from Byus's department, gave cause for further concern about the future well-being of the inhabitants of Upper Cape Cod. Byus and his colleagues exposed cultures of human-tonsil lymphocytes for periods of up to sixty minutes to low-level 450 MHz radiation modulated at ELF frequencies ranging from three to a hundred hertz. They found that the activity of certain protein-kinase enzymes within the lymphocyte cells was sharply reduced when the microwave field was modulated at certain frequencies between sixteen and sixty hertz. Because the effect upon the activity of the protein kinase was transient, Byus and Adey were cautious in their assessment of it when they and their associates published their findings, in *Bioelectromagnetics*, in 1984. They warned, however, that their observations regarding the effects of ELF-modulated radiation on human-tonsil lymphocytes, together with the findings of the earlier mouse-lymphocyte study, required additional and careful assessment.

On August 18, 1984, the Cape Cod *Times* published a front-page article about the final results of Guy and Chou's study. It started out by saying, "A five-year study on the long-term effects of low levels of microwave radiation has sparked a new debate over the safety of the Air Force's PAVE PAWS microwave radar station in Bourne." The article went on to quote Ruth Hubbard, the Harvard biology professor whose affidavit warning of the dangers of PAVE PAWS radiation had been dismissed as irrelevant five years earlier by Federal District Judge Tauro. Hubbard suggested that people living near the giant radar had become guinea pigs, and called upon the Air Force to conduct a study of the long-term biological effects of PAVE PAWS radiation on those people. The Cape Cod *Times* then quoted the ever-optimistic John Mitchell, who declared, "There's no question that PAVE PAWS is safe," and said that the radiation levels from PAVE PAWS were so low that such a study "would not be practical." Once again, however, Mitchell refused to say that no long-term adverse health effects would be caused by microwave radiation from PAVE PAWS. "You can't guarantee anything today," he told the newspaper. Tucked away toward the end of the article was the revelation that sixteen malignant tumors had been observed among rats exposed to radiation similar to that emitted by PAVE PAWS, compared with only four cancers among non-irradiated control animals.

A VERY, VERY PRIVATE PERSON
MANKOFF

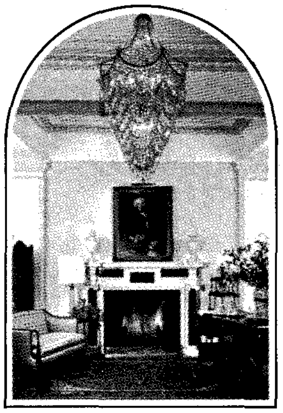
"Dear Diary: None of your damn business!"

• •

By contrast, a story about the same study that had appeared a day earlier in the Boston *Globe* went into detail about a report by Louis Slesin, in the newsletter *Microwave News*, which disclosed that no fewer than seven of the malignant tumors in the exposed animals involved the endocrine system, compared with only one endocrine tumor in the controls, and that seven of the exposed animals had developed benign adrenal tumors, while one had been found in the control rats. On the day that the *Globe* published this startling information, an Associated Press report carrying similar information about the study appeared in newspapers around the nation and the world. It quoted the epidemiologist Dr. Samuel Milham, Jr., of the Washington State Department of Social and Health Services, who had recently found increased rates of leukemia among power-station operators, telephone linemen, and other workers who were chronically exposed to electric and magnetic fields. "It looks like the microwave radiation may have been a tumor promoter," Milham said. "It didn't initiate the cancers, but once some cancer cells got going it promoted growth of the tumors."

In the light of the worldwide attention accorded the University of Washington study, one can only wonder what the editors of the Cape Cod *Times*—the one newspaper in the nation whose readers should have been informed in minute detail about the findings of Guy and Chou—were thinking of when they omitted so many important aspects of the story. Whatever it was, it seems unlikely that they did not know that virtually every leading newspaper in the nation—and the CBS Evening News as well—had covered the story and its profoundly serious implications for the public health in far more depth than they had.

Six months later, the findings of Guy and Chou's rat-cancer study were supported by those of the largest epidemiological investigation of the effects of radio frequency and microwave radiation ever undertaken. This was a two-year survey of cancer in Polish military personnel which had been conducted by Dr. Stanislaw Szmigielski, an internationally known researcher on the biological effects of non-ionizing radiation, and some colleagues at the Center for Radiobiology and Radioprotection, in Warsaw. They found that servicemen exposed to non-ionizing radiation were almost seven times as likely to develop cancer of the blood-forming organs and lymphatic tissue as those who were not exposed, and that the odds of their developing thyroid tumors were more than four times as great. They also found that younger exposed personnel—those between the ages of twenty and twenty-nine—had a risk of being stricken with cancer five hundred and



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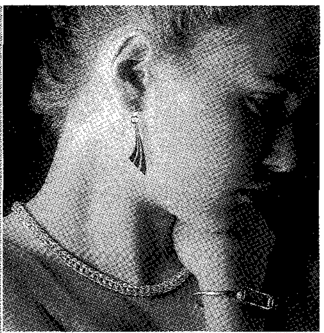

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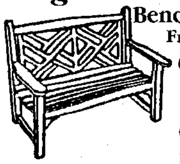

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fifty per cent greater than that of their unexposed counterparts. Over all, servicemen who worked with or near radiation-emitting devices were more than three times as likely to develop cancer as unexposed personnel, in other military occupations.

Louis Slesin, to whom Szmigielski had sent the results of his as yet unpublished findings, believed them to be so important that he distributed a news release about them to newspapers and magazines across the nation. As a result, a story appeared on the front page of the Boston *Globe* on March 15, 1985, beneath the headline "STUDY LINKS CANCER, MICROWAVE RADIATION." Boston is only sixty-five miles from Hyannis, where the Cape Cod *Times* is written and published, and it is safe to assume that every senior editor on that newspaper reads the *Globe* every day, to keep up with important national, international, and regional events. Not a word about Szmigielski's findings ever found its way into the Cape Cod *Times*, however, except for a passing reference more than a year later: in June of 1986, the newspaper mentioned the Polish study as being one of several that "link long-term exposure to low levels of microwaves to certain health disorders, including cancer, high blood pressure, headaches, loss of memory, and brain damage."

BY this time, the subject of cancer was nevertheless very much on the minds of the residents of the Upper Cape towns of Sandwich, Bourne, Falmouth, and Mashpee, for in March of 1986 the Massachusetts Department of Public Health had released a report revealing that between 1979 and 1981 women living in the four towns had died of leukemia at a rate that was twenty-three per cent higher than that of other women in Massachusetts, and had died of cancer of the liver, bladder, and kidney at a rate that was sixty-one per cent higher. An accompanying memorandum showed that between 1982 and 1983 women living in the four towns developed liver, bladder, and kidney cancers at a rate almost four times as high as that of women living in the eleven other towns on Cape Cod, and that during this period men and women living on the Upper Cape developed cancer of all types at a rate sixteen per cent higher than that of the residents of the rest of the Cape.

As it happened, the Air Force and the Massachusetts Air National Guard had been dumping toxic chemicals into waste-disposal sites at the military reservation for forty-six years. Late in March, some Cape people who were attending a public meeting about the Upper Cape's elevated cancer rate inquired whether radiation from PAVE PAWS could have anything to do with it. They were told by state officials that environmentally induced cancer takes at least ten years to develop. The officials implied that the radar facility had not been in operation long enough to affect the rate. (They were obviously unaware that if radiation from PAVE PAWS were acting not as a tumor initiator but as what Milham called a tumor promoter, the latency period for the development of cancer could be less than ten years.) In June, however, the question was raised again—this time in an article that appeared in the Cape Cod *Times*, under the headline "PAVE PAWS BEAMS STILL SPARK FEAR IN NEIGHBORS." The article quoted a variety of people, some of them for and some against the radar. Ruth Hubbard, the Harvard biology professor, repeated her suggestion that Upper Cape residents were "guinea pigs," because the long-term effects of microwave radiation were largely unknown. Jerome Krupp, the chief of biological effects for the Radiation Sciences Division of the Air Force's School of Aerospace Medicine, tried to play down the results of the study conducted for the Air Force by Guy and Chou. According to Krupp, the microwave levels emanating from PAVE PAWS were far too low to be a health hazard. "It's almost like sitting under a light bulb," he said.

During the summer of 1986, it became apparent that the chemical contamination at the Massachusetts Military Reservation was far worse than anyone had suspected. On June 30th, the National Guard Bureau, the federal organization of the National Guards, held a press conference to announce that the E. C. Jordan Company, of Portland, Maine—an environmental consulting firm it had hired to evaluate the military reservation—had found no fewer than forty-six significant hazardous-waste sites there, and that more than a million gallons of aviation fuel had been dumped into the ground between 1955 and 1970. In January of 1987, the Massachusetts Department of Environmental Quality

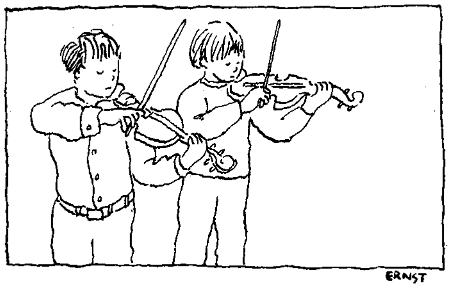
Engineering classified the entire twenty-one-thousand-acre military reservation as a hazardous-waste-disposal site.

Meanwhile, back in September, the Air Force, obviously worried that microwave radiation from PAVE PAWS might be implicated in the high cancer rates among Upper Cape residents, departed from a long-standing position of refusing to monitor radiation levels, and measured them at fifteen places in the surrounding towns. On September 22, 1986, Lieutenant Colonel Gayle White, the commander of PAVE PAWS, said that the data so far showed microwave levels to be only one thousandth the recommended state and federal safety standards, which is similar to what John Mitchell had told Cape Codders eight and a half years earlier. White said that the measurements should help to prove that the radar was not contributing to the unusual increase of cancer among the residents of the Upper Cape. "They can put that issue to bed," he declared. A year later, in October of 1987, the Department of Public Health announced that the Upper Cape's unusually high cancer incidence had continued during 1985, and that the residents of Barnstable, to the east of the radar, as well as Bourne, Falmouth, Mashpee, and Sandwich, had a rate of cancer seventeen per cent higher than that of other residents of Massachusetts.

In the spring of 1987, it had come to light that the Air Force had been planning to quadruple the power output of the Cape Cod PAVE PAWS but had decided to hold off for a while. Around that time, too, the Air Force announced that the maximum time-averaged radiation level found in the communities surrounding PAVE PAWS was slightly less than one and a half microwatts per square centimetre. The Air Force said that none of the other microwave power densities measured in the towns exceeded three-tenths of a microwatt per square centimetre at a height of six feet. All this sounded fine, but in fact time-averaging had skewed the latest Air Force measurements of the radiation from PAVE PAWS in the same way that it had skewed the measurements in the summer of 1978. And again the Air Force assessed the effects of the radiation on human health only in terms of the thirty-four-year-old thermal theory, which was now considered inappropriate by many of the leading scientists in the field. In short, the Air Force was citing an obsolete exposure guideline in order to assure the residents of Upper Cape Cod, who surely knew it to begin with, that they were not being cooked. (Skeptics who had watched the Air Force pull this stunt time and again over the years called it the English-muffin standard, because of the implication that microwave radiation was harmless as long as you didn't turn brown or feel toasty.)

As for Jerome Krupp's contention that exposure to microwave levels emanating from PAVE PAWS was no more harmful than sitting under a light bulb, it was called into question in the summer of 1988, when it was revealed that the Air Force was considering relocating a PAVE PAWS radar that had been constructed at Robins Air Force Base, in Georgia, in 1986, in order to reduce the danger of explosion in airplanes flying through its main beam. According to Raytheon, the manufacturer of PAVE PAWS, the high energy contained in the radar's peak pulses "may pose a hazard to electro-explosive devices (EEDs) carried on military and commercial aircraft." As a result, the company warned that airplanes carrying such devices should stay at least one nautical mile from the radar, and that when the Air Force increased the power output of PAVE PAWS the airspace "hazard zone" should be increased to three nautical miles. Raytheon said nothing about how the high-energy peak pulses of PAVE PAWS might be affecting the delicate electrochemical balance of the human brain.

REASON for suspecting that chronic exposure to low-level radiation from PAVE PAWS might act to increase the incidence of cancer in people who are already at risk because they have been exposed to cancer-producing chemicals can be found in the 1983 discovery by Adey and Byus that 450 MHz radiation modulated at the ELF frequency of sixteen hertz sharply reduces the activity of certain protein-kinase enzymes within human lymphocytes. This finding raises disturbing questions about the effect of such radiation upon the human immune system, which is the body's first line of defense against the development of cancer, because one of the affected enzymes—protein-kinase C—is a specific receptor at the cell membrane for a class of extremely powerful cancer-promoting substances called phorbol esters, which are found in a vegetable plant of the Euphorbiaceae family.



Adey has pointed out that it is important to distinguish between substances that promote cancer and substances that initiate it. "The accepted model of tumor formation involves at least two and possibly three stages," he said recently. "They are initiation, promotion, and progression. Initiation occurs when the DNA in the nucleus of a cell is damaged by ionizing radiation, such as gamma rays and X rays, or by certain chemicals—mostly coal-tar derivatives—such as benzo-a-pyrene, which is found in cigarette smoke. The damaged cell has undergone mutation, and is now capable of passing its damaged DNA to daughter cells. It is therefore a cancer cell, but it may not necessarily form a tumor. The next phase in carcinogenesis is promotion of tumor formation. This involves unregulated growth. Cancer promoters include plant derivatives, such as phorbol esters; tobacco proteins; polychlorinated biphenyls, called PCBs; DDT and other chlorinated hydrocarbons."

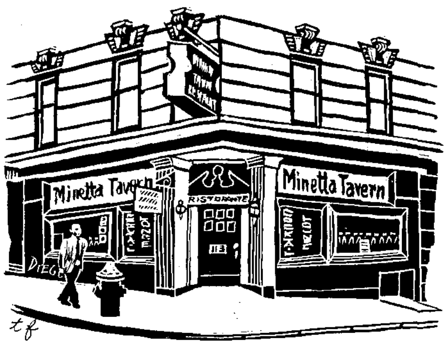
When Adey and Byus learned that phorbol ester specifically modifies the activity of protein-kinase C, especially in combination with ELF-modulated fields, they recognized its significance for their further studies. "As it happened, Craig Byus had had long experience in assaying an enzyme called ornithine decarboxylase—ODC for short—which is essential for growth in all cells," Adey has explained. "ODC participates in the synthesis of DNA protein by forming polyamines, which are the building blocks for DNA. For some time now, it has been known that all cancer promoters increase ODC activity. However, not all substances that increase ODC activity are cancer promoters. Nevertheless, in clinical studies high levels of ODC are a reliable index of malignancy—as, for example, in the human prostate. In 1985, Byus and I, together with Susan E. Pieper and Karen Kartun, both of whom were junior researchers in Byus's lab, found that when we modulated a 450 MHz microwave field at sixteen hertz, and generated it at a power intensity of one milliwatt per square centimetre, we could increase ODC activity up to fifty per cent in cultured liver and ovary cells of Chinese hamsters and in cultured human melanoma cells. We also found that when the ELF-modulated field and the phorbol ester acted together, their joint effect on ODC activity was about twice that of either alone. As a result, we cautiously hypothesize that exposure to low-level radiation and environmental chemical pollutants may be joint factors in increasing the incidence of human cancer. It should be emphasized that our suggestion is speculative, and must be substantiated through experimental evidence, which can be obtained only by conducting extensive animal studies."

The extraordinary discovery by Byus, Adey, and their two young colleagues that radiation similar in carrier frequency and modulation characteristics to that emanating from PAVE PAWS increases ODC activity in cultured human melanoma cells, and may therefore promote cancer, was published in August of 1988 in *Cancer Research*. However, because of the difficulty of obtaining research funds, only one animal experiment is under way to substantiate their four-year-old finding—unless one believes that an experiment is being conducted upon the thousands of human beings residing in Sandwich, Mashpee, Bourne, and Falmouth, who have undergone chronic exposure to low-level, ELF-modulated radiation from PAVE PAWS for nearly a decade and have been found to be developing cancer at an unusually high rate. Even more disturbing are the findings of a subsequent study by Adey, Byus, and Pieper, conducted in the winter of 1986. At that time, they discovered that a one-hour exposure to a sixty-hertz electric field of between one-tenth of a millivolt and ten millivolts per centimetre produced a fivefold increase in ODC activity in cultured human lymphoma cells. They also found that between one and two hours of exposure to the same power-line field produced a two-to-three-fold increase in ODC activity in mouse myeloma cells. These results were published in *Carcinogenesis* in October of 1987.

"We have no explanation for the different responses to the sixty-hertz field on the part of different cell types," Adey has said. "We feel that it is highly significant, however, that only short, intermittent exposure to the sixty-hertz field was required to elevate ODC activity. We can now hypothesize that exposure to low-energy fields, such as those emanating from power lines, may provide a tumor-promoting stimulus, in the manner of phorbol-ester compounds. Once again, it should be emphasized that such a relationship is based upon indirect evidence, and awaits direct experimental confirmation."

Adey's willingness to hypothesize that exposure to weak, sixty-hertz electromagnetic fields such as those surrounding power lines may promote cancer is something that should be taken very seriously by public-health officials across the nation. After all, an alternating-current electric field of at least one-tenth of a millivolt per centimetre is present in the tissue of a human being who is standing beneath a typical overhead high-voltage power line.

ALTHOUGH the pioneering experiments of Adey and his colleagues have been accepted and praised by many of their peers in the medical and scientific community, there have been relatively few attempts to replicate them. A significant exception has been the work of Carl F. Blackman, a research biologist in the E.P.A.'s Health Effects Research Laboratory, at Research Triangle Park, in North Carolina. Blackman is a tall, lean man of forty-eight, with a Lincolnesque face and a serious demeanor. Born in Annapolis, he went to Colgate, where he studied physics and mathematics. Then he studied at Pennsylvania State University, where he received his M.S. and Ph.D. in biophysics. In 1970, he went to work at the F.D.A.'s Bureau of Radiological Health, in Rockville, Maryland, and began to investigate the genetic effects of microwave radiation. A few months later, he was transferred to the recently created E.P.A., where he continued this line of research.



After hearing about Bawin and Adey's 1974 experiments showing that a 147 MHz ham-radio carrier wave, when modulated at brain-wave frequencies, could alter the outflow of calcium ions from chick-brain tissue, Blackman and some colleagues undertook to repeat them. In 1976, they were able to confirm Bawin and Adey's finding of a sixteen-hertz-frequency "window" in which the outflow of calcium ions from chick-brain tissue was most likely to occur. At the same time, they expanded upon the finding by showing that there was a narrow window in the power-intensity range in which the release of calcium was enhanced. In 1979, they performed a similar experiment with 50 MHz radiation—another ham-radio frequency—and found that when its amplitude was modulated at sixteen hertz it, too, enhanced the release of calcium ions from chick-brain tissue, though at different power intensities from those which had been effective with 147 MHz radiation. In the same year, Blackman teamed up with William T. Joines, an electrical engineer in the Department of Electrical Engineering of Duke University, in nearby Durham, to determine why the two different carrier frequencies required different power intensities to produce the calcium-efflux effect. They found that the two frequencies, though they were generated at different power, produced identical electric-field intensities within the chick-brain tissue. Hence they concluded that the internal-field intensity was what provided the critical parameter for the effect.

The following year, Blackman and Joines studied the influence of a sixteen-hertz field on chick-brain tissue in the absence of a higher-frequency carrier wave. They found that the sixteen-hertz field increased calcium outflow at two different power intensities, but that fields of one and thirty hertz produced no response. When Blackman reported the findings of his latest study at the third annual meeting of the Bioelectromagnetics Society, in August of 1981, he noted that they constituted "a solid case of a response that cannot be explained by a general heating mechanism.” Later that year, he and Joines extended their low-frequency experiments with chick-brain tissue to cover the range from one to a hundred and twenty hertz. They found a strong response to fields of fifteen, forty-five, seventy-five, and a hundred and five hertz, and a much weaker response to fields of thirty, sixty, and ninety hertz. All these responses were obtained at power intensities far below those necessary to produce heating.

* * *

Back in 1979, while Blackman was trying to imagine what might account for the unusual ability of radio-frequency radiation modulated at sixteen hertz to alter brain chemistry, he remembered a course in magnetic resonance he had taken as a graduate student at Penn State. “During the course, we learned that electrons and the nuclei of certain atoms can interact differently with various conditions of high-intensity static magnetic fields,” he said recently. “So I wondered if it might be possible for similar interactions to occur with low-intensity static magnetic fields, such as the geomagnetic field of the earth. The geomagnetic field generally has a strength of about five hundred milligauss, but it can change strength from place to place—sometimes within a few feet—depending upon factors like the presence of iron-containing rock, or of steel girders in buildings, which can act as conductors of magnetic fields. In fact, the strength of the local geomagnetic field at a given site can range from less than one hundred to more than two thousand milligauss. I was on a fishing expedition, of course, but I went down to the local K mart and bought a couple of hula hoops. Then I went to an electrical-supply store and bought some ordinary speaker wire. When I got back to the laboratory, I wrapped the speaker wire in the grooved channels running along the inner circumference of the hula hoops, and made myself a Helmholtz coil—a device named after the nineteenth-century German physicist who invented it—which generates magnetic fields. Before I got around to doing anything with it, however, I decided that the whole business was just a nutball hunch, so I stuck the hoops away in a false ceiling in the laboratory and forgot about them.”

Three years later, Blackman was trying to figure out why fields with frequencies of fifteen, forty-five, seventy-five, and a hundred and five hertz should have a strong effect on calcium-ion outflow from chick-brain tissue, while fields of thirty, sixty, and ninety hertz produced only a weak effect. In the autumn of 1982, he went to James R. Rabinowitz, a physicist in the Health Effects Research Laboratory, and asked for his help in explaining this disparity. Rabinowitz took a book titled “Introduction to Solid-State Physics” off a bookshelf in his office and showed Blackman an equation for cyclotron resonance—a phenomenon that occurs when a static magnetic field causes moving charged particles to go in circles. Rabinowitz told Blackman that the frequency at which this circular motion is produced is directly related to the strength of the static magnetic field.

“Suddenly, the lights went on in my head,” Blackman recalls. “I went back to my lab, pulled the hula hoops out of the compartment in the false ceiling, and aligned them in a way that would allow me to either increase or decrease the strength of the local geomagnetic field present in the room. Early in 1983, Joines, Rabinowitz, and I conducted a series of experiments to determine whether the ability of a fifteen-hertz field to increase calcium-ion outflow in chick-brain tissue would be altered if we changed the strength of the local geomagnetic field. And, lo and behold, we found that if we cut the strength of the geomagnetic field in half, the fifteen-hertz field no longer produced the calcium-efflux effect. This introduced a new concept into the mystery of how low-level electromagnetic fields could operate to affect the chemistry of the brain.”

Blackman and his colleagues went on to perform additional experiments showing that the thirty-hertz signal they had previously found to be ineffective would enhance calcium outflow if they altered the strength of the local geomagnetic field. In July of 1984, Blackman described his latest findings at the annual meeting of the Bioelectromagnetics Society, in Atlanta. He told his audience that the intensity of the local geomagnetic field was an important variable in the calcium-efflux phenomenon, and that the results of the experiments he and his associates

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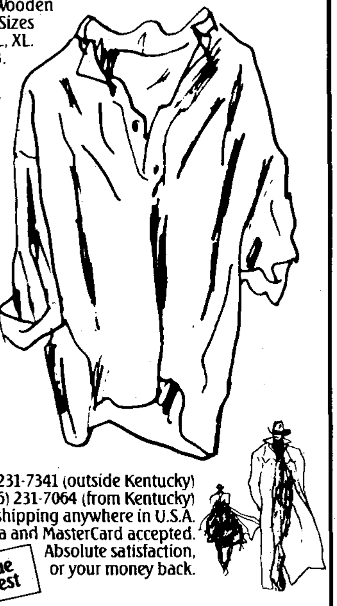

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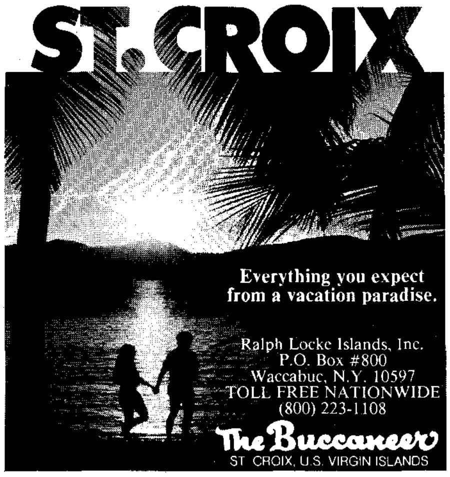

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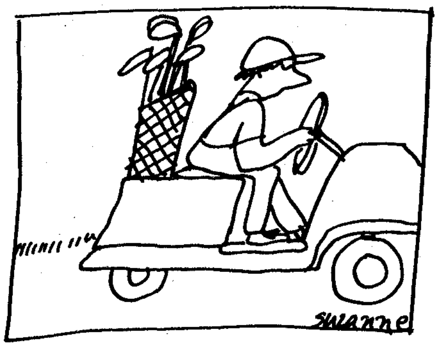
had conducted appeared to describe a resonance-like relationship, in which the frequency of the electromagnetic field that can induce changes in calcium-ion outflow was proportional to the strength of the local geomagnetic field. Blackman suggested that the phenomenological findings of these experiments might provide a basis for evaluating the apparent lack of reproducibility of some studies showing that biological effects could be caused by low-level electromagnetic fields. Indeed, he pointed out, if the underlying mechanism of the calcium-efflux response in chick-brain tissue proved to be a universal response in the tissue of other biological systems, including that of human beings, research into the health effects of power-line radiation and other sixty-hertz fields in the ambient electromagnetic environment might be subject to unnoticed and uncontrolled influences, depending upon the strength of the static geomagnetic field in the vicinity of the laboratories where the research was being conducted.

As might be expected, a number of prominent scientists in the field were interested. Among them was Abraham Liboff, a physicist at Oakland University, in Rochester, Michigan, who, together with Dr. John Thomas and Dr. John Schrot, psychologists at the Naval Medical Research Institute, in Bethesda, Maryland, had been conducting a study of the effect of sixty-hertz electromagnetic fields on animal behavior for the New York State Power Lines Project. This was a five-million-dollar research program, overseen by the New York State Department of Health, to investigate the effects of power-line fields and to replicate the study by Nancy Wertheimer and Ed Leeper showing that children who live in homes near high-current wiring develop cancer twice as often as children who live in homes near low-current wiring. Liboff, Thomas, Schrot, and some colleagues had been working for a year without observing any significant results, but after hearing of the findings of Blackman and his associates Liboff hypothesized that some ions in the brain could be in cyclotron resonance with external magnetic fields, and he and his associates tested his theory by adjusting the local geomagnetic field to two hundred and seventy milligauss—the level at which lithium ions resonate—and found that rats exposed to sixty-hertz fields of less than a hundred milligauss exhibited impaired timing discrimination.

On the morning of October 29, 1985, Adey, Wertheimer, and six other researchers in the field of bioelectromagnetics gathered by invitation at the National Academy of Sciences headquarters, in Washington, D.C., to discuss their work at a one-day meeting that was being held by a six-member Advisory Committee on Nonthermal Effects of Nonionizing Radiation. During the morning session, Adey reviewed the experiments that he and his colleagues had performed, which demonstrated that weak, ELF-modulated fields could alter brain chemistry and the activity of human lymphocyte and melanoma cells. He also discussed the data indicating that weak fields might act as tumor promoters. Later, Wertheimer discussed a study she and Leeper had recently conducted, indicating that pregnancies among couples exposed to the sixty-hertz magnetic fields generated by electric blankets and electrically heated water beds appeared to be more likely to end in miscarriage than pregnancies among couples who did not heat their beds electrically. She told the members of the advisory committee that fetuses conceived in electrically heated beds had a slightly slower growth rate than other fetuses. She added that similar findings held true for couples whose homes were equipped with ceiling-cable electric heating. She then declared that further studies—especially an investigation of the possible association between the use of electric blankets and the development of cancer—were essential.

When the National Academy of Sciences released its advisory committee's report, in April of 1986, it was apparent that the committee members were not much impressed by what Wertheimer and Adey had told them. They noted at the outset that while investigators had produced an abundance of empirical data to show that non-ionizing radiation was capable of causing low-level effects, the information "fails to provide a consistent picture of the nature of the effects." They went on, "In the absence of a scientific conceptual framework that brings meaning to a measured result, the temptation arises to create significance by postulating adverse effects from the interaction of nonionizing radiation with biological tissues and cells."



Wertheimer had conducted her study of electrically heated beds in 1983 and 1984. "I had wanted to do such a study since 1979, because it was apparent to me that electric blankets and heated water beds were often major sources of intense, repeated exposure to magnetic fields," she said recently. "When Ed Leeper and I measured the magnetic fields produced by various household appliances, we had found that although some of these fields were strong in the immediate vicinity of the appliances, they diminished sharply within a short distance of their source. However, when we measured the magnetic field in the vicinity of an electric blanket that had been turned on to any power setting from one to ten we usually got a reading of between ten and twenty milligauss next to the blanket, and five to ten milligauss six inches away. This, of course, was the field strength to which someone sleeping under the blanket would be exposed."

Wertheimer explained that electric blankets produce relatively high magnetic fields because, although the current that flows through the S pattern of parallel wires in the middle of the blanket is balanced by current flowing in the opposite direction, thus tending to cancel out the magnetic fields, the current is unbalanced at the outer edges of the blanket. The imbalance causes a significant magnetic field to be generated. "The same holds true for the heating element of a water bed," she said. "But since it is on the underside of the bed, the magnetic-field reading we usually got for them was around five milligauss. Considering the fact that children with cancer in our original 1979 study had been exposed to an ambient magnetic field of only about one or two milligauss, while the typical ambient alternating-current magnetic field to which a person in the Denver-Boulder area is exposed is only about half a milligauss, I was naturally interested in investigating whether the use of electric blankets and water beds affected cancer rates. The trouble was that such a study would necessitate extensive interviews with cancer patients, and require considerable time and money to conduct, and I was not in a position to get a grant to finance it. So I had to give up the idea of conducting a cancer investigation. I did, however, find a relatively inexpensive way of looking at the effects that using electric blankets and heated water beds might have on fetal development."

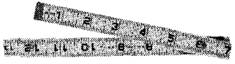
Wertheimer began her investigation by combing Greater Denver newspapers for all birth announcements that had been placed from two Denver-area hospitals during 1982. She found that out of four thousand two hundred and seventy-one families giving birth in the two hospitals during that year, eighteen hundred and six (forty-two per cent) had published birth announcements. She was then able to reach thirteen hundred and eighteen (seventy-three per cent) of these families by telephone and to ask them whether they had used electric blankets or heated water beds during the previous eight years, and, if so, when, and at what preferred temperature settings. After the telephone survey was finished, she obtained routinely recorded data on the twelve hundred and fifty-six published births for which she had gathered information about parental use of electric blankets and heated water beds, and also on five hundred and twenty-eight of six hundred and ninety-two prior births to the same parents since the beginning of 1976. These data included such information as the date of the mother's last menstrual period; the date of birth and the birth weight of the child; and the date of the most recent fetal loss, if any. In order to minimize the possibility of including induced abortions in her study, Wertheimer investigated only those abortions which occurred in the year preceding the conception of live births to the same couples—a method that provided evidence that those parents were not averse to having a child.

"*I said you're in my light.*"

• •

When Wertheimer compared the rate of reported miscarriages among users of electric blankets and heated water beds from September through June with the rate of miscarriages in the same group of people during July and August—the two months in the Denver region when electric blankets and heated water beds are not generally used—she found that the users reported proportionately more miscarriages during the colder months than in the two summer months, while the rate of miscarriage reported by non-users remained fairly constant throughout the year. She also found that miscarriages among users were reported most frequently between September and the end of January, rather than over the entire period from September through June. Wertheimer believed that the younger the fetus is, the more susceptible it might be to adverse effects from electromagnetic-field exposure, and she knew that most spontaneous abortions are thought to occur before a woman even knows that she is pregnant. For this reason, Wertheimer hypothesized that between September and the end of January—a period of increasing cold weather—a susceptible embryo might survive early exposure to the magnetic field of an electric blanket or heated water bed, because that exposure was relatively low, only to be aborted later, when it was subjected to greater exposure as the weather turned colder. She hypothesized, further, that since these comparatively late miscarriages were the ones most easily recognized by the mother, they would also be the ones that ended up being reported in the birth records, whereas many miscarriages that took place between the end of February and the end of June, a period of decreasing cold, would go unrecognized, for the simple reason that during this period the highest exposure of the fetus to magnetic fields from electric blankets and heated water beds—and thus, presumably, the greatest risk of miscarriage—was likely to occur during the first weeks after conception.

When Wertheimer and Leeper published the findings of their study in



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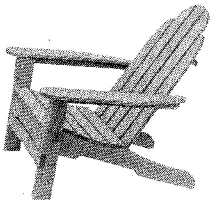

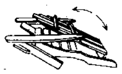

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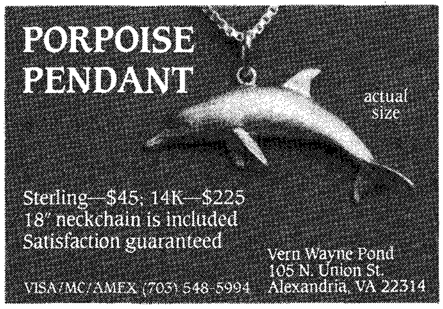

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Bioelectromagnetics, in 1986, they pointed out that since seasonal patterns in the spontaneous-abortion rates were seen only in users of electric blankets and heated water beds, electrical bed heating "may have a direct effect on fetal development." They added that this effect "could be due to excessive heat or to electromagnetic field exposure." They concluded their paper by suggesting that increased use of electric blankets and electrically heated water beds might have contributed to an unexplained increase in childhood disability that was reported to have occurred since 1960.

"The results of the electric-blanket study increased my confidence in our original hypothesis that alternating-current magnetic fields from high-current electrical-distribution wires could have serious health effects," Wertheimer said not long ago. "Until then, I had been nagged by the idea that, in spite of my effort to avoid it, I might have inadvertently introduced bias into my previous studies by failing to blind-code the wiring-configuration data. But I had done the electric-blanket study completely blind, because when I telephoned the families who had placed birth announcements in the newspapers I had absolutely no knowledge of whether they'd had a spontaneous abortion or not. However, the study contained a built-in confounder that might have influenced its results. This was the fact that, in addition to generating electromagnetic fields, the blankets generate heat, which, if it is excessive, is known to have an adverse effect upon sperm. As it happened, I had heard about ceiling-cable electric heating, and had learned that, because of the proximity of cheap hydroelectric power, ceiling-cable heating was routinely installed in a great many homes built in Eugene, Oregon, during the nineteen-sixties and seventies. Since ceiling-cable heating is essentially like a big electric blanket that has been installed in the ceiling, current flowing at the outer edges of the cable pattern is unbalanced, just as it is in electric blankets, and thus produces quite strong magnetic fields. However, unlike the heat from an electric blanket, the heat generated by a ceiling-cable system is not likely to raise body temperature excessively."

As with her three previous studies, Wertheimer had no financing to help her investigate the effect of ceiling-cable electric heating. Undeflectable, as always, she visited the Oregon Center for Health Statistics, in Portland. There she obtained data from the records of all those legitimate births for 1983 and 1985 which listed the mothers' addresses as being in Eugene or in the neighboring city of Springfield. Among other information, each birth certificate contained the date of the most recent fetal loss, if any, and whether it had occurred before or after twenty weeks of gestation. She then went to the Lane County Assessor's Office, in Eugene, and obtained microfiche records giving the type of heat and the address of each single-family home in the Eugene-Springfield postal area. Using telephone books for 1977 through 1984, she traced the families whose birth records she had already obtained, in order to discover, whenever she could, the addresses at which those families had lived at the time of conception and at the time of any previous fetal loss. Finally, she compared those addresses with the assessor's microfiche records to determine which were homes with ceiling-cable heat.

As Wertheimer had done in the electric-blanket study, she now looked at the seasonal pattern of spontaneous abortion. She observed an increase in fetal loss reported by families living in ceiling-cable-heated homes during the colder months of the year (in Oregon, October through May), which did not appear among families living in homes with other types of heating. Moreover, as in the electric-blanket study, the excess loss was most apparent in the months when cold weather was increasing. For this reason, Wertheimer was able again to hypothesize that although there was probably an increased rate of unrecognized spontaneous abortion caused by magnetic-field exposure throughout the colder months, many more such abortions were recognized, and thus reported, during the months of increasing cold.

THE failure of the National Academy of Sciences either to appreciate the significance of Wertheimer's electric-blanket study or to understand the public-health threat posed by exposure to power-line radiation and other electromagnetic fields was underscored in 1986 by a series of stunning disclosures. In February, the Electric Power Research Institute (EPRI), an organization sponsored by major utility companies across the nation, released the report of a study of the effects of sixty-hertz electric fields on three generations of miniature swine, which had been carried out between 1978 and 1981 by Richard D. Phillips and several associates at Battelle Pacific Northwest Laboratories, in Richland, Washington, and published two months earlier. (Miniature swine had been selected for the study because their body weight approximates that of the average human being.) After Phillips completed the swine study, in 1981, he discussed its findings at the 1982 meeting of the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers' Power Engineering Society, in New York City. According to Phillips, EPRI officials had viewed these findings as "a major bombshell," however, and had delayed their publication for nearly four years by conducting what he claims was "excessive peer review," and by insisting on repeated revisions in Battelle's final report. Because he considered these actions unwarranted interference, Phillips left Battelle in October of 1984, to take up the post of director of the E.P.A.'s Experimental Biology Division, in Research Triangle Park, North Carolina, where Carl Blackman works.

When EPRI finally decided to allow the results of the three-generation swine study to be published, the reason they might have been considered a bombshell was not hard to understand. The first- and second-generation progeny of female swine that were born and bred in sixty-hertz electric fields of thirty thousand volts per metre and then mated with unexposed males not only had lower body weights than the third-generation progeny of unexposed female swine but were afflicted with almost twice as many birth defects.

A few months after EPRI's tardy publication of the results of the miniature-swine study, another important revelation was made at a meeting of the Biolectromagnetics Society, in Madison, Wisconsin. David Savitz, an epidemiologist at the University of North Carolina's School of Public Health, and some colleagues at the University of Colorado, who were replicating Wertheimer's childhood-cancer study for the New York State Power Lines Project, reported that detailed magnetic-field measurements supported the claim by Wertheimer and Leeper that magnetic-field exposure could be accurately estimated by examining the electrical-distribution wiring near a given home. Their finding was confirmed by Richard Stevens, an epidemiologist at Battelle, and some colleagues who were conducting a study for the project to see if leukemia in adults was associated with alternating-current magnetic fields. Indeed, both study groups concluded that magnetic fields were determined by sources outside the house and were not affected by household wiring or power use. This not only provided belated corroboration for what Wertheimer and Leeper had been saying all along but also was an epitaph for the discredited premise that common household appliances and household wiring gave off strong magnetic fields that were capable of contaminating the home environment.

While Wertheimer and Leeper's wiring-configuration concept was being confirmed, further disquieting revelations concerning the apparent link between power-line fields and cancer came from Jerry L. Phillips, a research scientist at the Cancer Therapy and Research Center, in San Antonio, Texas. Phillips had conducted a series of experiments showing that cultivated human colon-cancer cells exposed to sixty-hertz electric and magnetic fields in combination, and to sixty-hertz magnetic fields alone, proliferate more easily and are more resistant to attack by immune-system lymphocytes than unexposed colon-cancer cells. He told *Microwave News* that sixty-hertz fields were "capable of producing significant permanent changes in cellular structure and function," and that he considered his experiments "very much in concert with the epidemiological studies that have been published."

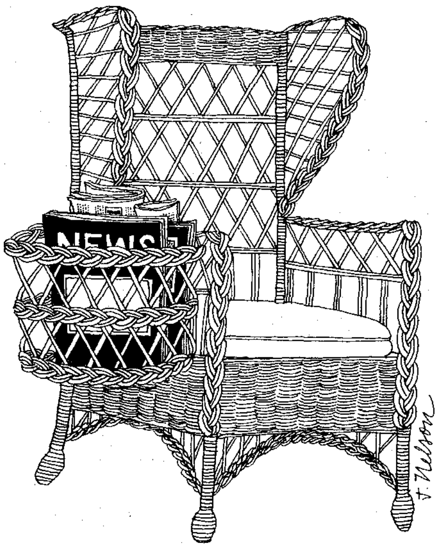
In September of 1986, three hundred people gathered in Toronto for a week-long International Utility Symposium on the Health Effects of Electric and Magnetic Fields, sponsored by Ontario Hydro and utilities-industry groups. At that time, the utilities industry's confidence in continuing the policy of stonewalling the power-line health problem was severely shaken by the answer that Richard Phillips gave to a hypothetical question from a member of the audience at an evening session of the symposium. The question was: If you had a family with two young children, would you buy a house next to a high-voltage transmission line if that house were twenty-five thousand dollars cheaper than an identical house situated farther away from the line? Phillips replied that he would not buy such a house, because he felt that it was probable that health hazards were associated with living so close to a transmission line. That answer was especially troubling to the utilities industry because Phillips, the editor-in-chief of the Bioelectromagnetics Society's journal, had long been thought of as having a conservative and non-controversial attitude toward the possibility that power-line radiation might pose a health hazard.

Far and away the greatest blow to the effort of the utilities industry to deny that sixty-hertz electric and magnetic fields could pose a health hazard came on November 20, 1986, when Savitz and his colleagues announced the results of their long-awaited replication of Wertheimer's childhood-cancer study: their findings showed that "prolonged exposure to low-level magnetic fields may increase the risk of developing cancer in children." Indeed, Savitz not only found a statistically significant association between all types of childhood cancer and external magnetic fields but also determined that for children in certain high-exposure groups—for example, children who had lived very close to high-current wires—the risk was more than five times that of the control population.

Savitz's study was all the more convincing because, although it covered the same geographical area as Wertheimer's, it covered a different time period and, therefore, did not include any of the same cancer cases. In addition, Savitz and his colleagues had taken great pains to investigate all possible confounders, and to answer the major points of criticism that had been levelled against Wertheimer's work. For example, they conducted interviews with as many case and control parents as possible, in order to obtain information about such potentially important factors as family cancer history, residential history, social class, parental-occupation history, parental tobacco use and alcohol consumption, exposure of the child in utero to X rays and medication, and illnesses of the mother during pregnancy. They also measured the electric and magnetic fields inside residences that had been occupied before the time of diagnosis. Moreover, the coding of the wiring configuration at all addresses was done in blind fashion—in other words, by a researcher who was unaware of the case or control status of the occupants. Wertheimer had been financially unable to engage such a researcher, and the fact that her study was therefore not blind—except the sample confirmation of her coding which she did at the end—had been the basis of much of the criticism of her work. As for Wertheimer's response to the news that Savitz had confirmed her earlier findings, she made a simple comment to *Microwave News* that could have served as a fitting rebuke to the National Academy of Sciences: "It is time to accept that something is happening and to find out under what conditions it happens."

At about the same time Savitz announced the results of his study, Stevens and his colleagues at Battelle reported that they had found no link between acute non-lymphocytic leukemia among adults in Washington State and their exposure to ELF electric and magnetic fields at home. Stevens acknowledged, however, that his investigation was weak, because nearly a third of the people who had developed acute non-lymphocytic leukemia were unavailable for study. Moreover, when Wertheimer and Leeper subsequently analyzed his data they found that adults who lived in high-current homes and also used electric blankets, electric mattress pads, or electrically heated water beds did in fact have a significantly increased risk of developing non-lymphocytic leukemia, compared with people who did not live in high-current homes or heat their beds electrically. Indeed, Wertheimer and Leeper estimated that, if the associations they saw in the data were causal, exposure to electromagnetic fields from power lines and/or electrically heated beds could account for twenty-five per cent or more of this type of leukemia in Washington State.

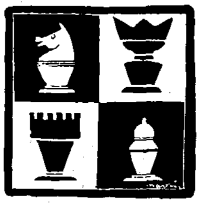
TWO months before Savitz made his announcement, an attempt was made to play down the health hazards posed by low-level electromagnetic fields. This occurred when *Scientific American* published an article in its September, 1986, issue entitled "The Microwave Problem" and written by Professor Arthur Guy, of the University of Washington, and Kenneth R. Foster, a professor in the Department of Bioengineering at the University of Pennsylvania. Guy and Foster suggested that public concern about microwave radiation was being heightened by unsubstantiated reports that low-level exposure could have adverse biological effects. To prove their point, they described the rat study that Guy had conducted for the Air Force during the late nineteen-seventies and the early eighties. After declaring that the results of the study "revealed few differences" between the rats that had been exposed to low-level microwave radiation and the control rats, they admitted that "one difference was striking: primary malignant tumors developed in eighteen of the exposed animals but in only five of the controls." They then said that although this difference was "statistically highly significant," it should not be interpreted to mean that low levels of microwave radiation could cause cancer, because, as they put it, "the exposed animals had an excess of tumors only in comparison with the controls, not in comparison with the rate of tumor development generally observed in this strain of animals."



Guy and Foster went on to say that "no single type of tumor predominated," but they added, "If some specific type of tumor had predominated, that finding would have made a much stronger case for a carcinogenic effect from low levels of microwave energy." They then found themselves able to conclude that "the finding of excess cancer is provocative, but whether it reflects a biological activity of microwave radiation is not certain," and that "although some hazard from weak microwave fields might be proved in the future, there is currently little evidence for the presence of such a hazard." They then recommended that "some criteria must be developed for determining when to halt research on a given topic, open questions notwithstanding."

In its December, 1986, issue *Scientific American* published a letter from Louis Slesin, of *Microwave News*. "Contrary to what Guy reports about his own results, the malignant tumors were heavily concentrated in the rats' endocrine systems: nine in the exposed animals compared with only two in the controls," Slesin wrote. He then made a devastating comment. "That a principal investigator for a $4.5-million study should obscure his own positive results points to a basic feature of the 'microwave problem': the domination of military funding for biomedical research on non-ionizing radiation and the reliance on engineers rather than biologists to do the research." He noted that both Guy and Foster were engineers.

Meanwhile, the electronics industry had also been trying to play down the hazards of electomagnetic fields. In October of 1982, the Electronic Industries Association co-sponsored, with the National Association of Broadcasters (N.A.B.) and the Association of Home Appliance Manufacturers, a three-day seminar entitled "RF Radiation: Legal and Policy Implications" at the Homestead, in Hot Springs, Virginia. In their letter of invitation the sponsors of the seminar wrote, "Today in the United States there is an irrational fear of radiation energy associated with electrical/electronic systems operating at frequencies from 60 Hz to the highest microwave frequencies." They went on to warn that "the cost to the public and industry in terms of money, time, and unnecessary fear continues to grow as litigation, quasi-litigation and public opposition to electrical technology grows." The seriousness with which they took their mission is evident from the last two sentences: "To permit a free exchange of thoughts on this sensitive subject, the meeting will not be opened to the press, and no records of the proceedings will be issued. For the same reason, cameras and recording devices will not be permitted in the meeting rooms."



The organizing committee for the Hot Springs seminar had thirteen members, who included its chairman, John Osepchuk, of Raytheon; George A. Kiessling, the director of product safety at the RCA Corporation, in Cherry Hill, New Jersey; John Mitchell, of the Air Force; Ronald C. Petersen and Max M. Weiss, of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, who had conducted studies purporting to show that no harmful radiation was being given off by video-display terminals (VDTs); and representatives of the Electronic Industries Association, the N.A.B., and the Association of Home Appliance Manufacturers. In 1973, Osepchuk, testifying before the Senate Committee on Commerce in behalf of the Association of Home Appliance Manufacturers, had quoted with approval someone describing the radiation hazards of microwave ovens as being "about the same as the likelihood of getting a skin tan from moonlight." In 1982, at the Hot Springs seminar, he pushed hard for the formation of an alliance to counter public fear of the health hazards of non-ionizing radiation, and in February of 1984 the Electromagnetic Energy Policy Alliance (E.E.P.A.) was organized. Its founding members were A.T. & T.; GTE; the MCI Telecommunications Corporation; Motorola; the N.A.B.; RCA; Rockwell/Collins; and Raytheon. By the summer of 1985, the E.E.P.A. had been joined by CBS, NBC, I.B.M., and Rockwell International. Some seventy-five representatives from leading electronics and communications firms across the nation attended the E.E.P.A.'s second annual meeting, held in May of 1986, in Washington, D.C. Among their chief preoccupations were how to deal with litigation and public concern over low-level radiation.

One of the speakers at a session on microwave lawsuits was John Mitchell. He described in detail how the Air Force had used Representative Studds in 1978 to assure Cape Codders that they could depend upon the Air Force to do an honest and accurate job of measuring microwave-radiation levels. "We decided that we would go through the congressional office out there, since it [the problem] had a lot of congressional attention, and that we would suggest to them that they gather some of their local smart guys, their local citizens, people that the community would have some trust in, and let them go with us and make these measurements," Mitchell said. "As a matter of fact, we said, we will let you pick the spots and you go with us and you check everything we do, and when we're done you give the data to your fellow citizens and see if we can't have a little closure on at least the facts of what the radiation levels are." Mitchell went on to tell his listeners that the observers had gone back to their fellow-citizens and said, "Yes, it's true, the Air Force does have a good measurement system." He then boasted that the Air Force had repeated this maneuver with citizens in California who were concerned about the potential health hazard of radiation from the PAVE PAWS radar constructed at Beale Air Force Base. "We made the measurements, talked about data, how it related to the radiation levels, and eventually that did quiet them down," he said, and he added that the Air Force was continuing to provide such assurances to citizens worried about the health effects of PAVE PAWS radars that were nearing completion in Georgia and West Texas. Mitchell said that a question had been raised about whether it was safe for a local rancher to fly his private plane in and out of a small airstrip that was situated very close to the PAVE PAWS radar in Texas, but he assured his listeners that after making appropriate measurements from a helicopter the Air Force had decided that flying in the vicinity of PAVE PAWS posed no hazard. It was two years after he gave this assurance that the Air Force found it necessary to consider

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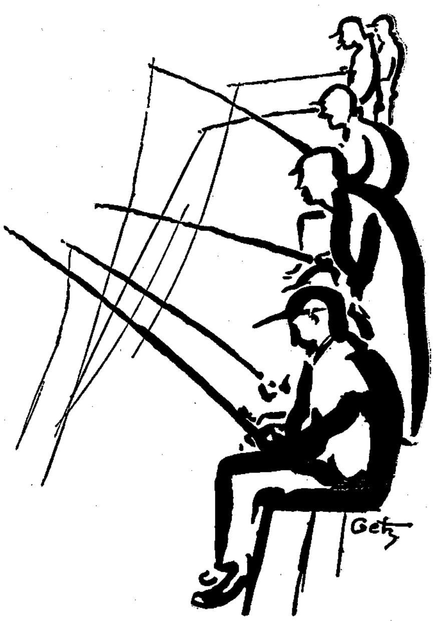
A featured speaker at the E.E.P.A.'s fourth annual meeting, held in April of 1988, in Alexandria, Virginia, was Dr. David O. Carpenter, of the New York State Department of Public Health, who had served as the executive secretary of the Power Lines Project. Carpenter minced no words in describing the results of the Savitz study to the hundred or so members of his audience, who included representatives from a dozen major utility companies. Savitz, he told them, had found that leukemia, lymphoma, and brain tumors—the most common forms of cancer in children—were twice as likely to occur among children living in homes near high-current-distribution lines, and that "the basis for the hypothesis that magnetic fields cause cancer is now established." Carpenter then suggested to the E.E.P.A. members that it was not ethical for them to sit around for another ten years before doing something about the problem, because fully twenty per cent of the homes in the Greater Denver area had been found to have elevated magnetic fields. "We are where we were with cigarette smoking and cancer twenty-five years ago," he said. Research money for studying the problem had "almost totally dried up," and most of the work was now being financed by EPRI, which had a built-in conflict of interest, because it was supported by the utilities industry. In conclusion, he urged that the additional research be financed by federal agencies in an atmosphere "clearly independent of partisan influence."

Carpenter was followed by Edwin L. Carstensen, a professor of electrical engineering, radiation biology, and biophysics at the University of Rochester. Carstensen said that the strength of the magnetic fields given off by transmission lines was very low, and that a person could be exposed to fields of between twelve and eighteen milligauss simply by sleeping under an electric blanket. He did not mention the findings of the electric-blanket study by Wertheimer and Leeper.

As it happens, Carstensen had played a major role in a Texas lawsuit that was causing tremendous anxiety among officials of the electric-utility industry. It was a case in which the Houston Lighting & Power Company had sued the Klein Independent School District, of Houston, over a 345-kilovolt transmission line that crossed school property. The problem had begun in 1981, when the company instituted condemnation proceedings for eight and a half acres of the school district's land, and built a power line that ran within three hundred feet of an elementary school, a hundred and thirty feet from an intermediate school, and less than two hundred and fifty feet from a high school. From the outset, Donald Collins, the superintendent of the district, had raised questions about the possible health effects of the power line, and when he received no satisfactory answers to his queries the school board had refused to grant Houston Lighting & Power a right-of-way, and the company sued.

The lawsuit went to trial on November 10, 1985, before Judge Edward J. Landry, in Harris County Civil Court-at-Law No. 1, in Houston. That day, H. Dixon Montague, a thirty-three-year-old attorney with the Houston law firm of Vinson & Elkins, which represented the school district, called Carstensen, who was the chief expert witness for the Houston Lighting & Power Company, to the stand as an adverse witness for the defendant. (In a condemnation proceeding, the burden of proof is on the property owner, so Montague opened the case for the defense.)

Early in his direct examination, Montague asked Carstensen if it was true that he had given testimony on the health effects of transmission lines in approximately twenty previous administrative or judicial hearings.



"That's approximately correct, yes," Carstensen replied.

"Now, in every instance you were testifying for a power-line company?" Montague asked.

"Yes, I believe so," Carstensen said.

After establishing that none of the hundred and sixteen publications listed on Carstensen's résumé dealt with the health effects of magnetic fields emitted by transmission lines, Montague got Carstensen to acknowledge that he and Charles J. Bennett, the supervising engineer of Houston Lighting & Power's engineering-planning department, had measured the electric and magnetic fields from the power line in question on a Sunday morning, when their strength was only about a third of what it would have been during the week. Later, Carstensen said that even if children were exposed to a magnetic field of from six to fifteen milligauss for seven to eight hours a day over the entire school year he could see "no basis to conclude that they would have a higher risk of cancer than any other population."

When Montague finished examining Carstensen as an adverse witness, he called Marvin L. Chatkoff, an associate professor of engineering at the University of Texas at San Antonio, who had been retained by the Klein Independent School District to make magnetic-field measurements in the district, and to calculate what the increased strength of those fields would be when the 345-kilovolt power line became fully operational. Professor Chatkoff told the jurors that he had measured magnetic fields of five milligauss in front of the elementary school and nearly ten milligauss at the intermediate school, and had found a level of more than fifteen milligauss in the school-district's parking lot and in front of the high school. He estimated that if Houston Lighting & Power were to activate the transmission line to full capacity, magnetic-field-strength levels at the elementary school would be at least twelve milligauss, and could be as high as twenty-five milligauss at the intermediate school.

Following Chatkoff's testimony, Nancy Wertheimer took the stand and described the results of her childhood-cancer study. When Montague asked her whether she believed that children attending schools in the Klein Independent School District would face any risk of developing cancer as a result of being exposed to the magnetic fields that had been measured and estimated by Chatkoff, she said she thought that it was "indefensible to expose those children to that experiment." Under cross-examination by Ross Harrison, an attorney with the law firm of Baker & Botts, which was representing the Houston Lighting & Power Company, Wertheimer acknowledged that she had no absolute proof that exposure to electromagnetic fields would cause cancer. "My own belief is it's more likely that it keeps the body from fighting off cancer, or from protecting itself against cancer," she said.

Later, Montague called Dr. Harris Busch, an oncologist, who had been the chairman of the Department of Pharmacology of the Baylor College of Medicine, in Houston, for twenty-five years. A former editor of the distinguished *American Journal of Cancer Research*, Busch placed a metronome on the railing of the witness stand, set it in motion, and said that he would like to use it to explain how a magnetic field might work to promote cancer. "A metronome is just a device which in essence moves in two directions," he told the jurors. "And a sixty-hertz field is a field where first the magnetic wave moves in one direction and then it moves in another direction, just like this device is doing. Only it happens sixty times a second."

Busch explained that this meant that "any kind of molecule that is in this person's brain, or in this person's body, is being twisted sixty times a second up and back." After reminding the jurors that the schoolchildren would be exposed to strong magnetic fields from the power line for about eight hours each day during the school year, for periods of up to thirteen years, he informed them that nothing could obstruct the passage of electromagnetic fields. "These fields go through glass," he said. "They go through concrete. They simply are not stopped by anything in the environment."

When Montague rested the case for the defendant, Harrison called as the first witness for the plaintiff Allen B. Hague, a research analyst in Houston Lighting & Power's engineering-planning department. Hague testified that two of his five daughters attended the intermediate school, and that he did not believe that the transmission line posed any health hazard. Later, Harrison called Charles Bennett, Hague's superior, who had already testified that part of his corporate responsibility was to keep abreast of the scientific literature on the health effects of transmission lines, and now said that he had been unable to find any evidence that would lead him to conclude that the lines could have harmful effects. Under voir-dire examination by Montague, Bennett acknowledged that the Sunday when he measured the magnetic fields on the Klein school district's property with Carstensen was the first time he had made magnetic-field measurements.

Resuming his direct examination of Bennett, Harrison sought to play down the magnetic-field hazard from the high-voltage transmission line in the Klein Independent School District by showing that strong magnetic fields could also be generated by ordinary low-voltage distribution lines. In so doing, he drew attention to something that the utilities had been hoping to keep under wraps ever since Nancy Wertheimer published her findings on childhood cancer, in 1979.

"Do some distribution lines put out magnetic fields in such a manner that a person who's exposed to them would be exposed to magnetic fields equal to or similar to magnetic fields put out by the transmission lines?" Harrison asked.

"Yes, sir," Bennett replied.

"You testified earlier that distribution lines are quite often in imbalance," Harrison said. "Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"And imbalance causes magnetic fields to be greater," Harrison said. "Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"What features are there about distribution lines that would cause them to have large magnetic fields?"

" 'Large' in the sense that distribution lines are closer to where people live, where they go to school," Bennett said. "So that's what I mean by 'large.' If a transmission facility put out, say, more magnetic fields than the distribution facilities, by the time it gets to the actual place where you are concerned, they are probably, you know, the same order of magnitude."

"Distribution lines run through people's back yards?" Harrison inquired.

"Yes," Bennett said.

"Down neighborhood streets?"

"Yes."

"And are located closer to homes than transmission lines might be located to these schools," Harrison said. "Is that correct?"

"Of the eighteen thousand miles of distribution lines that we have in our service area, I would say on average distribution lines are located closer to homes because that's where they are headed," Bennett replied.

After Montague and Harrison presented their final arguments, Judge Landry delivered his charge to the jury, instructing the jurors to answer seven questions on specific issues relating to the case. The jury retired, and deliberated for about four hours before returning its verdict. To begin with, the jury found that the Houston Lighting & Power Company had "abused its discretion" in taking approximately eight and a half acres of the Klein Independent School District's property for its power line, and that this constituted a "willful and unreasoning action." The jury proceeded to award the school district $104,275 as compensation for actual damages that it had sustained as a result of the utility's use of school-district land for some three and a half years. The jurors also found that in constructing and operating the power line on school property Houston Lighting & Power had acted with "reckless disregard" and with "conscious indifference to the rights and welfare of the persons affected." As a result, they awarded the school district twenty-five million dollars in punitive damages "as an example that [the utility's] conduct will not be tolerated." The jury went on to find that the reasonable cost to the school district of replacing or restoring its property and facilities to their original condition would be $42,113,120. (What the jurors had been asked to decide was how much compensation the school district was entitled to receive if Houston Lighting & Power had not acted with reckless disregard, and were to be allowed to keep its power line on school property; their answer was, in effect, that it would cost somewhat more than forty-two million dollars for the school district to move its facilities to a new site.)

Given the jury's verdict, Judge Lan-

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dry issued a mandatory injunction ordering Houston Lighting & Power to shut down its power line and remove it from school property. The utility quickly asked a three-judge Court of Appeals for permission to keep the power line in operation while the rest of the case was on appeal. Early in 1986, the Appeals Court told Judge Landry that he must allow the utility to turn the line back on. Montague appealed this ruling to the Texas Supreme Court, and at the end of 1986 that court unanimously overruled the Appeals Court by upholding Judge Landry's injunction to shut the power line down.

A year later—in November of 1987—the Appeals Court reversed the twenty-five-million-dollar punitive-damages award, on the ground that when Houston Lighting & Power took the school-district land for its power line it had been in technical compliance with the Texas Property Code, and, since it was not guilty of trespass, it could not be held liable for punitive damages. (Montague appealed this decision to the Texas Supreme Court, where it was turned down in May of 1989.) At the same time, the Appeals Court judges upheld the rest of the trial jury's verdict, ruling that the jury had been correct in finding "clear and convincing evidence" of potential health hazards caused by electromagnetic fields and in concluding that Houston Lighting & Power had abused its discretion in siting a 345-kilovolt power line on school property. Meanwhile, during the summer of 1987, Houston Lighting & Power had removed the power line and rerouted it, at a cost of more than eight and a half million dollars. Since then, the members of a family whose land had been condemned by Houston Lighting & Power for the right-of-way of the same 345-kilovolt transmission line have sued the utility, alleging that electromagnetic fields from the line were responsible for a brain tumor that one of them developed in 1987.

ON July 1, 1987, the scientific advisory panel of the New York State Power Lines Project issued a final report of the five-year, five-million-dollar research program that had been undertaken as a result of an agreement between the New York State Public Service Commission (P.S.C.) and the Power Authority of the State of New York, following power-line hearings that ended in 1977. The report was entitled "Biological Effects of Power Line Fields," and it was poorly organized, equivocal in its assessments, and contradictory in its conclusions; it was apparently designed to persuade the public that sixty-hertz radiation could cause only a few effects, and that the significance of those effects would have to await further study. The report's flaws emerged in the introductory "Non-Technical Summary." The lead paragraph declared that most of the research groups in the study program had reported "no effects of concern." (The fact was that no fewer than twelve of the seventeen projects in the research program had reported statistically significant biological effects, but the members of the scientific advisory panel did not get around to acknowledging this until much later in their report.) The second paragraph said that there were some "small but consistent" changes in behavior and brain function, and that changes had been observed in the ability of rats to learn. The third, and final, paragraph read:

> A more serious concern comes from a study of cancer in children suggesting that children with leukemia and brain cancer are more likely to live in homes where there are elevated 60-Hz magnetic field levels than are children who do not have cancer. Although much more research is needed before the question whether the magnetic fields actually cause or promote cancer can be resolved, the basis for such an hypothesis is now established. At this time no risk assessments can be made because only four studies of this question have been made and the two which report an association are from the same geographic region. More research on cancer as a function of magnetic fields is needed, both in homes and for on-the-job exposure.

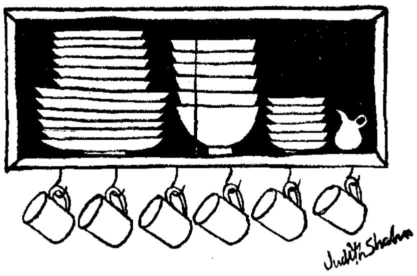
At the bottom of page 85 of their report, the members of the scientific advisory panel concluded that if the wiring-code distribution that had been observed by Savitz in Denver proved to be valid for other parts of the nation, and if the assumption that magnetic fields cause cancer in children held true, "this would mean that 10-15% of all childhood cancer cases are attributable to magnetic fields." In the final section of their report, though, they performed an intricate dance of avoidance on the hot coals of this astonishing possibility. "Research sponsored by this project and related research has demonstrated a variety of effects of electrical and magnetic fields," they wrote. "These findings do not readily translate into concrete regulatory recommendations on width of right-of-way, line heights, or location of lines near homes."

In refusing to draw any conclusions from the research undertaken by the Power Lines Project, the scientific advisory panel was leaving the unpleasant task of recommending preventive measures to a six-member Power Lines Project evaluation task force, which was made up of staff members of the P.S.C. On January 11, 1988, after studying the problem for several months, the task force sent the Public Service Commissioners a twenty-nine-page report analyzing the scientific advisory panel's final report. At the beginning of the new report, the task-force members took note of the P.S.C.'s ten-year-old decision that the strength of the electric field at the edge of all future transmission-line rights-of-way should not exceed sixteen hundred volts per metre, and that there would be a moratorium on higher electric fields until the results of the Power Lines Project research programs could be further evaluated. They also noted that in 1978 the commissioners had selected the interim sixteen-hundred-volt-per-metre limit so that "the risks, if any, of long-term exposure to transmission line electric fields would be no greater than those which society has implicitly accepted of long-term exposure to the 345 kV lines operating for many years throughout the State." Under the heading "Project Results" they passed on to the commissioners the equivocal evaluation that had been made by the members of the scientific advisory panel:

> Twelve of the 17 projects reported statistically significant biological effects under certain sets of laboratory test conditions. However, neither the researchers nor the Panel identified any adverse human health effects from the laboratory studies. Although the sponsored research and other research reviewed by the Panel demonstrated a variety of subtle effects of electric and magnetic fields, the Panel was unable to make any concrete regulatory recommendations on width of rights-of-way, line heights, or location of lines near homes. Because most of the experiments used high field levels typical of transmission line rights-of-way, most researchers were not able to examine whether an effect persisted at lower field intensities or whether there was a threshold below which an effect disappeared.

The last sentence was scientifically suspect, for two reasons. First, high levels of exposure—whether to toxic chemicals, asbestos, or radiation—are used in animal experiments to increase the possibility that biological effects, if they are to occur, will occur in the relatively few rats, rabbits, or guinea pigs that are available for study. The high-dose observations in the test animals can then be extrapolated mathematically to equate the lower-dose levels to which a huge human population may be exposed. Second, the fact that most researchers were unable to determine whether the effect persisted at lower levels was irrelevant, because, as a simple matter of prudent public-health policy, the panel and the task force should have assumed that the effect *would* persist at lower levels, and should have held to that assumption until it had been conclusively demonstrated that the effect did not. A further absurdity of the panel's caveat was revealed two pages later, when the authors of the task-force report repeated the estimate that ten to fifteen per cent of all childhood cancer cases might be attributable to the magnetic fields found in many homes.

The six members of the task force did not venture to say whether they believed that parents had "implicitly accepted" the extraordinary potential risk of childhood cancer—a risk associated with exposure to magnetic fields of only two and a half milligauss—in the same way that they were supposed to have recognized and accepted the hazard of long-term exposure to magnetic fields in the hundreds of milligauss from 345-kilovolt power lines. Instead, they chose to cite a form letter that Dr. Carpenter, the executive secretary of the Power Lines Project, had been sending out in response to inquiries about the Savitz study. In his letter Carpenter pointed out that children who live in homes where parents smoke face a far greater risk of developing cancer than they face from the effects of magnetic fields. Invoking parental cigarette smoking to diminish concern about childhood exposure to alternating-current magnetic fields is hardly scientific, not the least of the reasons being that children exposed to magnetic fields are prone to develop leukemia, lymphoma, and cancer of the brain (as Carpenter himself had pointed out at the E.E.P.A. meeting), not lung cancer.



In the end, the members of the task force advised the commissioners to continue the ten-year-old interim electric-field standard of sixteen hundred volts per metre at the edge of transmission-line rights-of-way, and recommended that they "adopt an interim edge of right-of-way magnetic field standard to ensure that future transmission lines do not produce magnetic fields greater than the fields typical of the many existing 345 kV lines operating throughout the state." They then undertook to defend their recommendation with this tortured paragraph:

> Central in the minds of individuals familiar with the Power Lines Project is the epidemiological study of childhood cancer. Clearly, if this research had established a causal link between cancer and magnetic field exposure, a careful risk assessment (to put the increased risk of cancer in proper perspective compared to other risks society tolerates) and appropriate regulatory action would be required. Further, because the magnetic fields associated with the increased cancer risk (on the order of 2.5 milligauss) are equivalent to those found in many homes, the appropriate regulatory response could involve fundamental changes in the way electrical energy is distributed and used in society. But a causal link has not been established. Additional research in this area is needed.

In the last three pages of the report, the task force not only concurred with the panel's conclusion that the findings of the Power Lines Project's research program "do not readily translate into concrete regulatory recommendations on width of rights-of-way, line heights, or location of lines near homes" but declared that the research "revealed no evidence that magnetic fields pose a health hazard." This highly dubious assertion paved the way for the final two paragraphs of the report. The first paragraph read:

> An interim magnetic field standard should ensure that magnetic fields at the edge of future transmission line rights-of-way are no greater than the fields typical of the many existing 345 kV lines operating throughout the State. Based on a limited number of measurements of transmission lines in New York State, the proper interim limit may be about 100 milligauss. However, if the Commission chooses to adopt an interim magnetic field standard, additional information about existing transmission lines would be needed to determine the proper interim magnetic field

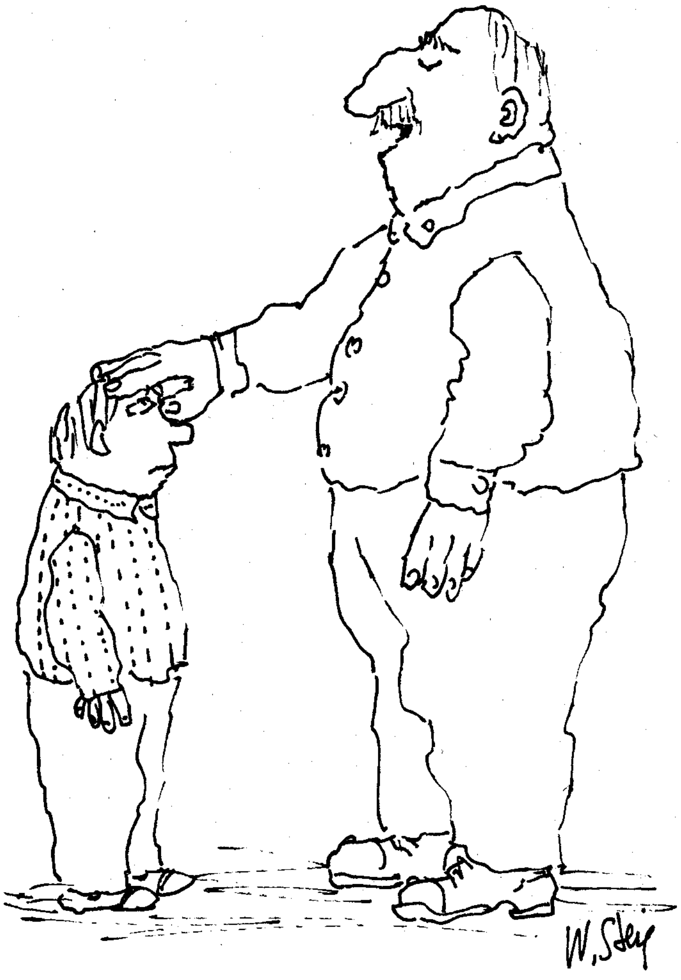
> limit. Since the limit would not be directly related to biological effects, information about the effects of magnetic fields would not be required.

Because the last sentence of this paragraph might cause anyone to wonder what an interim magnetic-field limit could be directly related to, if not to the biological effects of magnetic fields, the task force gave a final paragraph of advice to the Public Service Commissioners, which brought them full circle to the conclusion that the commissioners themselves had reached ten years earlier:

> If a magnetic field limit is adopted, it should be made clear that magnetic fields have not been shown to be hazardous and that the purpose of the limit is to ensure that exposures to magnetic fields in future transmission line designs would be no greater than those which society has implicitly accepted for the 345 kV lines operating for many years throughout New York State.

On February 24, 1988, the Public Service Commissioners met in Albany and issued an order continuing the ten-year-old transmission-line electric-field standard and directing that an interim magnetic-field standard be developed. The commissioners noted that their staff had suggested an interim limit of one hundred milligauss, but said that additional information about the magnetic-field strength of existing transmission lines was needed before the standard could be set. As a result, the commissioners announced that they would convene a technical conference and direct New York State's electric utilities to provide data concerning the magnetic fields being generated by the state's 345-kilovolt transmission lines. Their next sentence indicated that they, too, had decided to participate in the ballet: "Other parties will be welcome to participate in this conference, but since the interim standard will not be directly related to biological effects, information about the effects of magnetic fields will not be considered at the conference." As if concerned that they might be accused of failing to protect the civil rights of magnetic fields, they added that "although we are considering the option of an interim magnetic-field standard, we emphasize that magnetic fields have not been shown to be hazardous, and that the purpose of any standard would be to ensure that exposures to magnetic fields in future transmission line designs would be no greater than those which now exist for the many 345 kV lines operating for years throughout New York State."

What would have been laughable about such posturing were its consequences not so potentially disastrous was that the interim standard the commissioners were considering was not only thirty to fifty times as great as the magnetic-field levels demonstrated to be associated with a twofold increase in the development of fatal cancer in children but also far greater than the alternating-current magnetic fields that were being generated by thousands upon thousands of miles of ordinary low-voltage distribution lines throughout New York State. Indeed, such fields undoubtedly exist in many homes, residential neighborhoods, school buildings, and business districts from one end of the state to the other.



Accolade

WHILE the New York Public Service Commission was failing to deal with the power-line problem, Congress did take a belated step toward coming to grips with it. On October 6, 1987, the House Subcommittee on Water and Power Resources, whose chairman was Representative George Miller, a Democrat from California, held a one-day hearing on the health risks associated with transmission lines. At that time, Dr. Robert O. Becker, who had warned the P.S.C. nearly fourteen years earlier about Navy research showing that ELF radiation could cause adverse biological effects, together with Jerry Phillips, David Savitz, and Ross Adey, called for a congressionally mandated research program that would be conducted by a team of appropriately skilled and independent scientists. The subcommittee members then heard testimony from Dr. Leonard Sagan, the manager of EPRI's radiation-studies program, who told them that Savitz's replication of Wertheimer's childhood-cancer study was not clear-cut or conclusive. "All we know about the exposure of those children was the size of the lines passing the house," Sagan said. "We don't know about electric blankets, or hair blowers, or what they experienced at school or elsewhere. So there is a good deal of uncertainty in our minds."

In addition to uncertainty, there was apparently a good deal of apprehension in the minds of Sagan and his colleagues at EPRI. Ten months earlier, an EPRI senior vice-president was said to have described the debate over the health effects of power-line radiation as "a jugular issue for the industry," and Sagan himself had been quoted in the December 3, 1986, issue of the *Energy Daily*, a utility-industry newsletter, as saying that the link between transmission lines and cancer was worrying the industry and needed to be resolved. "Lawyers know about this stuff," he told the newsletter. "Reporters will know about it soon enough. We don't have a choice."

When the hearing was over, Representative Miller wrote to Sagan and other witnesses, asking them to follow up their testimony by supplying written answers to a number of detailed questions. "In 1979, Dr. Nancy Wertheimer found results which some considered startling," Miller wrote in his letter to Sagan. "Why didn't EPRI agree to fund a repeat of the Wertheimer study to confirm or deny her findings?"

Sagan's response to Miller's question seemed both evasive and misleading. "EPRI was not asked to fund a repeat of the Wertheimer study," he maintained. "We chose not to take an initiative to repeat this work because the New York Power Lines Project undertook a replication, the results of which are now available." Sagan not only failed to tell Miller that EPRI had attempted to discredit Wertheimer's study but also neglected to mention that back in 1982 EPRI had sent a highly critical (and, it turned out, inaccurate) assessment of her findings to the scientific-research coördinator of the Power Lines Project, whose scientific advisory panel was then in the process of deciding whether to replicate her work.

DURING 1988, an important legal battle over power lines began in Goshen, New York, where fifty-eight landowners had filed a sixty-six-million-five-hundred-thousand-dollar lawsuit in the New York State Court of Claims against the New York Power Authority, as the Power Authority of the State of New York was now called. The plaintiffs in the case alleged that a two-hundred-and-seven-mile-long, 345-kilovolt transmission line, called the Marcy South line, which the Power Authority had built from Marcy, in Oneida County, to East Fishkill, in Dutchess County, and had gone into operation in May of 1988, had created a "cancer corridor," which had destroyed the market value of the land adjacent to its right-of-way.

In preparation for the trial, Crowell & Moring, a law firm in Washington, D.C., that represents the Power Authority, hired eight scientists as expert witnesses. They submitted written testimony in June that no significant health effects would result from exposure to the Marcy South line. According to *Microwave News*, none of those scientists had ever performed any research on the biological effects of sixty-hertz electric or magnetic fields. In the July/August issue of the newsletter, Slesin provided a synopsis of the conclusions that seven of the eight had drawn in their written testimony.

Dr. Stuart Aaronson, the chief of the laboratory of cellular and molecular biology at the National Cancer Institute (a division of the National Institutes of Health), in Bethesda, Maryland, reported that there was "no scientific basis for concluding that power frequency electric and magnetic fields induce any consistent effects on cell growth properties in culture or in vivo that are associated with the acquisition of malignant properties." (In arriving at this opinion, Aaronson declared that Jerry Phillips' studies showing that cultured human cancer cells proliferate in the presence of such fields were seriously flawed.)

Dr. Richard Bockman, a researcher and attending physician at the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, in New York City, stated that "no endocrine or metabolic disorders can be demonstrated in animals or man exposed to EMF fields at the levels generated by electric power lines." (His statement ignored studies conducted by Richard Phillips and his associates at Battelle, showing that ELF radiation could inhibit the pineal gland's secretion of melatonin, the hormone that regulates circadian rhythms and has been shown to inhibit tumor growth.)

Roswell Boutwell, a professor in the Department of Oncology of the University of Wisconsin, in Madison, concluded that "there is no scientific basis for the assertion that power frequency electric and/or magnetic fields are either cancer initiators or promoters." (This ran counter to the conclusions drawn by Wertheimer, Milham, and Savitz on the basis of their epidemiological studies, and by Adey, Jerry Phillips, and others on the basis of experimental investigations.)

Dr. Edmund A. Egan II, a professor of pediatrics and physiology at the University of Buffalo, concluded, "with confidence," that "electric and magnetic fields associated with electric power generation, transmission and use have had no ill effects on reproduction or prenatal development." (He found himself able to draw this conclusion despite the fact that the three-generation mouse study conducted by Andrew Marino, the biophysicist who had played an instrumental role in the New York State power-line hearings, had been partly confirmed by the three-generation swine study and other experiments conducted by Richard Phillips, at Battelle.)

Dr. Lucius Sinks, a specialist in pediatric cancer at the National Cancer Institute, reported that "after consideration of genetics, hematology, immunology, and epidemiology taken as a whole, it is my opinion that there is no causal relationship between exposure to power frequency electric and magnetic fields and childhood cancer." (Sinks arrived at this opinion despite the fact that three out of the four studies of childhood cancer published in the medical literature have shown an association between cancer in children and their exposure to alternating magnetic fields from nearby electrical-distribution lines.)

Dr. Margaret Tucker, an epidemiologist at the National Cancer Institute, declared that research had yielded "no persuasive scientific evidence of increased risk of cancer in children or adults from exposure to power frequency electric and/or magnetic fields." (Tucker has also testified in behalf of the Potomac Electric Power Company in a hearing involving a 500-kilovolt power line in Maryland; in behalf of the Mississippi Power Company in another lawsuit involving power-line radiation; and in behalf of utilities in Colorado and Arizona.)

Herbert S. Terrace, a professor in the Department of Psychology of Columbia University, reported, "Efforts to show that power frequency electric fields influence the performance of learned behavior have proved nil." (Professor Terrace's review failed to include a study that had been conducted for the New York State Power Lines Project by Kurt Salzinger, of Polytechnic University, in Brooklyn, who had found significant permanent changes in the learning ability and performance of rats exposed in utero and after birth to sixty-hertz electric and magnetic fields. Terrace told *Microwave News* that he had read Salzinger's study but had "theoretical and procedural" problems with it.)

The trial opened, before Judge Peter A. McCabe, on September 8, 1988. In a pretrial report Professor Chatkoff, of the University of Texas, had testified for the plaintiffs that a magnetic field of three milligauss or more in strength would be present at a distance of five hundred feet or more from the Marcy South line. At the trial, Andrew Marino testified that in his opinion no institutional review board in the United States would approve an experiment in which human beings were exposed to such electromagnetic fields if their informed consent had not first been obtained. Jerry Phillips testified about his experiments showing that cultured human cancer cells proliferate when they are exposed to power-line electric and magnetic fields. Dr. Harris Busch, the oncologist, said he believed that it was "dangerous" to live in an area where the magnetic-field strength was three milligauss or more. The final witness for the landowner plaintiffs was Dr. Lennart Tomenius. He described his study linking childhood cancer in Sweden with exposure to power lines, and also stated that he believed three milligauss to be a hazardous level of exposure.

Professor Terrace testified in behalf of the New York Power Authority that there was no reasonable scientific basis for people to fear transmission lines. When he was asked whether any of the studies he had reviewed had found negative effects in animals, he replied, "None whatsoever." Terrace's opinion was supported by Dr. Kenneth Zaner, an assistant professor of medicine at the Harvard Medical School. He testified that from a biophysical point of view there was no evidence of a health risk from power-line electric and magnetic fields.

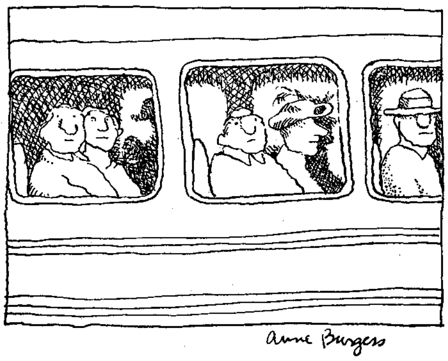
During the autumn, the Power Authority complied with a request from Louis Slesin that it inform him of the exact amount that it had paid to each of its expert witnesses, and Slesin published the tally in *Microwave News*. Dr. Aaronson, of the National Cancer Institute, received $70,250.98 for his testimony; Dr. Bockman, of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, $56,950.70; Boutwell, of the University of Wisconsin, $74,256.74; Dr. Egan, of the University of Buffalo, $24,338.92; Dr. Sinks, of the National Cancer Institute, $41,083.42; Terrace, of Columbia University, $54,153.69; Dr. Zaner, of the Harvard Medical School, $33,512.74; and Dr. Tucker, of the National Cancer Institute, $12,978.04 on the basis of preliminary billing.

The total amount of money that was paid to those eight witnesses was over three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The plaintiffs paid their five witnesses a total of just over sixty thousand dollars: Dr. Busch received twenty thousand dollars; Chatkoff between six thousand and seven thousand dollars; Marino twenty thousand dollars; Phillips approximately six thousand five hundred dollars; and Dr. Tomenius nine thousand dollars.

On December 29, 1988, Ross Adey wrote a letter to Dr. James B. Wyngaarden, the director of the National Institutes of Health (N.I.H.), in Bethesda, telling him that Drs. Aaronson, Sinks, and Tucker, of the National Cancer Institute, had testified at the trial, and how much they had been paid for doing so. (Adey also informed Wyngaarden that Dr. Mark Israel, the chief of the National Cancer Institute's Molecular Genetics Section, had testified for a power company.) He then quoted from N.I.H. regulations dealing with outside work and activities, which state, "Total compensation from consulting with profit-making organizations, including industry and law firms, and from testimony in private litigation, is limited to $25,000 per year, with no more than $12,500 from any individual or law firm."

After reminding Wyngaarden that the National Cancer Institute was planning to study the association between childhood leukemia and electromagnetic fields, Adey said that the N.I.H. scientists who testified at the Goshen trial "as hirelings of vested interests" had clearly called into question the National Cancer Institute's ability to conduct or oversee objective research into the problem.

Early in February of 1989, Adey received a reply from Wyngaarden, saying that he had initiated a "full review" of the circumstances Adey had cited in his letter. The review did not begin until late May, however. Meanwhile, no one has explained how the National Cancer Institute can participate in an objective assessment of childhood leukemia and power-line radiation when several of its leading researchers have testified under oath that there could not possibly be a link between the two.

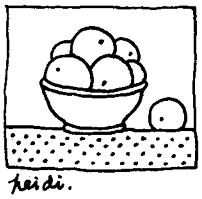


OVER the years, community opposition to power lines has been mounted in many states. Perhaps the most successful was organized in the summer and the autumn of 1987 by Citizens Against Overhead Power Lines, Inc., a group of homeowners in the Highline area of South Seattle, in Washington State. They waged a campaign against a proposal by Seattle City Light to construct a pair of two-and-a-half-mile-long, 230-kilovolt power lines on either side of State Route 509, between the city's South Ninety-eighth and South 136th Streets.

In May of 1986, City Light had recommended that the two power lines be constructed, and had issued an environmental-impact statement to support the recommendation. Anyone who took the time and trouble to read those portions of the statement which described magnetic fields that had been measured and estimated by the Bellevue, Washington, engineering and consulting firm of Wilsey & Ham might well have been alarmed by the firm's assessment of field strengths given out by the ordinary electrical-distribution lines that had been serving neighborhoods in South Seattle for many years. Over five hundred homes in the area were estimated to contain fields of more than five milligauss, and nearly two hundred of those homes were estimated to have fields of between ten and nineteen milligauss. The magnetic-field strengths on Fourteenth Avenue South were unusually strong, because a pair of high-current distribution feeder cables passed along the street. Wilsey & Ham had estimated that the lowest magnetic-field strength would be created if the proposed transmission lines were installed along Route 509, and that estimate undoubtedly accounted for City Light's recommendation that they be placed there.

As for the health hazards associated with these magnetic fields, City Light's impact statement offered little comfort. It said that the possibility of a correlation between magnetic-field exposure and cancer could not be dismissed, and it acknowledged that the magnetic fields that would be produced between a hundred and a hundred and fifty feet from the proposed lines would be "stronger than the fields implicated in the early epidemiologic studies."

On June 29, 1987, the Seattle City Council met and voted seven to one to accept City Light's environmental-impact statement and its recommendation that the transmission lines be built along State Route 509. By that time, a small group of Highline residents, led by Thomas Manley, a retired teamster who lived on South 136th Street, had begun to get in touch with families living along Route 509 and to organize Citizens Against Overhead Power Lines, Inc. Only eighteen people attended the group's first meeting, in July, but by November a hundred and fifty families had become members. On December 1st, Manley wrote to Governor Booth Gardner, pointing out that although City Light's own impact statement had revealed a possible connection between electromagnetic radiation from power lines and brain damage and childhood cancer, the utility had taken the position that it was an "acceptable risk" to build high-voltage power lines within a few feet of residential dwellings. Manley asked for the Governor's help "to avoid harming children, and to save the City and State the huge expense of future litigation and potential liability."



By then, City Light had mounted a campaign to counter the appeals made by Manley's group. The campaign relied in part on the discredited notion that household electrical appliances were more dangerous than power lines. On November 29th, Dennis Gray, the manager of systems engineering for the utility, told the Highline *Times* that a 230-kilovolt transmission line would create a magnetic field of thirty-three milligauss ten feet inside some property lines, whereas a toaster created a magnetic field of one hundred milligauss and an electric mixer a field of eight thousand milligauss. He did not point out that the magnetic fields from toasters and mixers fall off sharply with distance, and, because they are present only sporadically in homes, do not constitute a source of chronic exposure.

By the end of the year, City Light was having second thoughts about the project, and on January 7, 1988, Randall W. Hardy, the superintendent of the utility, wrote a letter to Norman Rice, the chairman of the City Council's energy committee, telling him that City Light was proposing a delay in the construction of the Highline substation and the connecting 230-kilovolt transmission lines. Two weeks later, Clyde L. Slemmer, a project-development engineer for the Washington State Department of Transportation, wrote Hardy to tell him that the state would not approve City Light's request for a franchise to construct overhead transmission lines on Route 509, because of traffic safety considerations, obstructions of possible highway expansion by the poles, public opposition to the proposal, and concerns about long-term health effects. "Last but not least, we are concerned about possible litigation and our required hold harmless provisions," Slemmer told Hardy. "We are not sure how the City of Seattle could hold us harmless from litigation on accident or health effects claims and who would pay the costs of litigation and judgments."

What Slemmer did not fully address, but what promises to become a major legal problem, is who can be held liable for claims involving cancer and other health problems that may be caused by the electric and magnetic fields that are given off by high-current wires in neighborhood distribution systems across the nation. In addition, what will be the extent of liability for future claims involving cancer and other illnesses that may result from exposure to the low-level fields emanating from PAVE PAWS and other radars, and from electric blankets, electric mattress pads, and electrically heated water beds? Moreover, what will be the liability of the nation's vast computer industry for claims arising from illnesses that may be caused by exposure to the low-level electric and magnetic fields that are known to be produced by video-display terminals, of which there are now some thirty million in use in the United States alone?

—PAUL BRODEUR

(This is the second part of a three-part article.)

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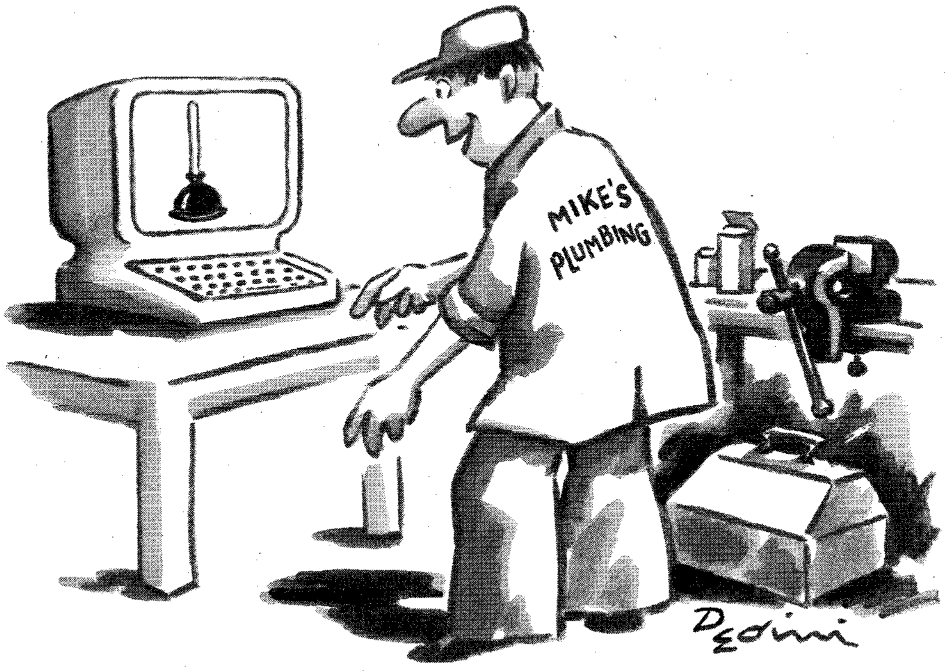
The Chocolate Soldier

THE Roundabout is presenting a satisfactory revival of Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," under the expert direction of Frank Hauser—or better than satisfactory, to be fair, with the casting of Daniel Gerroll, a Shavian to his marrow, in the role of Bluntschli. "Satisfactory" will almost do it, though, because "Arms and the Man," a satire whose targets are, among others, romantic notions about the military, is so sharp and funny that it practically runs on its own steam. The time is 1885, during a war between the Bulgarians and the Servians. The action begins in the middle of the night in the lavish bedroom of a young Bulgarian beauty named Raina. A window opens, and in comes Captain Bluntschli, worn, unshaven, and on the run. He is a Swiss mercenary in the employ of the Servians, and Raina, frightened at first, becomes fascinated by his down-to-earth manner and his rejection of heroics. When he falls asleep, exhausted, on her bed, she decides to let him stay for the night. This Bluntschli, the embodiment of Shaw's humor and high spirits, stuffs his cartridge belt with chocolates instead of bullets, and is annoyed, though no more than that, that his regiment has just lost a battle through an absurd error. His antithesis is Raina's fiancé, Sergius, a major in the Bulgarian Army, which has won the battle. Sergius is a swashbuckler, formal and correct with Raina and her family, but with an eye for their pert servant girl, Louka. She, in turn, is engaged to the butler, but not what you'd call attached to him. The action proceeds at a clip, jokes abound, and the company, as a whole, does well enough. No chance for humor or feeling or enlightenment gets past Mr. Gerroll; Roma Downey is a pretty, strong-minded Raina; and Christopher Noth meets the requirements for Sergius. Among the others are Barbara Andres (mother), MacIntyre Dixon (military father), Catherine Christianson (maid), and Yusef Bulos (butler). The fine settings and costumes were designed by Franco Colavecchia and A. Christina Giannini, respectively, and the lighting is by F. Mitchell Dana.

"Arms and the Man" was the first of Shaw's "pleasant" plays, and was done originally in London in 1894, and in New York, with Richard Mansfield, later that year. Among Mr. Gerroll's predecessors in the role of Bluntschli were Arnold Daly, Alfred Lunt, and Ralph Richardson; he is worthy of their company. One sour note: the acoustics at the Roundabout are abominable; even in the fifth row, on the side, I had to strain to catch all the words.



"Got it!"

John Godber's "Up 'n' Under," at the Hudson Guild, tells the story (sort of) of a pickup rugby team in a village in Yorkshire which, on a bet, is pitted against a champion team and almost pulls it off. To an American audience, the show is perforce more documentary than play, as much of it takes place in a gym where the men do their training, and their conversations stick mostly to rugby. The dramatic ancestor is, of course, David Storey's "The Changing Room," but "Up 'n' Under" has little of that play's passion and strength. Nevertheless, the scenes are effective—notably one, near the end, in which Ivar Brogger, as the town butcher, softly and sadly sings "Bye-Bye, Blackbird"; the game itself, or such snatches of it as are on view, is done in pantomime. The acting throughout, under the direction of Geoffrey Sherman, is right; the actors, besides Mr. Brogger, are John Curless, Ray Collins, Fredrick Hahn, Edmund Lewis, and Elaine Rinehart (trainer and co-player, which seems odd). Listening to their accents, whether native or acquired, I realized that North of England speech sounds no stranger to our ears these days than that of Olde Brooklyn. —Edith Oliver

The Manhattan Traviata

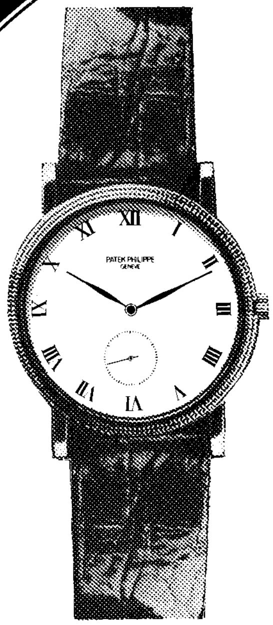
Mendy and Stephen, the two heroes of Terrence McNally's "The Lisbon Traviata," are opera aficionados. They favor Callas over Tebaldi and could match wits with anyone in generating rude remarks about Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Beverly Sills, Christa Ludwig, Renata Scotto, Teresa Stratas, Dame Janet Baker, and, particularly, Risë Stevens (not to mention people who favor Tebaldi over Callas). The two differ to the extent that Stephen (Anthony Heald) knows the actual date of a specific Callas performance, while Mendy (Nathan Lane) tends to remember only the year and place, but the difference is typical of their personalities. Mendy is warm and helpless and sloppy as much in his life as in his listening habits: he scratches his albums, and buys recordings without knowing whether he'll like them, but when he is listening to Callas—or Maria, as the two men refer to her—he seems genuinely swept away. Stephen, who radiates a surface smugness, seems never to be really listening to opera but to be generally more in control of his life.

"The Lisbon Traviata," which opened last week at the Manhattan Theatre Club, in a superb production directed by John Tillinger, is only partly a play for and about opera buffs. Though in bitchiness and hilarity it does for opera what McNally's "It's Only a Play" did for the world of New York theatre, it has a governing conceit that raises it above the level of coterie entertainment. When Stephen, toward the beginning of the play, mentions a particular rare and obscure Callas recording, Mendy becomes frantic to hear it. As it happens, the Lisbon "Traviata" isn't the only thing Stephen has that Mendy wants: he also has a stable relationship with a wonderful man whom Mendy feels *he* might have loved. Actually, the coveted recording is readily available in the apartment Stephen shares with Mike, only eight blocks away. But their place is temporarily off limits, for reasons that make his relationship with his lover sound less and less idyllic.

So cleverly has McNally constructed this first act of his play that the more we find ourselves worrying about the circumstances of Stephen's personal life—which impinge directly on the inaccessibility of the Lisbon "Traviata" —the funnier Mendy's anxiety to get hold of the recording becomes. Meanwhile, the recording becomes a vehicle for exploring a certain kind of obsession—the opera queen's. The Violetta that Callas sang in Portugal, we learn, wasn't even especially good. (We're told that the one she did in London, later that same year, was infinitely superior.) But quality isn't really the point; if the thing is there, if it exists, one wants to have heard it.

In McNally's hands, the rare recording becomes a symbol of the jadedness that comes from an insatiable desire to have every variety of a particular category of experience. For the man obsessed with opera, there is always the thought of yet another performance—just as there is for the balletomane, just as there is always another poker hand for the obsessive gambler. The difference, in the case of opera, is that there is a concrete reminder and proof of the missed experience, in the shape of the recording.

Throughout the first act of "The



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Lisbon Traviata," if McNally uses the idea of the recording as a metaphor for the untasted experience that may always be lying just over the horizon he also uses it as the basis for high comedy. Act II turns serious, taking us to Stephen's apartment, where his lover, Mike (Dan Butler), has spent the night with someone else. This in itself does not come as a surprise—we've known about Mike's "trick" (John Slattery) since the middle of Act I. What Act II discloses is the gravity of the affair. One's primary interest here lies not so much in revelations about Stephen's domestic situation as in revelations about his personality. Qualities in Stephen that Act I merely hinted at are writ large in Act II, making it clear why Mike is leaving him. At the same time, traits that made Stephen unsympathetic—the smugness and self-sufficiency, the one-upmanship and mirthless attention to detail—begin to seem like camouflage. Next to Mendy, with his tantrums and infantile rages, he had seemed stable and composed. As Stephen's Act II petulance over Mike's liaison begins to mirror Mendy's Act I petulance over the Lisbon "Traviata," we begin to realize that the two men have really been singing the same aria in different keys.

A good deal of deft writing has gone into the second act, and if it weren't for a few late lapses in taste—where sexual frankness for the sake of frankness becomes an imposition on the audience—"The Lisbon Traviata" would be an almost perfect play until ten minutes before the end. Then everything goes haywire: Stephen pulls a knife on his lover, and—death before desertion—the play ends on a note of tragedy and betrayal. That McNally wanted his second act to bear the same relation to his first that opera seria bears to opera buffa is clear. The trouble is that the material of "The Lisbon Traviata" is not the stuff of which grand opera is made. For one thing, the music isn't there. For another, McNally's concerns are essentially those of comedy: domestic comedy, yes; seriocomedy, perhaps; but, in any event, something that promises a happy tying up of ends, not melodrama and mayhem. Unsurprisingly, McNally's violent finale proves difficult to pull off—even for this cast and this director—though Tillinger does manage a little divisionary staging, spellbindingly confining the action in the play's closing moments to an ever-narrowing space on Philipp Jung's handsome set. By this time, though, Mr. Heald, who has been giving his most complex and sophisticated performance to date, begins to look actorly and uncomfortable. Mr. Lane, who in recent seasons has come to specialize in complex, sophisticated roles, fares better, giving what is probably his best performance since "The Film Society." But then Mr. Lane doesn't have that final scene to get through.

As a matter of fact, after Act I we never see Mr. Lane again. We hear his voice occasionally, over an answering-machine loudspeaker, nattering on about that Callas recording, but Mendy never reappears, and that is strange: everything about the structure of the play suggests that he will. Mike bursts in upon Mendy and Stephen in Act I—bringing what turns out to be the wrong "Traviata"; it's natural to suppose that Act II will end with Mendy bursting in on Stephen and Mike in search of the right one.

I sat through McNally's play without knowing whether Maria Callas ever actually gave a "Traviata" in Portugal and, if so, whether a recording of the performance exists. The fact is that she did and it does. This seems to me to be the key to the problem. Given the use McNally has made of the opera-recording metaphor—its meanings and resonances as well as its revelations about character and humanity—it's easy to imagine a "Lisbon Traviata" that ends with Mendy's discovery that the sought-after recording doesn't exist. Mendy and Stephen are as much foils for each other as equal partners in the drama: we want a final confrontation between them; we want to witness Mendy's recognition that the two obscure objects of his desire are equally mythical.

It's McNally's title, rather than his notion of having the action of his play echo tragic opera, that's too good to sacrifice. I've sat up nights trying to think of a city where "Maria" didn't perform "Traviata," yet whose name would carry the same combination of music, mystery, and foreboding. Alas, even to the untrained ear nothing sounds quite so good as "The Lisbon Traviata."

—Mimi Kramer

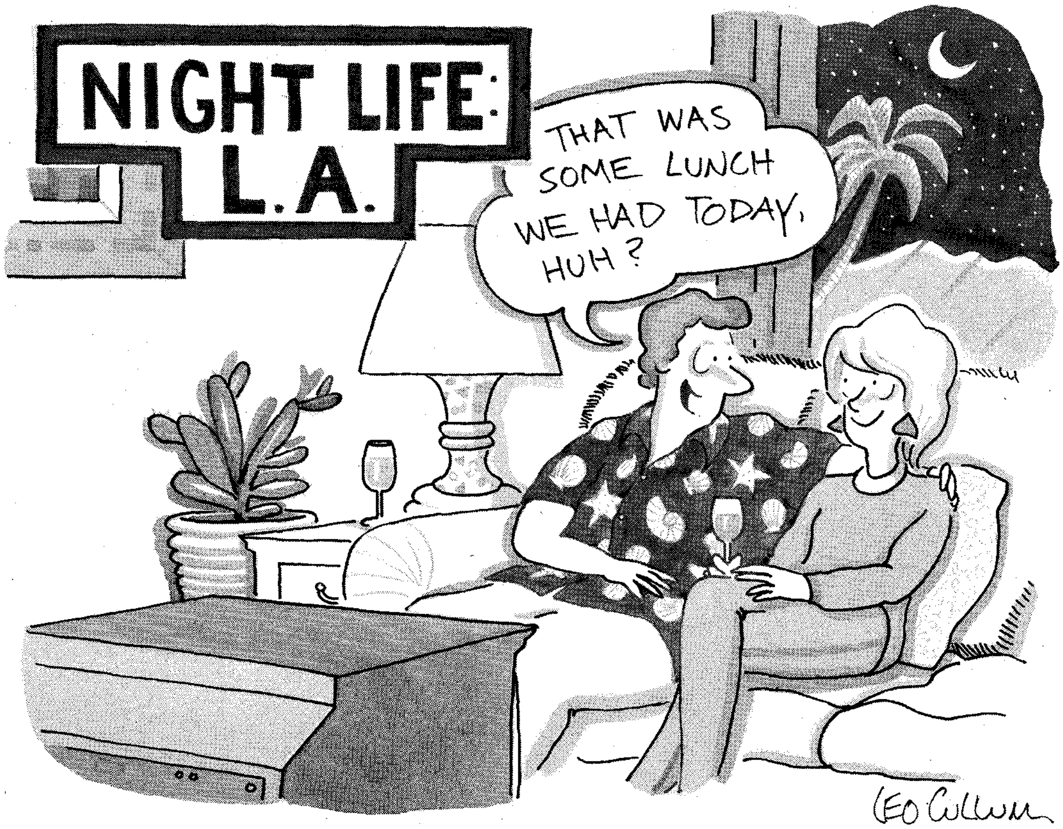
AROUND CITY HALL

GOING . . .

TO run a mayoral reëlection campaign, as Edward Koch is now doing, on a platform of business as usual and the promise of the same faces at the old stand is not easy at a time when local voters are being bombarded with reports from all over the world of dramatic change, upheaval, new ideas replacing old ones, and young forces challenging leaders who are described in drumbeat commentaries as having tried to cling to power too long. The major news out of Washington lately has also been about moving out, moving on, new leaders, and the need for reform of the old ways—not a helpful accompaniment to a candidate who keeps saying that the voters' obligation is to reject new figures on the political scene in favor of the old tried-and-true.

On a less portentous level, the sense of upheaval has been evident even on the local sports scene. The occasion for the headline "ESPO'S A GONER" in the *Daily News* on May 25th was the firing of Phil Esposito after he had had fourteen years of association with the New York Rangers, having started out as a player and, during the last three years, served as general manager. The dismissal came after what the club's owners said was "an overall evaluation of the organization." The Rangers made the National Hockey League playoffs this year but then lost four out of four in the playoffs. It would all have been different if "we could have won," Esposito told reporters sadly. Sports commentators dwelt at length on his departure's representing the end of an era, and referred to "the Esposito years." Five days later, "END OF AN ERA" was a front-page headline in the *Post*. The veteran pitcher Tommy John had been released by the New York Yankees, although he was only twelve wins short of a three-hundred-victory record on the mound. "JOHN'S GONE" was the headline in *Newsday*, which also got up a chart that it called the "Tommy John Time Line." The time line showed that John had made his major-league début in 1963 ("President Kennedy assassinated"), had developed a bad left elbow in 1974—so bad that a doctor said he'd never pitch again ("President Nixon resigns"), had his best year (22–9) in 1980, the year before "Ronald Reagan becomes President," and had been dismissed in 1989 ("Students in China demonstrate for democracy"). In another development during the last days of last month, Rick Pitino, the coach of the New York Knicks, announced on May 31st that he was leaving the local basketball scene to be the coach at the University of Kentucky. ("PITINO: GOING, GOING . . ."—*Post*.) Commentators mentioned "the Pitino years," and even "the end of an era," although he'd been the Knicks coach for only two seasons. Trying to console New Yorkers for his desertion, Pitino assured local reporters that his new assignment proved that, as in "the Sinatra song, if you can make it in New York, you can make it anywhere."

Ethics is, of course, a subject with which the nation's capital has been obsessed in recent weeks. Pitino's announcement came on the day of House Speaker Jim Wright's celebrated farewell address; the next day's headlines all over the country might well have been "WRIGHT'S GONE." Problems of ethics are not unknown in basketball, and they are especially familiar at the University of Kentucky, which has been put on probation by the National Collegiate Athletic Association for serious violations of the association's rules. Asked if he would be carrying any unethical baggage of his own in dealing with such questions in his new venue, Pitino said confidently, "Mother Teresa can't coach basketball, but I feel I'm close to that." Possibly in deference to this comparison, when Pitino discussed his reasons for getting out of New York he did not dwell on the big money it would mean: close to a million dollars a year, or more than twice what the Knicks had been paying him. Instead, he referred often to Lexington, Kentucky, as providing a better atmosphere in which to bring up his family. He had complained that here his children were often taunted by classmates after the Knicks lost a game. He perhaps felt he could count on the prospect that in his new place of business, where the breaking of ethical rules in order to win at all costs had,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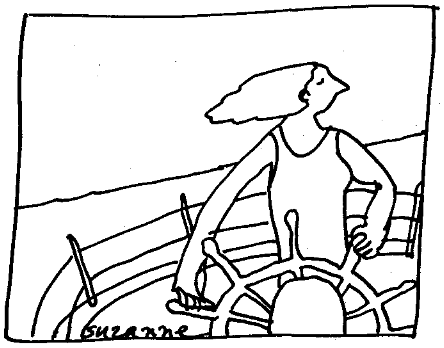
LEO CULLUM

according to the N.C.A.A., been widely tolerated, sneering at non-winners would be rejected as unmannerly. Although the field of sports is one in which the Mayor of New York is famously uninterested, there, too, the news is of change, recessional, and the looking about for new faces. This atmosphere is anything but a big plus for a veteran mayoral candidate who's been around for twelve years (some New Yorkers are already referring to them as "the Koch years") and whose message is that the proper way to resolve all the problems of the team—that is, of the city—is to renew his contract for still another four-year term.

Vince Lombardi's dictum "Winning is not everything. It's the only thing" is quoted as a great and worthy truism by many Americans everywhere, and not just those in and around New York City. However, Pitino, a native of Long Island, is no doubt aware that fans of the Islanders, that area's only major professional sports team, often try to unnerve the Rangers, their team's traditional enemies on the ice, by chanting from the stands, "Nineteen-forty! Nineteen-forty! Nineteen-forty!"—a reminder that that was the year the Rangers last won the Stanley Cup, hockey's equivalent of the World Series trophy, whereas the Islanders have won it four times in this decade. And, in fact, the man who has been this city's most powerful politician, Mayor Edward Koch, has during most of his career—for the most part successfully—used the word "loser" to denigrate his opponents. In the current mayoral election, he has suggested that all his rivals are losers, and that New Yorkers, going to the polls, should take advantage of this information to vote them down. The lineup of those running against the Mayor includes three Democrats and two Republicans. Among the Democrats is Manhattan Borough President David Dinkins, who, if elected, would be the city's first black mayor. During demonstrations on various issues in the early nineteen-eighties, local blacks sometimes chanted, "Nineteen eighty-five! Nineteen eighty-five! Nineteen eighty-five!"—a reminder that in that mayoral-election year they planned to bring down Koch, on whom they laid heavy responsibility for racial polarization in the city. The plan did not work out: in the general election of 1985, Koch got seventy-eight per cent of the vote. This year, black leaders and many of their white and Hispanic allies who would like to see Koch out of there have cut out most of the chanting and are far more united and better organized. Dinkins, an eminently civil man, appeals to many New Yorkers of all races. So far, the Dinkins forces have reason to be hopeful: polls show their candidate defeating Koch by five points in the Democratic primary in September. The other two Democrats who oppose the Mayor—Richard Ravitch, a local builder and businessman who has served capably as the head of several state agencies, including the Metropolitan Transit Authority, and Harrison Goldin, who has been a capable city comptroller for sixteen years—naturally hope to change the primary-poll numbers in their favor. One of the two Republicans opposing Koch is Ronald Lauder, the son of Estée Lauder, of the cosmetics empire. He is surely the only New York mayoral candidate ever to have taken time off from shaking hands and marching in ethnic parades (his mother, dressed to the nines, sometimes joins him) to negotiate for the purchase of two Fragonards reportedly costing thirty million dollars. The other Republican, Rudolph Giuliani, who was the United States Attorney here until January, would, according to early-May polls, defeat Dinkins in the general election or, if Koch should make it that far, would beat him by an even larger margin.

IT is not easy to portray all these men as losers. One way the Mayor tries to do so is by pointing out how far they fall short of measuring up to him. A ploy that he favors is to start by conceding generously that, at least to some degree, they could be seen as having qualities that approach what he calls "my vision," "my energy," "my integrity." When he gets to the words "my integrity," there may be a slight rumble, the beginning of the sound of a rude noise from his listeners, who are aware that his administration has been labelled—and not only by his mayoral opponents—the most corrupt in the city since Mayor Jimmy Walker's, or perhaps Boss Tweed's. Koch moves rapidly on, mentioning "my spirit," "my managerial ability." But none of these rivals, he then concludes triumphantly, has "my experience" as mayor. And indeed, although some might consider this pitch to be the last refuge of an incumbent, it is accurate. Not one of his six opponents has ever been mayor of New York. This would not have seemed to him such a persuasive argument in 1977, however, when he ran for mayor the first time, and his opponents included the incumbent Mayor Abraham Beame.

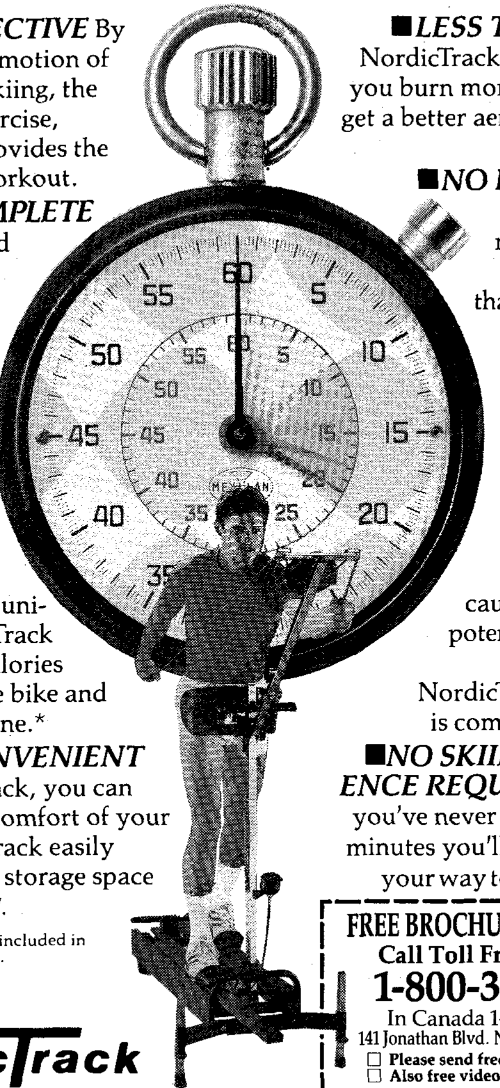


Koch's determination to label his opponents losers is odd in some respects, since the only time he lost when he ran for political office he took it very hard. In 1962, the year he turned thirty-eight, Koch made his first foray into elective politics, running for state assemblyman from his Greenwich Village district and losing to William Passannante, the incumbent. When the returns came in, he wept openly, apparently seeing the loss as a possible end to his political career. (Passannante remains in the State Assembly, having been reëlected every two years since; last month, he endorsed Ravitch for mayor.) Some people who have not thought much lately about the pain of political defeat can remember that in 1952, after Adlai Stevenson lost the race for the Presidency, he quoted Abraham Lincoln as saying, "I'm too old to cry. But it hurts too much to laugh." On one occasion, the Mayor's practice of dismissing his opponents as losers did not work out. In 1982, when he ran for the Democratic nomination for governor against Mario Cuomo, it was widely assumed—and affirmed by polls—that Cuomo, who had previously been defeated several times for elective office, would be snowed under by the popular Mayor. During the campaign, Koch constantly pointed out that Cuomo was a loser—even, he sometimes implied, "a born loser." It seems, however, that there must be many registered voters who see themselves as losers or in danger of sometime becoming losers. No one so far has quantified the losers' vote, but it is apparently substantial: Cuomo defeated

Koch by a six-point margin. The Mayor immediately persuaded himself that this didn't really count as a defeat, since if he had been elected governor he would have had to leave the office of mayor, and therefore many local residents must have voted against him for governor because they cherished his presence at City Hall. As for Cuomo, his pleasure in victory was especially fervent, since, as he said, "I know the other feeling so well."

For the past eight or nine months, the polls have shown Koch's popularity going steadily downhill. In May, his approval rating was twenty-five per cent. Having laid the term "loser" on so many opponents over the years, Koch suddenly seemed to acknowledge the possibility that he himself might go down in political history marked in large letters with this shameful word. Late last month, he told a meeting of the editors and reporters at the *Post* that if he were persuaded that he had no reasonable chance to win the mayoral race he'd withdraw. A couple of days later, however, he advised New Yorkers who were convinced that he was going to run and win once again to go right ahead and lay their bets. "It's as good as money in the bank," he said.

WHAT some referred to as the "decapitation" of the Democratic leadership in the House of Representatives late last month was, of course, almost immediately overshadowed in the news columns by the truly bloody scenes from China. Nevertheless, the consequences of the departure under fire of Speaker Wright and the Democratic whip, Representative Tony Coelho, of California, will undoubtedly be felt for a long time in national politics. One curious aspect of what the *Times* described as the "excruciating anguish" of the events in Washington was the total absence of members of the New York delegation from the center of the action, although theirs is the second largest state delegation in the House. It seemed that if you can make it in New York you can make it anywhere, except, perhaps, in the upper reaches of Congress. Possibly the New Yorkers' absence from the roster of House members asked to sit in ethical judgment in the recent crisis—and from the lists of those likely to move upward in the House hierarchy after its resolution—had something to do with the knowledge that last year one New



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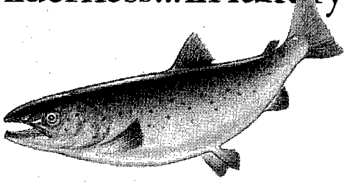

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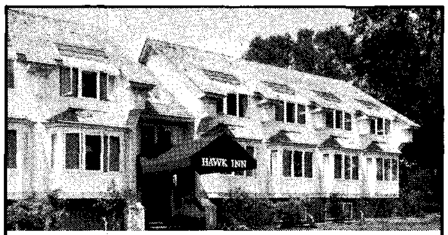

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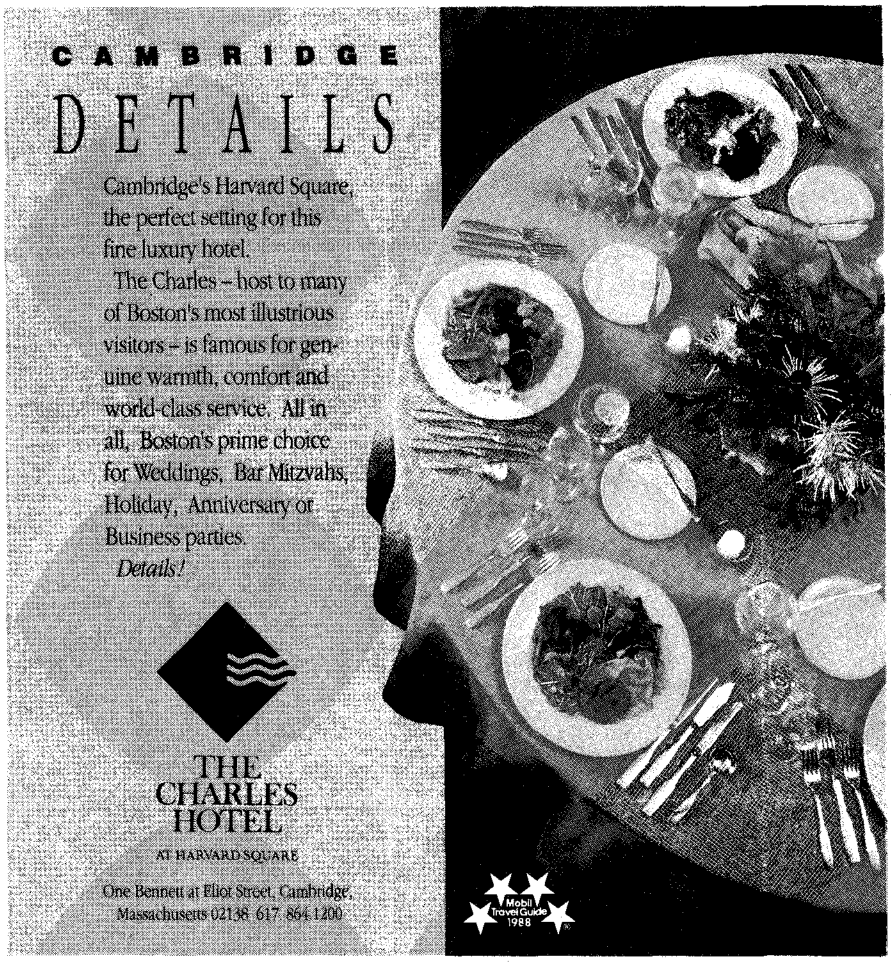
York representative, Mario Biaggi, from the Bronx, was convicted twice and another, Robert Garcia, who is also from the Bronx and is the only Puerto Rican member of Congress, was indicted, and that all three cases involved bribery and extortion charges reflecting the corrupt use of their offices. Biaggi and Garcia have been closer to Koch than any other New Yorkers in the House. In 1985, the Mayor reportedly considered naming Garcia as his campaign manager. Although he did not do so, he insisted that Garcia stand beside him on Election Night as he made his victory speech, to symbolize the fact that, unlike local blacks, local Hispanics have given him their strong support—which polls indicate will not be the case this year. Since the Koch-administration corruption scandals first broke, in early 1986, City Hall regulars have sometimes had the eerie sense that the rotunda there is crowded with the ghostly figures of onetime Koch cronies such as Biaggi and Garcia who, in real life, don't come around anymore. Biaggi is an especially sure bet not to make it there except in spectral form, since he's now in federal prison in Texas. The United States Attorney's office, under Giuliani, brought the indictment against Garcia and one of the indictments against Biaggi, and the former prosecutor has made it clear that in the mayoral campaign he plans to invoke their names. He will also make frequent mention of other rotunda ghosts, such as former Bronx Borough President Stanley Simon, against whom his office won a conviction, and the former Bronx Democratic boss Stanley Friedman, whom he personally prosecuted, and who, being in jail in Springfield, Missouri, is now also unavailable for appearances at City Hall, except in ghostly form. Facing the prospect of a campaign spent fending off such attacks by the Republican contender—whom Martin McLaughlin, one of Koch's former media advisers, calls "this Golden Avenger"—the Mayor seemed almost literally to bounce up and down with joy at a *News* story on May 17th, which was the day Giuliani announced his candidacy. The *News* reported that White & Case, the staid, well-respected old law firm which the former United States Attorney had joined in mid-February, had had as a client the government of Panama, whose leader, Noriega, is under federal indictment on drug charges. Though Giuliani pointed out that the firm is not now being paid to represent the Panamanians, the Mayor had no intention of letting the matter drop. Giuliani was being paid by White & Case, wasn't he? "It's drug money, drug money, drug money, Rudy!" said Koch, in deeply happy tones.

Although New York members of the House played no visible role in the recent ethics crisis, they did comment on it from time to time. House members from other jurisdictions, aware of the corruption record here, were probably not surprised that the locals generally favored the notion that the ethics investigators were being pretty picky sorts. Representative Thomas Downey, of Suffolk County, was apparently the first member to use the term "ethical McCarthyism" in criticism of what he saw as overzealous attacks on Wright. "Astonishing things are happening in Moscow, and Chinese students are attempting to change China in Tiananmen Square, and we're trying to figure out if a book is earned income or a royalty," he said. Inevitably, Representative Newt Gingrich, of Georgia, the Republican whip, took a different view of things. He had in his hand a list of Democratic House members who, he said, the House ethics committee must vigorously go after next. Two of the names on the list were New Yorkers—Garcia and Representative Floyd Flake, elected with Koch's backing, who is the first black congressman from Queens chosen in a general election, and who Gingrich said was under investigation on Internal Revenue and other federal charges. At a breakfast meeting with Washington reporters in mid-April, Gingrich had described the entire city of New York as "a system of corruption." He mentioned Biaggi and referred to Simon. He said that any alleged corrupt actions by Republicans were of no consequence compared with those of "the Bronx machine, the Queens machine, the Brooklyn machine." The *News'* Lars-Erik Nelson, who was at the meeting, wrote, "Never did the Prophet Ezekiel rail against harlot Jerusalem more energetically than Gingrich's denunciation of New York." It appears that if Giuliani runs against the Democratic sinners in this city he will have plenty

of help from Republicans in Washington.

FEW local pol-watchers are ready to predict with any air of certainty the precise issues on which the outcome of either the primaries or the general election will eventually turn. So far, the contest is not about religion. At the January, 1986, City Hall inaugural ceremony, at which top-level officials were sworn in, it was the Mayor's good friend John Cardinal O'Connor who pointed out that all three of those elected on a citywide basis—that is, Koch, Goldin, and President of the City Council Andrew Stein—were Jewish. It is no surprise, therefore, that four of the six contenders in this year's mayoral race are Jewish: Goldin, Koch, Lauder, and Ravitch. Dinkins is a Protestant and Giuliani a Roman Catholic. Most of the New York mayors elected in the first six decades of this century were Catholics, nearly all of them Irish-Americans; the last Catholic mayor, Robert F. Wagner, left office in 1965. It is possible that the campaign could be, to a degree, about age and political generations, in keeping with the ring-out-the-old, ring-in-the-young (or younger) theme that has dominated international headlines lately. "Whatever happens, the geriatric élite is finished" was the word this month in a *Times* piece datelined Beijing from Harrison Salisbury, who, at eighty, can hardly be accused of bias toward youth. Ravitch and Goldin, who are in their fifties, would be neutral in this regard; Koch was born in 1924 and Dinkins in 1927; and the two Republican challengers, Giuliani and Lauder, were both born in 1944. But the Republicans may decide not to belabor this point too aggressively, in view of the strong vote of the senior citizens, of whose company Koch will become a full-fledged member this year.

The outcome of the primary will surely be influenced by the question of race. Dinkins will benefit from the belief of some New Yorkers that it is time this city, like so many others around the nation, elected a black mayor—one who is well qualified, of course. But there is also the matter of the Central Park attack on a young white woman by a band of young blacks and Hispanics—an event that has become an international symbol of the savagery and lawlessness of life in New York. Because of the intense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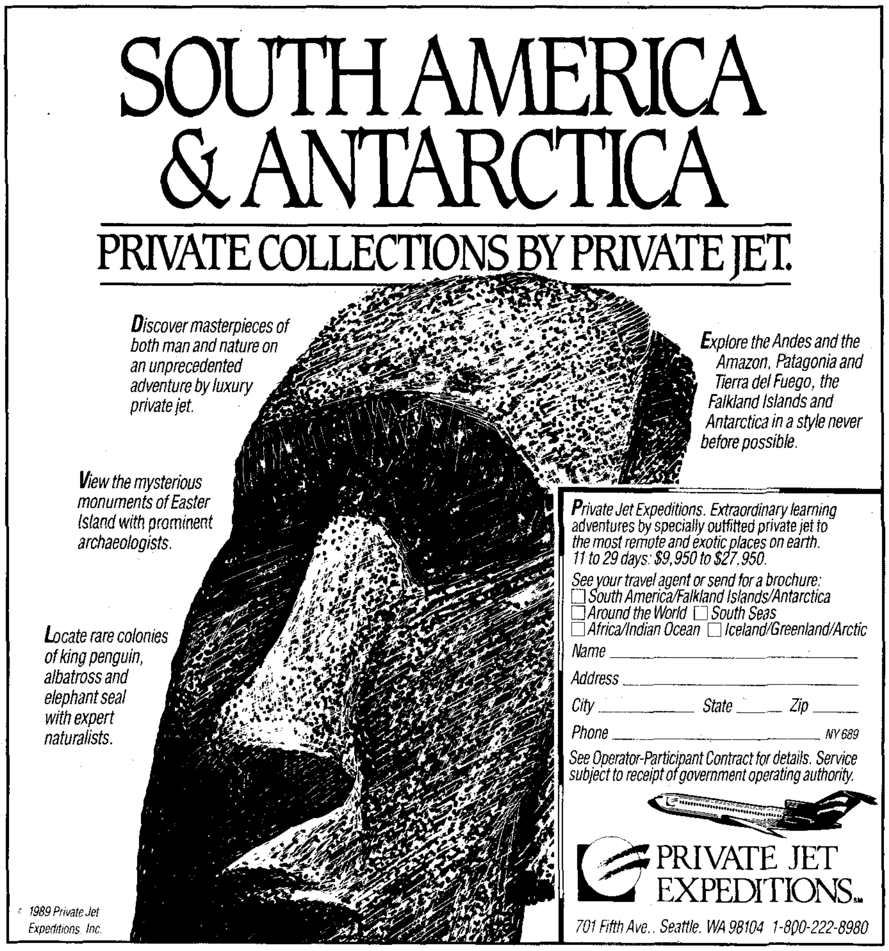
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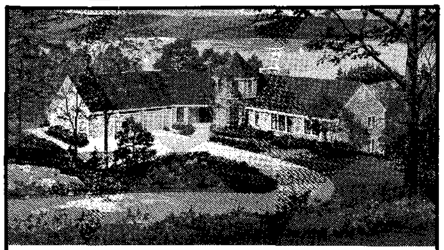

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emotional response to the attack, Giuliani, associated as he has been with the forces of law and order, may gain votes. So may Koch, whom many white New Yorkers identify with a policy of cracking down on blacks, whom they see as out of control. Dinkins could lose some of the votes of those who insist to pollsters that they have no problem whatever about voting for a black candidate but who then, alone in the voting booth, have qualms about pulling the lever that could put one of “them” in charge. This month’s poll showing Koch only five points behind Dinkins in the primary contrasts with earlier surveys, in which the Mayor was ten to fifteen points behind. Koch, however, did not see a response to the Central Park rape as having caused this improvement in his numbers. The voters, he said, “know me so well” that, having come to terms with what they didn’t like about him, they were now moving toward supporting him as in the good old days. There is no sign, however, that this movement is otherwise widespread. In Koch’s past reëlection campaigns, most of the local Democratic county chairmen lined up in front of City Hall, and seemed to be falling all over themselves for the privilege of supporting him. This year, two of them, the heads of the Manhattan and Bronx organizations, have endorsed Dinkins. Queens is supporting Ravitch, and Brooklyn is on the line for Goldin. The only Democratic county organization backing Koch is that of Staten Island, the smallest of the boroughs (its population is one-sixth that of Brooklyn), which at last count had only a hundred and sixty-nine thousand of the city’s more than three million registered voters.

When Giuliani joined White & Case last February, the firm had made the announcement, David Margolick recently wrote in the *Times*, “with all the hoopla of the University of Kentucky’s unveiling Rick Pitino.” In the three weeks after Giuliani’s May 17th entry into the mayoral race, the alliance seemed far less mutually gratifying. The Mayor issued daily gibes at his Republican rival for taking tainted money. He went right on, although the Giuliani people pointed out that, during one of Koch’s earlier reëlection races, he had declined to return a two-thousand-dollar contribution from a law firm that was a registered agent for the government of South Africa. No one then had shouted, “Apartheid money, apartheid money, apartheid money, Eddie!” and Koch had said that critics didn’t seem to understand the principle of American law under which even the worst criminals are entitled to have the best legal representation and that law firms should provide it. He himself would accept money, he had said then, from a firm representing the Palestine Liberation Organization. Nevertheless, on June 6th, Giuliani announced that he had planned to take a leave from White & Case late in the summer but now would do so in mid-June, since otherwise the campaign would continue to be distracted from a discussion of the important issues facing the city. The Koch attacks—though they may have helped the Mayor by giving the impression that the whole contest was between him and Giuliani—had apparently done no damage to the Golden Avenger’s prospects. A poll published early this month showed that in a three-way race Giuliani would beat Dinkins by eight points and Koch by sixteen.

In the history of local mayoral races, whether or not the candidates comport themselves with politesse has rarely been a significant issue. Indeed, when Koch describes Dinkins as “a gentleman” many assume that he means it as the opposite of a compliment. Former Speaker Wright’s deploring of “mindless cannibalism” in Congress was widely quoted. In fact, among politicians, behavior reminiscent of cannibalism is more often entirely mindful—mindful, that is, of trying, at all costs, not to wind up as losers. Though local Democrats are famous rhetorical cutthroats, the Republicans are no slouches at keeping up their end. George Clark, Jr., Lauder’s campaign manager, said that, since Giuliani calls himself a Republican but then took the Liberal Party endorsement, the former United States Attorney “should have himself indicted for prostitution.” And Representative Guy Molinari, of Staten Island, the top local Republican in Giuliani’s campaign, said of Koch (whom Molinari supported in 1981, when Koch ran as a Republican as well as a Democrat), “It’s a political season, and he’s a political whore.” It promises to be a long, hot summer.

—ANDY LOGAN

LETTER FROM BEIJING

JUNE 9

THE "amazing and glorious" month I wrote of in my last letter has ended. Deng Xiaoping, the country's senior leader, who several weeks ago said, "Don't be afraid to spill blood," spilled a terrible quantity of it, and the People's Republic has recaptured Tiananmen Square. And at what an awful cost—not the cost in lives alone (the exact death toll will probably never be computed, though the latest estimates go as high as five thousand, with many thousands injured) but the cost to China. Most of Beijing's principal intersections are now either guarded by tanks and armored personnel carriers or blocked by the hulks of burned-out vehicles. As a nation, the People's Republic not only has sacrificed a generation and the good regard of the free world but, with one massive self-inflicted blow, appears to have knocked itself right back into the terrible rituals of the Cultural Revolution. Martial-law restrictions forbidding photographs, interviews, and "note-taking" by journalists are being enforced, and the mayor of Beijing was on television several days ago talking about sending the Army onto the city's approximately sixty campuses to clean up the "counter-revolutionary"—which here means treasonous—"dregs" of "bourgeois liberal" students who, supported nonviolently by Beijingers, had paralyzed the might of this nation since April 18th, when the first few thousand demonstrators appeared on Tiananmen Square. The Army needn't bother; the campuses are almost empty already, and so are many of the offices previously occupied by foreign corporations, whose projected investments China had up to now worked successfully to promote. There's plenty of blame to apportion for this debacle: to the country's leaders, to the Army, and, yes, to the students as well. They talked about nonviolence, but they, or their supporters, gave an unmerciful bearbaiting to the soldiers trapped by their barricades and, in the end, killed several. It seems to me that they planned their campaigns magnificently but lost sight of what they were campaigning for, and ultimately had no plan for winning.

However, up until a few hours before the People's Liberation Army smashed through the city to clear the square, at 2 A.M. on June 4th, I—and, I believe, most other Beijing residents—thought they *had* won. They had humbled the nation's leaders into promising them the "dialogue" that they had at first said was their principal goal. They had embarrassed Deng Xiaoping at the moment of what was supposed to be his greatest international triumph: the visit of the Soviet leader, Mikhail Gorbachev. Most striking of all, they had brought the people of Beijing onto the streets day and night for two weeks to stand with them against Army tanks and trucks. And, finally, even if they weren't able to formulate concrete goals for their pro-democracy movement, they had come up with a superb symbol for it—a twenty-seven-foot-tall polystyrene-and-plaster-of-Paris "Goddess of Democracy and Freedom," which on May 29th students of the Central Academy of Fine Arts erected on the square, directly opposite the portrait of Chairman Mao on Tiananmen Gate. "Socialism with Chinese characteristics" has been one of the nation's slogans, and in appearance this was a Statue of Liberty with Chinese characteristics.

Aesthetic concerns aside, she was beautiful—and how the government squirmed over the symbolism! The bureau in charge of the administration of the square called the statue "an insult to the national dignity and image," and the Beijing *Daily* condemned it for its obvious similarity to the symbol of America (actually, this statue held her torch with both hands and lacked the spiked crown that distinguishes the Lady in New York Harbor), and warned the students not to "poke fun at China's patriotic feelings." When the warning proved unavailing, the *Daily* published a letter, purportedly from middle-school students, urging the demonstrators to bring down the statue and clear the square in time for the June 1st celebration of Children's Day, for the sake of the Young Pioneers, who "dreamed of seeing the raising of the national flag, and of asking the uncles of the flag team to teach them the revolutionary traditions." Also, in a heavy-handed attempt at counter-symbolism, workers were being called out for "anti-democracy" marches in and around Beijing: "work units" in Beijing were widely reported to be offering ten yuan (about $2.30) and a straw hat to everyone who marched—and threatening to withhold the monthly bonus from anyone who didn't. In one of the staged parades, shown on government television, an effigy of China's best-known dissident, Fang Lizhi, was burned, although Fang himself has kept aloof from the student demonstrations. "Some people are causing trouble, trying to pressure the government," a demonstration organizer was quoted as saying. "Fang Lizhi is always doing so. Can this chaos be any coincidence?" (Fang is now inside the American Embassy.) Even on government television, however, these were as dispirited a lot of "demonstrators" as I have ever seen in the Chinese media.

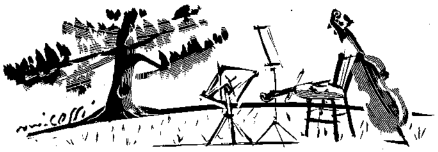
Unable to celebrate Children's Day on Tiananmen as planned, the government found a more ominous form of children's celebration on June 2nd. Since truck convoys couldn't get through, it sent perhaps as many as a thousand of its youngest soldiers, out of uniform, unarmed, and on foot, to try to walk in small groups to the square, apparently with the intention of infiltrating the student ranks. Most of these kids, all with crewcuts, were conspicuously dressed in white shirts over their green Army pants, and carried packs containing their canteens and the rest of their uniforms. None of them got anywhere near the square. Leaderless and bewildered—few had any idea of what they were supposed to be doing in Beijing—they were easily rounded up by Beijingers, and harried back to the city's outskirts. But much of their gear and at least some of their assault rifles, carried in trucks that followed them at a discreet distance, became trophies of war, and were being carried and brandished around the city that evening.

Whether or not this "children's invasion" was a tactical feint, intended to produce overconfidence, its failure did cause euphoria here in the city. I was not the only resident on the streets the following afternoon who began to feel that the student democracy movement might yet topple the national government leaders, who had remained out of sight and invisible. Whatever was going on at high levels seemed to be taking place in the government's walled compound, Zhongnanhai, just west of the Forbidden City and Tiananmen Square.

THE front entrance of Zhongnanhai, which is almost never officially used, is on the north side of Chang'an Jie, the Avenue of Eternal Peace, and on the afternoon of Saturday, June 3rd, in an effort to see what was taking place outside it and on the square, a friend, Derek Sidenius, who is an editor for the English-language *China Daily*, and I set out from my office at Xinhua, the New China News Agency. The wide avenue was covered with rubble, and every hundred feet or so segments of a metal fence, which normally divides the motor lanes and the bicycle lanes, had been ripped out and set up crosswise over both. Half a dozen burned-out trolley cars blocked the entry to Xi Dan, one of the city's principal shopping streets, and were serving as platforms for Beijingers who had climbed on top of and into them to watch another crowd of Beijingers, who were surrounding two military buses stopped just east of the intersection and hectoring their occupants. One bus contained soldiers, some in full uniform and some in shirtsleeves, and the other their bedrolls and other gear. On top of this second bus were three young men waving Chinese flags, and also, bewilderingly, a small wooden desk. (I heard later that it had been used a few minutes before to display weapons seized from inside the bus.) At the next corner, Fuyou Jie, where the wall of Zhongnanhai begins, a line of People's Armed Police blocking Chang'an held a position directly beneath a billboard saying "Welcome to Beijing." They were under attack by at least twenty stone-throwing young men.

A few of the policemen were picking up thrown stones and throwing them back, and occasionally one or two officers would step forward and fire what turned out to be tear-gas cannisters from a round-barrelled weapon, but for the most part the situation was static until, apparently on command, the police charged. I ran across Chang'an to flatten myself against a wall, at a point that turned out to be just beyond the police charge but not out of range of the tear gas—a cannister landed about twenty feet from me, and before its fumes (short-lived, I'm glad to say) blocked my vision I witnessed three alternating charges by police and young rock throwers. Much has been written (justifiably) about the bravery of the demonstrators here, but the most courageous sight I saw then was a young—and furious—police officer, holding only a truncheon, charging alone into a crowd of young men; they fled at his approach. By the time my vision had cleared, he and the other police had retreated, and students were filling the intersection.

One of several young men who then came over to help me identified himself as a teacher at a scientific institute, and said sternly, "You know, you have just violated Chinese martial law"—as indeed I had, by watching and taking notes at an anti-government demonstration. (In my defense, I'd like to point out that this admonition came from a man holding stones to throw at police.) The admonition was one of half a dozen I received from strangers on the streets in the next two days. One woman pointed at my eyes and simulated a gun with her hands, to indicate that police were aiming at foreigners; another ran up to me on a corner and said over and over the word "Danger." On this particular occasion, however, with the intersection cleared, Mr. Sidenius and I continued east on Chang'an, past Zhongnanhai (besieged by several hundred demonstrators), and onto the square, where loudspeakers set up near the statue of the Goddess of Democracy and Freedom were playing what has become the demonstration's unofficial anthem, Beethoven's "Ode to Joy." Outside a tent erected on the Monument to the People's Heroes, which had become the demonstration headquarters, four young hunger strikers—one of them a popular singer—were signing autographs and giving radio interviews in which they avowed their determination to stay there until martial law was repealed. North of this monument, perhaps a thousand students (their number drastically diminished from the early days of the demonstration, when as many as twenty thousand occupied the square) were chatting, but not doing much of anything else, in canvas tents that had succeeded the impromptu lean-tos erected there during the first days of the sit-in, in May. A sign propped against one of these tents proclaimed, in English, "Victory Belongs to Us Forever!"



THAT night, however, tanks and armored personnel carriers came in and blasted away sign, statue, and hunger strikers. (I haven't heard whether the four survived.) I did not witness the attack, but Peter Thompson, an American colleague of mine, watched from the roof of the Xinhua building as the column of military vehicles swept in from the west along Chang'an. "It began near Radio Beijing," he said. "We could hear popping sounds, and we thought that they must be tear gas, but then the sound became a quicker *pop-pop*, and we knew that that had to be automatic rifles. What was shocking was that we heard the roar of crowds and then the firing of machine guns, and the roar would die away but not the firing. I think the most awful moment came when they reached a point a couple of blocks west of the square, just north of our building, and we could hear really large groups of people singing 'The East Is Red' "—an old Maoist anthem—"and the 'Internationale,' and then we could hear the machine guns, and then the crowd would begin singing again." The "Internationale" was sung by Beijing Normal Teachers College students, who linked arms and marched forward in an insane and terribly courageous attempt to block the armored column at Xi Dan. Two hundred were later reported killed.

Among those actually on the square when the troops came in was a Canadian editor of *China Daily*, Sue Bigelow, who had biked down to the square with a friend, Patrick Moore. She told me later that the first sign of gunfire came from an explosion and fire near the Goddess of Democracy and Freedom. "I never did find out what that first explosion was," she said. "We were walking there to see it when there was gunfire—automatic-rifle fire, I'm sure—coming from the west, and everybody began running out of the square and heading east. I was running along beside a man pedalling a three-wheeled cart on which lay a young man, probably a student, who had a neck wound—he couldn't have survived. We ran northeast from the square, and we heard the firing almost until we got to the door of the Beijing Hotel, which is where most of us Westerners were heading. After an hour or so, we got adventurous again and edged back toward the square, to where citizens lined up across Chang'an were shouting slogans and singing the anthem at soldiers who were kneeling in shooting position. I was standing on a garbage can when they started firing again, and as I jumped down and ran I could feel the bullets singing past me. A guy in front of Patrick was hit and went down, and Patrick tripped over him. I got back to the hotel, and met up with Patrick later."

With their bikes now behind Army lines, Miss Bigelow and Mr. Moore walked back northeast to the *China Daily* compound, in east Beijing. "We were going up Dongdan," she told me, referring to a street leading north from Chang'an, "and we met twenty-four tanks—I counted them—rolling down. They weren't firing, but after them came five trucks loaded with soldiers, who were shooting indiscriminately into the streets. I ran into a *hutong*"—an alley—"crowded with people who were heading for a courtyard. I ran into it with them, but then they all ducked into houses and I was out there alone. Somebody came out with a stool for me, though, and I sat there on it all by myself, shaking, for about five minutes. When the shooting stopped, I went back out and found Patrick, and we started walking again. We made it another couple of blocks, and then another convoy came along. This time, we ducked into a store—there were several old men sitting there, just looking out the window, watching the action. They let us sit there—actually, I dived behind a refrigerator—until the convoy went by, and then we continued on our way home in the dawn."

MY own perspective on the attack was (I'm grateful to be able to say) more remote both in time and in distance. After that dawn, I set out by bicycle from my apartment, in the northwestern part of the city, and headed downtown, circling intersections filled with burned, overturned vehicles. (There were no public buses, of course—it will take Beijing years to replenish the transportation fleets destroyed to make barricades against the Army.) Beijingers who had just learned of the attack gathered in clusters to hear of it from witnesses. To the south, great clouds of black smoke were rising. These, it turned out, came from the bridge west of the Mu Xi Di area, where Fuxingmenwei, the western extension of Chang'an, crosses a canal. Four blackened trolley cars stood on the eastern part of the bridge. Behind them, bumper to bumper, were two tanks and eleven Army personnel carriers, all either burned out or burning. And behind them, also bumper to bumper, extending west across the bridge, were twelve trucks, some of them still being broken apart and set afire by a crowd. All these Army vehicles had been abandoned, I hope successfully, by their occupants, and no attempt was being made to defend them, but behind the twelfth truck was a convoy of hundreds of open trucks, two and three abreast. They were mostly filled with soldiers. Other soldiers, some with weapons and some without, were standing beside their trucks talking, arguing with Beijingers who had flocked to the site from some of the big apartment buildings lining the street. (Windows at the second-floor level of one of the buildings had been shot out.) Some soldiers had abandoned their trucks and, bedrolls in hand, were walking west—in the direction from which the convoy had come.

I, too, walked west, passing more than a hundred trucks. I went about three hundred yards, to the entrance of the Military Museum of the Chinese People's Revolution, where a billboard displayed an advertisement for an exhibition of "Chinese Ancient Arms and Military Relics." As far ahead of me as I could see, the line of troop-carrying trucks continued, all immobile. I heard later that these hundreds of trucks were ultimately abandoned and destroyed, either by their soldier occupants or by Beijingers.

Tanks, however, had got through. I found eight of them, pointed strategically in all four directions, at the Fuyou intersection, where I had witnessed the stone-throwing the day before, below the "WELCOME TO BEI-

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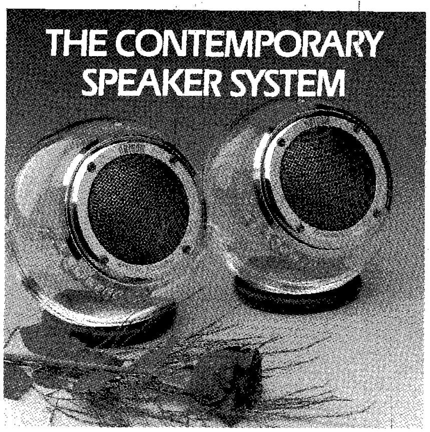

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JING” sign. After a number of detours around such roadblocks, I finally reached the rear of the Great Hall of the People, which fronts on Tiananmen Square. A burned-out armored personnel carrier flanking the back entrance to the Great Hall was a symbolic object of considerable interest to bystanders. I circled it to the south, and found green-helmeted, rifle-carrying soldiers lining the square and staring, apparently without animosity, at knots of Beijingers who had gathered about ten yards away from them. One soldier, carrying a bullhorn, patrolled in front of the lines, appealing, apparently quite politely, to people to stay away. Yet, although what I saw seemed relatively peaceful, from somewhere behind the soldiers, on the square, came the sound of gunshots. At the northeastern corner of the square, I heard later, soldiers were still firing randomly at spectators. A woman photographer was shot in the back by an officer: he had told her not to take pictures, and fired as she obediently lowered her camera and turned away. So far as I know, however, she is one of the survivors. The Voice of America reported later that at least fifty bodies were counted on Chang'an as a result of sporadic shootings that afternoon. It was also reported that these, along with the bodies of people killed when the square was cleared, were either burned or thrown together into ditches, so the exact number of casualties may never be known.

THE last few days have been filled with alarms and excursions. One rumor, apparently now dispelled, was that the Chinese Armies were fighting among themselves. The Twenty-seventh Army (whose former Commanding General and current unofficial leader is the son-in-law of President Yang Shangkun) carried out the attack, but other armies, which are said to have opposed the attack, were reported to be marching on the city to liberate it from the Twenty-seventh. We heard that a rescuing army was coming in from the south. Then we heard that it was coming from the west—a rumor of interest to me, because it would put the Friendship Hotel, where I and many other foreigners live, close to the line of battle. We heard that food supplies in the shops had completely run out. Although hoarding is understandably rampant in the city, this rumor turned out to be false; it was probably sparked by the fact that most shops have been shutting down early. We heard rumors about terrible fighting in other cities, and these, unfortunately, have been confirmed.

At five-thirty on Wednesday morning, a neighbor in my hotel woke me up on the telephone, shouting, “Get out! Get out!” We had to leave the city at once, he said, by order of the United States Embassy—his mother had just telephoned him from Los Angeles, where she had heard it on the radio. It is true, of course, that the Embassy was urging Americans to leave. Eventually, my wife, Iris, and my daughter, Mary, and I went out in an American Embassy convoy to the airport. On the way, we met flag-bearing convoys from half a dozen nations. (Ireland was transporting its nationals in an open truck.) At the airport, we faced the decision being made at embassies all over the city, which have been selecting personnel to stay and personnel to go, flying them out on chartered planes. My wife left reluctantly for Hong Kong.

For the time being, Mary, who is also an editor for Xinhua, and I have decided to take luxurious refuge at the Lido, a large hotel operated by the Holiday Inn group, near the airport. Among other amenities it offers which we have not been accustomed to in Beijing is satellite transmission of the Cable News Network, which has enabled us to see for the first time some of the Beijing carnage that has been flashing across television screens everywhere except China. I will not soon forget the remarkable television footage of a brave flag-brandishing man alone on a wide boulevard dancing in front of a whole convoy of tanks in an attempt to stop them. I hope that someday the citizens of Beijing will be permitted to see that heroic act. Equally brave, and probably doomed, was a Radio Beijing announcer who broke discipline to denounce the mass slaughter of Beijingers and, before he was suddenly cut off the air, called for the criminal prosecution of those responsible. We heard later that he was shot, but that information has not been confirmed. Nor has the identity of a Radio Beijing programmer who at the height of the political crisis selected, in an obvious act of symbolic protest against

China's elderly rulers, the words "dinosaur," "monster," and "extinct" for the day's English lesson. Some of the Western radio reports describing Twenty-seventh Army gunners rolling through the city spraying machine-gun fire at important tourist hotels were also remarkable. Four people were believed killed, including a child who was on his way to school. The gunners broke out windows of the Beijing Toronto Hotel, where the American Embassy earlier quartered American students evacuated from Beijing colleges, and they invaded an American diplomatic compound down the street from the hotel, in what they said was a search for a sniper. They found and pulled out of the compound a Chinese man; his fate is unknown.

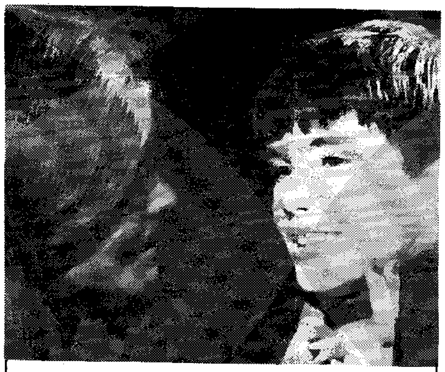
Yesterday, I went downtown and edged as close as I dared to Tiananmen Square—about a block east on Chang'an—and if the Twenty-seventh Army troops I saw there expected to be fighting any kind of attack or battle they certainly were not preparing for it. Most of those on the east side of Tiananmen had donned red-and-yellow armbands, apparently to distinguish themselves from other Army units, but they weren't digging defensive fortifications or setting up protective perimeters. Most, in fact, were just sitting around in small groups. In outlying parts of the city, the soldiers I saw were mostly standing around mess tents or policing areas and chatting in more or less friendly fashion with Beijingers crowding up to their lines. I did see, on the Second Ring Road, in the northwestern part of the city, a convoy of five trucks carrying men armed with AK-47s, but these men seemed to be taking part in some sort of formal parade. They stood at attention in the backs of the trucks, their weapons aimed straight forward. Each truck was commanded by an officer, also at attention.

Prime Minister Li Peng appeared on television last night and praised the troops for "fine efforts to safeguard security in the capital," and called on the student leaders to surrender themselves and face the consequences of what he now termed "a counter-revolutionary plot." In case there is still any question about who is running the country, today's China Central Television news broadcast gave extensive coverage of a meeting of the Central Military Commission, presided over by a smiling Deng Xiaoping and attended by Li Peng, President Yang Shangkun, and an array of approximately fifty generals. Qiao Shi, a hard-liner who heads the Public Security apparatus, is apparently the new Party chairman. People's Liberation Army cameramen are out all over the city, photographing Army trucks delivering rice to Beijing *hutongs*, battalions of soldiers parading on Tiananmen, and helpful citizens clearing away wrecked vehicles and other debris from the streets. The arrest of students has already begun. On television we see long lines of handcuffed captives.

Right now, after several days of sporadic gunfire, the city itself is strangely quiet. Almost all foreigners have been evacuated. Since foreigners own most of the non-governmental motor vehicles in Beijing, the streets have reverted to the control of bicyclists and pedicab drivers. Most of the markets I've seen are open and are selling food, but a number of their stalls are vacant, so there is presumably a shortage of some supplies. (Watermelons and garlic sprouts remain abundantly plentiful.)

Perhaps because quiet moments have been so precious lately, they are what stand out when I reflect on the past several days—and one moment in particular I know I will never forget. It occurred while I was making my way downtown on Sunday morning: I encountered coming back from Tiananmen a muted, pathetic parade of perhaps three hundred students, walking twelve abreast toward their campuses, in the northwestern part of the city. One waved in the air what was obviously the blood-soaked shirt of a dead comrade; others held up automatic-rifle bullets for bystanders to see. One bystander started to clap, and then stopped, embarrassed, realizing that he was in effect applauding a funeral procession. Many of the students marching by were crying, and so were many of us on the sidewalk watching.

—FRED C. SHAPIRO



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THE ART WORLD

Goya Today

ALFRED BARR used to refer to his vision of the ideal collection of modern art as "a torpedo moving through time"—a broad front of contemporary artists tapering back to a handful of originators. In 1933, he actually drew a detailed diagram of the modernist torpedo, complete with tail fins and rudder, and with the names of the modern painters fanning out from the first makers. Farthest back, alone at the propeller, he placed the name of Francisco Goya.

Barr would have explained Goya's place in terms of the unequalled number of his formal contributions: there is an Impressionist Goya, who showed Manet that bravura painting need not be merely showy; a Realist Goya, who inspired Daumier's faith that graphic satire need not be ephemeral; an Expressionist Goya, who supplied Soutine and Kirchner with a license for recklessness; and a Surrealist Goya, who provided Ernst with a ready-made troupe of performing demons. (There is also a Goya whom Barr would probably not have deigned to recognize: a kitsch, hero-painter Goya, who went deaf, like Beethoven, and had more stormy love affairs than Byron. This is the Goya of a bizarre new pop-opera record album featuring Dionne Warwick and Placido Domingo; but it is also the Goya that Picasso needed in his old age.)

In the past twenty years, many of the people who care most deeply about modern painting have been preoccupied with disarming Barr's torpedo, but his sense of Goya as the first truly modern painter has, if anything, been heightened. For the present generation, though, Goya's primacy depends less on the manifold influence of his visual language than on the continuing vitality of his example taken whole; it depends precisely on his *not* offering any blueprint for art beyond his own ardent involvement in a dialogue between sight and sensibility. For the art historian Fred Licht, in his influential books on Goya, or the formidable Robert Hughes, the Isaiah of postmodernism, who has just begun the first life of Goya to be written in English in this century, to make Goya the father of modernism is to see the golden vein in modern painting as having to do not with a series of formal "contributions" or a history of exclusions and negations but with the passionate engagement of individual vision with the life of the world. In the same way that Edmund Wilson's attempt to connect Joyce and Kafka with Dickens made modernism in writing seem less a strategic retreat than a heightened campaign of humane vision, responding to the extremities of modern life, the attempt to make a "whole" Goya the father of modern painting has as its goal a reconnection of modernism and feeling.

OH, YEAH?
MStevens

The Men's Movement

In an emotional climate that asks so much from Goya, the exhibition called "Goya and the Spirit of Enlightenment," which opened in May at the Metropolitan Museum after a stay in Boston, was bound to fall a little flat. The show contains a number of rarely seen pictures, including many from the Prado, but the curators' Goya turns out to be less the Father of Modernity than the Herblock of the Age of Reason. The first thing that a visitor to the show comes upon is a wall label announcing, "This exhibition is the first to demonstrate that Goya's attitude toward art and society developed not in isolation, but rather from a dialogue with the ideas of the Spanish Enlightenment and the Liberalism that grew from it." Thereafter, the exhibition, in wall label after wall label, relates (or reduces) Goya's nightmares to balanced, thoughtful comments on particular episodes in the tragic chronicle of Spanish history at the time of the Peninsular War. Many of the interpretations seem unconvincing (the leading American scholar of Spanish painting, Jonathan Brown, has detailed in a long article in *The New Republic* how the attempt to turn Goya's visions into editorial cartoons often forces the known facts about Goya's symbolism), and some involve a lot of wishful thinking. Goya, after all, remained throughout most of his adult life, and through all the vagaries of the Peninsular War, employed by the most reactionary court in Europe.

Yet, if the show is tendentious, its tendentiousness is more noble than it might first seem. Its deepest aim, and the reason that these pictures were allowed to leave Spain in the first place, is to demonstrate to an American audience that the current renaissance of Spanish democracy has its origins in indigenous traditions. Goya is to be seen now as the hero of a robust, if subterranean liberal tradition, which, for all its defeats, remained strong enough to insure eventually the still too little celebrated Spanish transition from the last Fascist state to a real democracy. And if the curators place Goya too narrowly in the history of ideas, the critics of the show take him out of history altogether. The Goya they want to put in place of the curators' Goya seems a cardboard symbol of romantic agony—a kind of Freddy Kreuger of the Enlightenment, cackling with glee as he visits nightmares on the fatuous and the complacent. For many of these critics, Goya's modernity depends on his rejection of the Enlightenment, or else on the tortured "contradictions" that his time produced and that his work displays. Yet Goya's vision, as one finds even in this incomplete exhibition (some key pictures are missing), is as coherent as any that came out of his period. His place as the first modern rests not on the supposed allegorical content of his pictures but on his invention of a new visual language that challenged conventional notions of "Reason" without ever quite rejecting the ideal of a rational life.

GOYA was born in 1746, in Zaragoza, the son of a modestly well-off gilder. His artistic education, like that of most artists of the period, was affected by a visit to Italy, in 1770. There Goya was attracted to artists whose version of Italian classicism was already bound up with a Spanish feeling for surfaces. He was influenced by Anton Raphael Mengs, who had been the court painter in Madrid while Goya was growing up, and by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, who replaced Mengs. Goya took their pedestrian, literal attention to flesh and materials and intensified it until it became a way of representing the world as a spotlit theatre of façades and scrims. The people in his pictures have no bones or muscles; they are bags of silk and flesh, puffed up with vanity or collapsed with pain. The deprecation of the old system—a license to write off as static what for three centuries had been vital information—makes Goya the first great artist since the Quattrocento who was not a great anatomical draftsman. Goya is such a brilliant graphic artist that it is surprising to see how little his art depends on drawing, in the academic sense. He can be the most maladroit of all the great painters. Where his interest isn't engaged or where an articulate solution depends on the old, classical system of design—the turning heads of horses, the transition between a woman's breasts and her torso—his pictures are as awkwardly painted, as provincial, as anything of Hogarth's. Even Goya's portraits rest less on a conventional gift for likeness than on his ability to take a narrow vocabulary of schematic faces and make them part of a new system of dramatic lighting and design.

But the abandonment of the old system allowed Goya to work from the outside in, and to become a cartographer of the world's surface. The power of this new style is apparent in the room that the Met has devoted to Goya's early portraits. For example, in his portrait of the Duques de Osuna family—according to the curators, "the very model of the enlightened family" in Spain—he emphatically rejects the standard Enlightenment language of faces and hands and sentimental gestures. There are no self-satisfied half smiles in the manner of Houdon or Boucher, no pleased exchanges of glances, no sense of calm enclosure. The Osunas look like a family who have been awakened at three in the morning by a knock on the door. The Duke's brows, like those of almost all Goya's favorite sitters, are knitted together into a tight incised V, and his gesture of gripping his eldest daughter's hand while leaning toward her, abandoning his overseeing, patriarchal role, is, in its delicate way, almost revolutionary; it suggests that the ideal liberal family is less an organic model of unity and hierarchy than a taut net of provisional relationships.

Goya denied the royal family the bent brows and limpid eyes that he gives to many of his "liberals." The exhibition includes two royal portraits from the prerevolutionary period—the two portraits that won him the title of first court painter. The King has the bright, vapid face and fixed cheerfulness of a millionaire dunce in a thirties movie; the Queen looks stupid, obstinate, and a little mad. (How did Goya get away with it? Kenneth Clark said that great people were so sure of their status in those days that they didn't care how they were made to look. That sounds good, but aristocrats all over Europe who were just as conceited and just as sure of their status never allowed themselves to look like this.)

Goya's ambition to make tragic masks for liberal faces is complemented, curiously, by what at first might seem the opposite: his obsessive attention to details of costume and fashion. The third room of the Met exhibition is a reminder that Goya is the greatest fashion artist who ever lived. Where most society artists before Goya tried to make fashion look as generalized as classical drapery, and painted unmemorable clothing (Gainsborough's women all seem to be wearing more or less the same silver-and-blue dress), Goya's fanatic and almost wooden depiction, in the Osuna portrait, of the silver braid, the red handkerchief, the absurd opal buttons on the Duchess's wasp-waisted dress is more than "detail"; it demonstrates the ways that in a newly enlightened society each button and hem takes on ideological meaning. Goya's are the first people who are not just dressed but dressed up.

The exhibition catalogue is full of news about the meanings of haircuts and shawls and braid in Goya's portraits. The revolution that was overtaking Europe was, above all, a cultural revolution, in which imagery could by itself remodel allegiances and alter class feeling. Nowhere was this more true than in Spain, where the Enlightenment was a question not so much of a new social class, with a new set of interests, striving for power as of the reigning social class's putting on a new set of beliefs. One of the real discoveries of the period, as Simon Schama has emphasized, was that you could affect deep social structures by playing with their surfaces. This was a revolution of appearances, and Goya, who saw it in an almost parodically attenuated form, out in the provinces, is its greatest recorder.

Goya's portraits have become so venerated that it is easy to miss the saturnine humor that underlies them. They are caricature raised to the level of hallucinatory realism. His people are defined by an accumulation of tics and winks and affectations, and then caught in a moment of heightened introspection, even a kind of despair; they occupy a space somewhere between Hogarth and Francis Bacon. We know these people both as individuals and as modern types: the ineffectual liberal politician, with his sage expression belied by the dainty, nervous crisscrossing of his feet; the society beauty on the brink of a crackup, her pleading smile running one way and her crazy eyes another; the purposefully indulgent parents loading down their children with Creative Playthings; the general who recites poetry at night. Goya understood the second rank of the Age of Reason—the Horatios and Osrics and Ophelias—and made their faces and poses part of our inheritance.

After the Napoleonic invasion of 1808, a liberal Spaniard could participate in the guerrilla wars on behalf of the deposed King, who was living in France, and use the bad new excuse of nationalism to justify allegiance to what everyone recognized as a hopelessly corrupt establishment, or else he could stay and collaborate with the occupation government (Napoleon had installed his own king), which at least seemed to have some tenuous connection to the revolution and to Enlightenment values. Goya's friends made every kind of choice, and every choice ended up tragically. There is no more terrifying picture of the desperate wishful thinking that overcomes decent people in such situations than Goya's portrait of his friend Juan Antonio Llorente. Llorente, a reformer who agreed to collaborate with the French, was named to a post in the Inquisition and brought about its temporary abolition under the occupation government. His face, lit at once by the certainty that he is working for the cause of decency and by an absolute refusal to see the world as it is, is the unimaginative, impotent face (he looks like a fleshier Michael Dukakis) of every reform-minded person caught in a murderous revolutionary situation. Llorente, ironically, is the only sitter whom Goya ever supplied with the standard, sapient "smile of reason."

PEOPLE who talk about Goya's primacy in modern art, however, have in mind not so much the portraits as his graphic series: the "Caprichos," begun in 1799, and the "Disasters of War," begun in 1808. "The sleep of reason begets monsters"—the motto of what was intended as the frontispiece of the "Caprichos"—is famously ambiguous. It prefaces a world of ghosts, owls, bats, dwarfs with outsize hands, donkeys playing the roles of doctors and priests, and creatures with heads growing out of their legs. Goya improvised his way through the "Caprichos," searching for images in which reason and madness are balanced on a knife's edge—images where hideous grotesques have the prosaic everyday life of human beings—and he borrowed from the oddly disjointed idiom of English broadsides and satirical prints. The most striking thing about Goya's monsters is that they don't know they're monsters. They live like people, and have a human mixture of pathos, vanity, good humor, and cruelty.

The "Caprichos" exist as a world of fantasy. After the Napoleonic invasion, they became the armature for the "Disasters of War." The "Disasters" have such immediacy that it is difficult to remember that Goya probably was not present at most of the scenes he depicts. They're composed from secondhand reports, overheard stories, bits of borrowed, stylized imagery—protruding eyeballs, walls of riflemen—picked up from the cheap prints of someone like the English patriot and artist R. K. Porter. They are not anti-French—just anti-war. The most horrible of them, an image of three grotesquely mutilated bodies hanging from a tree, seems to have been inspired by the story of an atrocity committed by some Spanish nationalist soldiers. Artists all over Europe at the time were struggling to justify violence by making it look beautiful. Goya does something stranger: he penetrates to the appetite for sexual humiliation which is at the heart of organized cruelty. Almost the only conventionally lovely bodies that he ever drew are the mutilated bodies on the tree.

The "Disasters" are so lacking in any specific propaganda point that they can just look nihilistic. Yet the longer one looks at the "Disasters" the more clearly one sees that they coalesce around a moral scheme. Again and again in the "Disasters," it is geometric, abstract, mechanical form that is made the agency of human cruelty. In the print called "And There Is Nothing to Be Done," for instance (an essay could be written about Goya's dry, laconic captions and titles, and the way they first undercut and then reinforce the emotional extremes of the images), Goya shows two French firing squads, one near and one far, executing Spanish patriots in an improbable, infinite landscape of gentle, rolling, and barren hills. The soldiers in the farther firing squad are compressed into a single unit of repeated form—men not merely made callous by their subordination to an ideological cause but actually reduced to mechanisms. In the foreground, the French soldiers have become their rifles: all that Goya shows is three raised gun barrels, radically cropped at the edge of the print, extending over one broken human body and taking aim at another victim, who is bound to a post whose cylindrical simplicity echoes the repeated forms of the gun barrels.

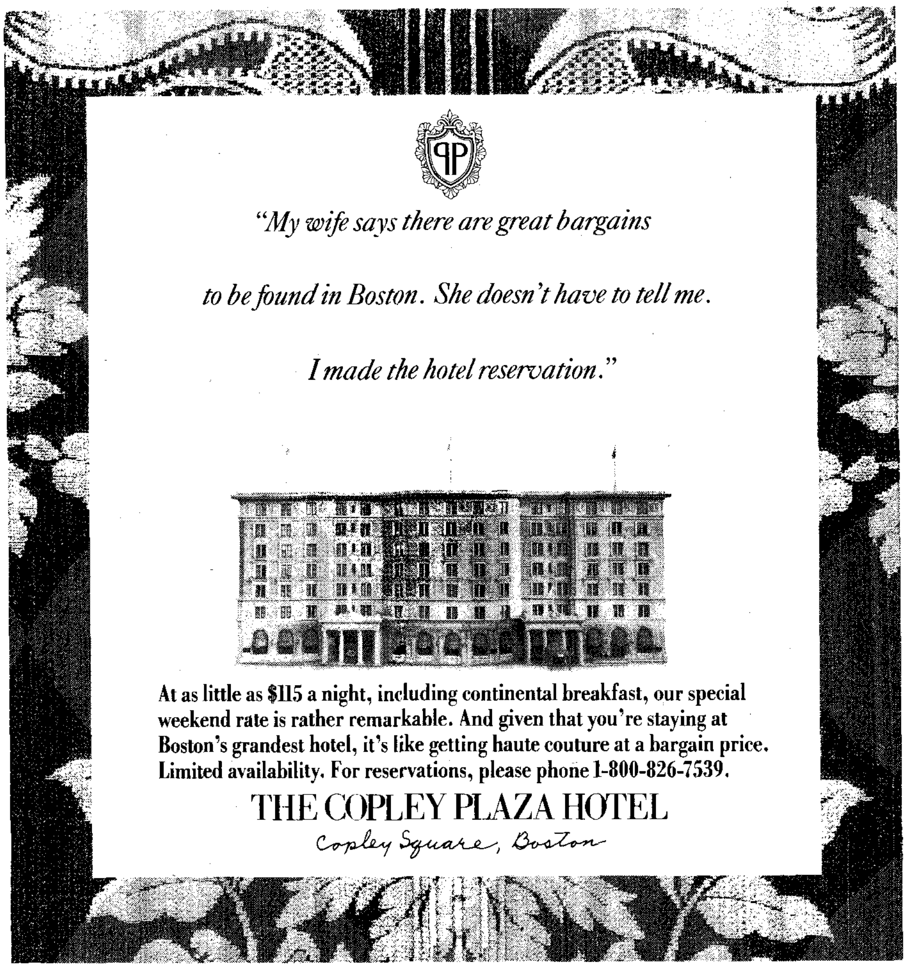
The opposition of a clear, rational architecture of cruelty to the human agony of the body is the argument implicit in every image of the Crucifixion, where the calm reason of Roman law is represented by carpentered right angles and passion by the broken body of Christ. In "There Is No Way of Knowing Why," also from the "Disasters," Goya at once adapts this metaphor and secularizes it. The image shows eight Spaniards who have been executed by garroting; their hoods have been pulled away so that their distorted faces, eyes bulging, are displayed to the mob—to us. Their agony is doubly mocked, by the calm of the scaffold and the garroting mechanisms, whose careful engineering Goya describes coolly, and by small crucifixes that were thrust into their hands, by custom, at the moment of execution, and which they grip madly, not out of devotion, it seems, but out of desperation.

In many ways, the designs of the

"Disasters" are a protest against the vision of liberating rationality, expressed in geometric form, which David, in the two decades immediately before, had presented as the heraldic style of the French Revolution. In David's "Oath of the Horatii," the unified gesture of the brothers as they take up their swords represents the power of an abstract principle to transcend the ambiguities of kinship; the brothers' identities pass into their weapons, and this is presented as an exemplum of civic virtue. The past, or mere animal instinct, is represented in the "Horatii" by the women on the right, who collapse into a passive heap. "Reason" for David is embodied in raised swords, the repeated gesture, the bare room; "Reason" for Goya is what teaches us to feel for the passive heap.

In this sense, Goya is unequivocally opposed to the spirit of the Enlightenment as it was deformed in revolutionary France; he hates order, and clarity, and unifying purpose. But throughout Europe, in the disillusioning wake of the Napoleonic Wars, artists turned to folk traditions and a mystical vision of the union of man and soil as an alternative to the brutal inhumanity of abstraction, and Goya will have none of that, either. The standard Romantic alternatives to Reason—a faith in unfettered feeling; a mystical identification with national culture; above all, a religious glorification of Nature—are to Goya just other kinds of disasters. The many sketches that he devoted to the atrocities of the Spanish Inquisition make his mistrust of irrationalism plain. By Goya's time, the Inquisition had become a largely impotent organization, but he was obsessed with its apparatus of torture and humiliation—the dunce caps, the inscribed placards—in much the same way that Komar & Melamid are preoccupied with the ritualized official imagery of Stalinism. Mysticism for Goya always turns into superstition and cruelty. Similarly, he always shows the Spanish peasants not as vessels of natural wisdom but as brute animals, occasionally rising in a howl of protest.

THE choice presented in most of the critical writing about this exhibition—between a rational, liberal Goya, who, as the curators announce, had a "lively interest in current events," and a romantic, prophetic, inward-turning Goya—is a false one,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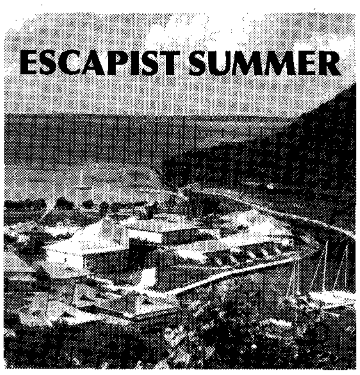

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and rests on a caricature of the thought of his period and the impulses of his art. "In eighteenth-century Spain—as in the England of Locke and Newton . . . the France of Diderot and Voltaire—the Enlightenment was based on a belief in reason," reads the first wall label at the exhibition; the incongruous mélange of names suggests how vague any such notion of "reason" must be, and how many diverse world views it has to encompass. The Enlightenment, after all, was hardly monolithic. The ideal of reason celebrated in David and in Diderot—clear purpose, expressed in purified form—is far from the tragic ideal of reason that moved Burke and Voltaire, whose sense of the overwhelming power of the irrational in life made them see reason not as the firm ground of human action but as a bridge across the abyss of human fear.

This second "Enlightened" vision is conveyed in Goya's last important picture: the double portrait of the artist being propped up in bed by his doctor, a man named Arrieta. Against a dark background populated by three witches, the artist shows himself (a little melodramatically) at an imagined moment of death, clutching the bedsheets with one limp hand. Arrieta awkwardly comes forward and supports him with one weak encircling arm and, with his other hand, offers Goya a glass of medicine, which Goya shuns. Dr. Arrieta, with his impotent and twisted and unheroic face, is not a ministering angel or a scientist with a miracle cure—he looks hardly more reliable than the donkey doctors in the "Caprichos"—but a man as helpless as his patient. There is no sense of imminent transcendence in the picture, no hint that the dying man will go anywhere better or leave anything behind. Yet the sagging collapse that is the organizing principle of the image is oddly heartening, and seems to be proposed by Goya as a radical, positive structure: not man defiant and solitary, or noble and energetic, or glorying in his own tragedy, but one helpless man propping up another.

Goya prefers painting to drawing, clothes to bones, manners to nature. It may seem strange to think of him as a master of appearances. In the standard account, after all, he has been seen as the first to dig beneath the conventions of the surface to something deeper: he is the man who saw beneath the skin to the human soul, or who discarded the decorum of the battle picture and found beneath it the reality of war. Yet it had always been part of the classical theory of pictures to insist that they depict the primitive, unchanging forces that underlie the chaos of life or else that they discard inherited conventions and show things as they "really" are. What is new in Goya, and modern, is his sense of the seamless interpenetration of the social and dreaming worlds; his theatre puts comedians and demons and society beauties together on a makeshift stage, in a single, uninterrupted performance. His obsessive images begin as jokes, swell up into horrors, subside into personal devils, but always retain the possibility of still another metamorphosis. This lack of conventional dramatic direction, both within the paintings and within the larger pattern of his career, leads to the endless surprises of his art (so that sometimes the most conventional hackwork can become the occasion for his most permanent images, as in the portrait of the Condesa de Chinchón) and also to its peculiar inconclusiveness, which has troubled many visitors to this exhibition. The last painting that he worked on was an almost purposefully frivolous picture of a young milkmaid, painted in a manner reminiscent of his early work.

There are no mystical explanations in Goya; his visions are never intended to be seen (like Blake's) as an alternative mythology to a disappearing Christianity. His demons are as varied as we are and, like us, live in a world of light and weather. The wonderful details that fill Goya's pictures—the little dog in the Osuna portrait, for example, between the oldest daughter's gown and the youngest son's toy carriage—supply us with a sense not of the plenitude of the world (as do those in Rubens) but of a grace that is no less moving for being transient. In the loss of faith in any underlying order, and its replacement by a poetry of mutable surfaces, lie both the beauty and the despair of Goya's view of life. "Does God ever judge us by appearances?" Auden once asked, and then answered, "I suspect that He does." If there is a distinctively "modern" realism, this may be its metaphysics, and it first appears in painting with Goya.

—Adam Gopnik

MUSICAL EVENTS

Audible Voice of the Past

THE Concert of Antient Music was a concert-giving society founded in London in 1776 by a group of noblemen concerned that music of the past was falling into oblivion; it remained active for over seventy years. The works played at its programs had to be more than twenty years old. By that criterion, a parallel organization today could present Stockhausen's "Stimmung" and "Aus den Sieben Tagen" and Elliott Carter's Piano Concerto in concerts of "ancient music." The early-music movement of our day has not advanced its frontiers quite so far, but it has embraced Beethoven, Berlioz, Mendelssohn; and conductors who began their explorations with Monteverdi and Heinrich Schütz are now contemplating Mahler and early Strauss. This raises matters of concern—to conservatories, to regular symphony orchestras, and to the music industry. (Christopher Hogwood, we are told, sells more records than Luciano Pavarotti.) For decades, early music has been more than a back-room, long-haired, sandalled activity, practiced by a few enthusiasts. In words of the organization Early Music America, "the explosion of early music activity has forced musicians into roles requiring mainstream administrative and business-related skills."

The Boston Early Music Festival and Exhibition, held biennially, gives focus and some international perspective to the activity. This year's festival, eight days long, began with a Monteverdi Mass, included the American première of Agostino Steffani's opera "Henrico Leone," and came to a climax with two performances of Mozart's "Idomeneo." "Henry the Lion" was brought by a company from Hanover; an Estonian group, Hortus Musicus Tallinn, presented an eleventh-century Croatian music drama; in the Monteverdi and the Mozart, American forces were led by the British conductors Andrew Parrott and Roger Norrington. Most nights, there were two concerts, one at eight and the other at eleven. By day, there were recitals, discussions, debates, master classes. The festival, like Edinburgh's, has acquired an extracurricular fringe; in Boston's abundant churches and halls, early-music ensembles from many a campus and city performed. Everything I went to was well attended. Two subjects of public debate were "Early Music Meets the Mainstream," and the conflicting—but in some respects complementary—claims of conserving and playing upon historical instruments. (The first was sponsored by Early Music America.) The festival is also a trade fair: in the Armory and in the exhibition rooms of a hotel, bright with tootling, twangling, and tapping on period drums, instrument-makers and publishers displayed their wares. New technology and old united in computer devices for quick, accurate tuning to historical temperaments. Other things were happening in Boston, too: Peter Sellars and Craig Smith were rehearsing the Mozart–Da Ponte "trilogy"—"Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and "Cosi"—due in Purchase next month, and the Opera Company of Boston played Puccini's "La Bohème," directed and conducted by Sarah Caldwell. "La Bohème," which dates from 1896, now falls into territory that "early music" has claimed. These endeavors had a place in the festival theme: how to make music—and music drama—of the past speak as urgently to a modern audience as it did to those for whom it was composed.

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VENICE was stricken by the plague in the summer of 1630. A year later, the disease began to abate, after implorations of the Virgin and the foundation of a church in her honor, Santa Maria della Salute. Its cessation was celebrated in November, on the Feast of the Presentation, with a solemn festival that included Low Mass in the Ducal Palace; proclamations, with trumpets, drums, and artillery, in the Piazza; High Mass in St. Mark's; a procession bearing the Madonna Nicopeia—Our Lady of Victory, the portrait of the Virgin attributed to St. Luke—to the site of the Salute, and Te Deums there; and a return to St. Mark's. Contemporary accounts name Monteverdi, the maestro di cappella at the basilica, as the composer of the music for the celebrations. (The plague had been brought to Venice by a Mantuan embassy led by Monteverdi's friend Alessandro Striggio, the librettist of "Orfeo.") A seven-part Gloria and a segment of Credo ("Crucifixus . . . Et resurrexit . . . Et iterum") that appear in Monteverdi's 1641 collection "Selva Morale e Spirituale" have long been associated with the occasion. Five years ago, James Moore linked other "Selva" items with the 1631 music. The Mass that we heard in Boston was a possible reconstruction, by Hugh Keyte, of the St. Mark's part of the day, based on, though occasionally differing from, Mr. Moore's ideas. The Credo was completed by recourse to a seven-part Credo that Giovanni Rovetta, Monteverdi's assistant (and, eventually, successor), published in 1639; key,

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scoring, and style tally, and the Monteverdi movements were fittingly framed. The Kyrie, Sanctus, and Agnus were those of the four-part Mass in the "Selva." The motets, also from *that volume*, were the bass monody "Ab aeterno" (a Presentation text) and the Salve Regina "containing an Echo," whose interwoven texts form, as Mr. Moore pointed out, "an exact parallel" to the imagery of Domenico Tintoretto's 1631 altarpiece in which Venice invokes the Virgin's intercession. (Mr. Moore ascribed the motet to an earlier ceremony, at which the vow to build the Salute was sworn; it does seem apter to a plague-ridden city than to a city delivered.) Instrumental movements—by Giuseppe Scarani, Francesco Usper, and Biagio Marini—were chosen as being the kind of music that would have been played. The chant was Roman, not that of the St. Mark's rite; in a program note Mr. Keyte says that "what may be the only surviving Venetian Graduals are, maddeningly, sealed impregnably behind glass in the Treasury of the basilica."

Times change. A new plague is upon us, but it is to scientists, no longer to the Virgin, that most people look for deliverance; historical imagination was needed to provide the Mass with an emotional context. It was performed in St. Paul Roman Catholic Church, in Cambridge—a fine, resonant Romanesque building modelled on San Zeno Maggiore in Verona. The full liturgy—stopping short of a Consecration—was sung, with soloists taking the roles of celebrant, subdeacon (to chant the Epistle), and deacon (to chant the Gospel). Such "concert enactments," before the altar, are uneasy affairs (and the Gospel of the day—the first sixteen verses of Matthew, about who begat whom—is hardly a concert number). On the other hand, the richness, the variety, and the contrasts amounted to something very impressive: an evening of ancient chant, of ceremonial trumpets, and of Monteverdi equally great in his strict, severe manner and his exuberantly expressive monodic vein.

DURING the last three lustra, Newell Jenkins and his Clarion Concerts have presented five operas by Steffani—"Niobe," "Le Rivali Concordi," "La Libertà Contenta," "Amor Vien dal Destino," and "Tassilone." They showed this Italian who worked in Germany to be a resourceful, engaging composer, with a nice appreciation of quirky human behavior and the ability to pull out surprises, formal or instrumental, that keep listeners' attention unflagging. "Henrico Leone" confirmed his reputation. It was his first Hanover opera, written for the inauguration of Ernest Augustus' magnificent theatre, the "Golden House," in 1689. (The score, along with the scores of most of Steffani's operas, is in the British Library; Ernest Augustus' son mounted the British throne as George I.) Surprises begin with the overture, which includes choral cries, from behind the curtain, of those aboard a storm-tost vessel. The new theatre's machinery was on display. At curtain rise, according to the Boston synopsis:

> In the midst of a stormy sea, Enrico's ship is in great distress. He has himself sewn up in a leather sack by his servant Lindo; the ship breaks apart, and Lindo and the sailors drown, but a griffin carries Enrico through the air as food for its young.

And in the last scene of the act

> the griffin throws Enrico to its nestlings high atop a tall tree. Enrico slays the little griffins and frees himself from the sack; he helps his lion to fight the dragon, and the lion brings him deer's meat. This outcome moves Enrico to proffer thanks to the forest nymphs and forest gods, who spring out of the trees to dance.

(This is the first mention of either lion or dragon; in Act II, we read, "Enrico and his lion appear on a cloud." And I'd always thought that "der Löwe" was merely the Duke's sobriquet.) The synopsis rivals Howard Moss's opera synopsis to end all synopses, "Beneppo; or, the Squid of St. Andrew," but the opera is not, in fact, as silly as that. One Almaro, the Duke of Burgundy, desires Henry's English wife, Matilda, and assures her that her husband, on an excursion to the Holy Land, has perished; he even contrives a séance in which an apparition of Henry appears, testifying to his death. Meanwhile, Idalba, the Emperor Frederick's daughter, affianced to Almaro and determined to win him, has (in disguise) followed him to Henry's court. Here are the regular two crossed couples of Venetian opera, along with a nurse, a page, and a confidant to provide commentary and amorous byplay; the traditional supernatural scene, as Henry's supposed shade is conjured; and also the traditional lamento, for Matilda. (It is poignant, string-accompanied, with a striking "Consolatemi" refrain.) But much is not standard. Matilda is almost another Penelope. In Act III, Henry irrupts into a marriage scene like another Edgardo. And the scoring reminds us constantly that Steffani knew French as well as Italian opera.

The Capella Agostino Steffani, directed by Lajos Rovatkay, recorded a disk of excerpts from "Henrico" three years ago (on Calig). Earlier this year, it gave a tercentenary production of the piece at the Hanover Opera. In Boston, we had an abridged concert performance, in Jordan Hall, with a somewhat different cast. This was not altogether satisfactory. In lieu of the expected but unprovided libretto, an exuberant narrator—declaiming loudly in English with a thick German accent—told us what was going on, but did so, all too often, while the singers were singing. He was lucky not to be greeted with cries of "Be silent!" from people who had come to hear Steffani's music. That he was left in peace to hold forth was due partly to politeness, partly to the fact that the recitatives were hardly being sung in a way to compel attention. This was early-music performance in the old, unalert manner. Mr. Rovatkay, directing from the harpsichord, was stiff and square, even though his appreciation of Steffani's inventions was apparent. Ralf Popken, in the title role, sang in a powerful, cultivated, accurate hoot. The female sopranos, Monika Frimmer, as Matilda, and Kathryn Magestro, as Idalba, had decent, steady voices; so had the tenor Edgar Schäfer, as Almaro, and the baritone Gerhard Faulstich, as Ircano, Idalba's confidant. The fiddlers used chin rests, which Spohr invented in about 1820. Yet "Henrico Leone," for all its scenic frivolities and the plod of this particular performance, came across as an interesting drama. It will surely not be long before a Steffani or two joins an international repertory in which Monteverdi and Cavalli already figure. Santa Fe and St. Louis might look at "Niobe," which seems to me the best of his operas so far revived.

"IDOMENEO," a concert performance, was accompanied by the Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra. The instrumentalists were set out in an unusual formation. The text was that of the 1781 Munich première. (It was

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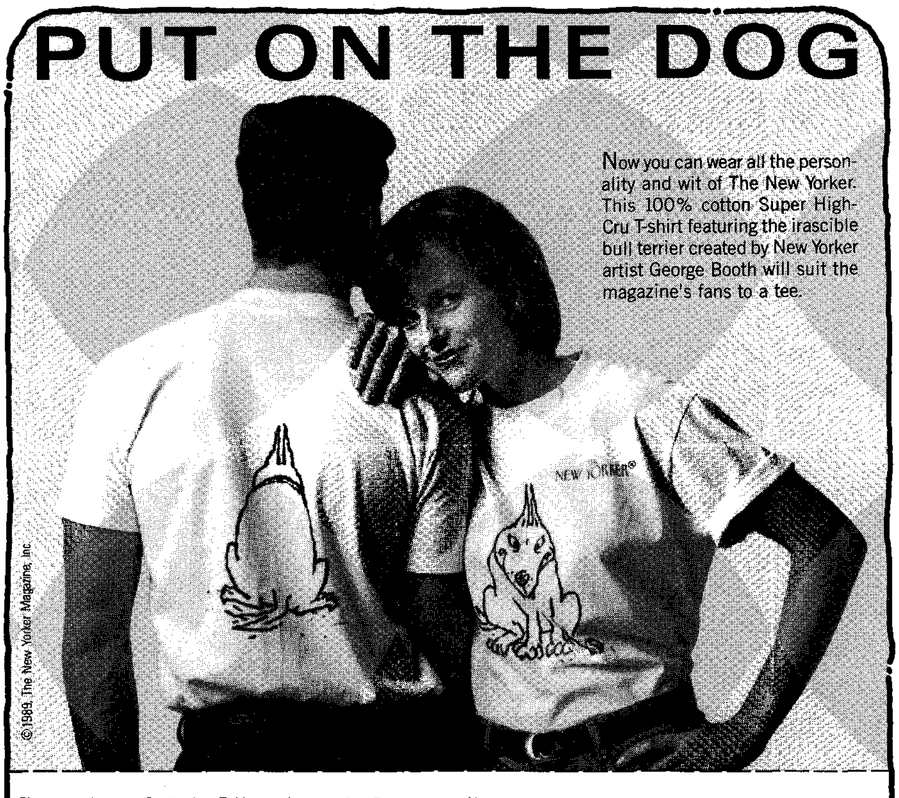

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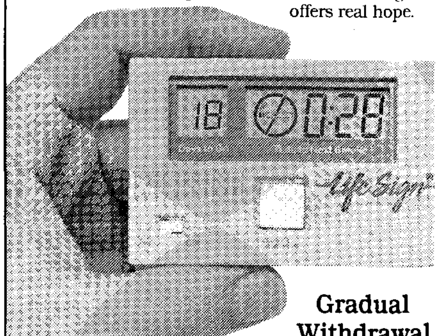

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published seventeen years ago, but Mr. Norrington seems to be the first conductor to have accepted all its implications.) Much about this performance was arresting; some things were controversial, some unsatisfactory. They call for extended discussion, and I hope to return to the subject. Other events in brief: the Estonian ensemble, colorfully costumed and playing a variety of colorful instruments, ranged the centuries, from the eleventh to the seventeenth, with promiscuous and infectious enthusiasm. Twenty lutenists, with Paul O'Dette as their leader, gathered for a fun concert in Jordan Hall. Sequentia, directed by Barbara Thornton and Benjamin Bagley, gave two carefully prepared programs, executed with high accomplishment. "A Vision of English Medieval Music" included a chunk of "Beowulf" recited by Mr. Bagley as he imagined it might have sounded in an Anglo-Saxon mead hall; I imagine something less melodiously lyrical, more guttural. "Planctus Mariae" was a long sequence of *planctus* and related dialogues from Italy, Germany, Spain, England, and France. It was sung—and gravely enacted—in All Saints Parish Church, in Brookline. The thrilling acoustics of this 1899 Perpendicular building, by Ralph Adams Cram, no doubt played a part in making the voices of the Three Marys—Karen Clark Young, Laurie Monahan, and Miss Thornton—seem the most beautiful soprano sound, strong, pure, and passionate, that I have heard in a long time. Notable among the fringe events was a voice-and-lute recital by Richard Wistreich and Nigel North. As Mr. Wistreich sang John Blow's "Arms, arms," a storm broke forth; steeples were struck down by lightning. But for most of the week the sun shone in festival blessing.

—ANDREW PORTER

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AMERICA, AMERICA

[*From the Omaha World-Herald*]

Muffy Fisher Vrana, etiquette consultant for Marjabelle Young-Stewart's "White Gloves and Party Manners" and "Poise for Preteens" programs in Lincoln, has announced a name change in classes for girls ages 5 to 12.

"The negative connotations of 'white gloves' and 'poise' have met with some resistance from mothers of young girls," Mrs. Vrana said.

Thus, the classes have been renamed "Winning Attitudes" for 5- to 8-year-olds and "Power Pack for Preteens" for girls ages 9 to 12.

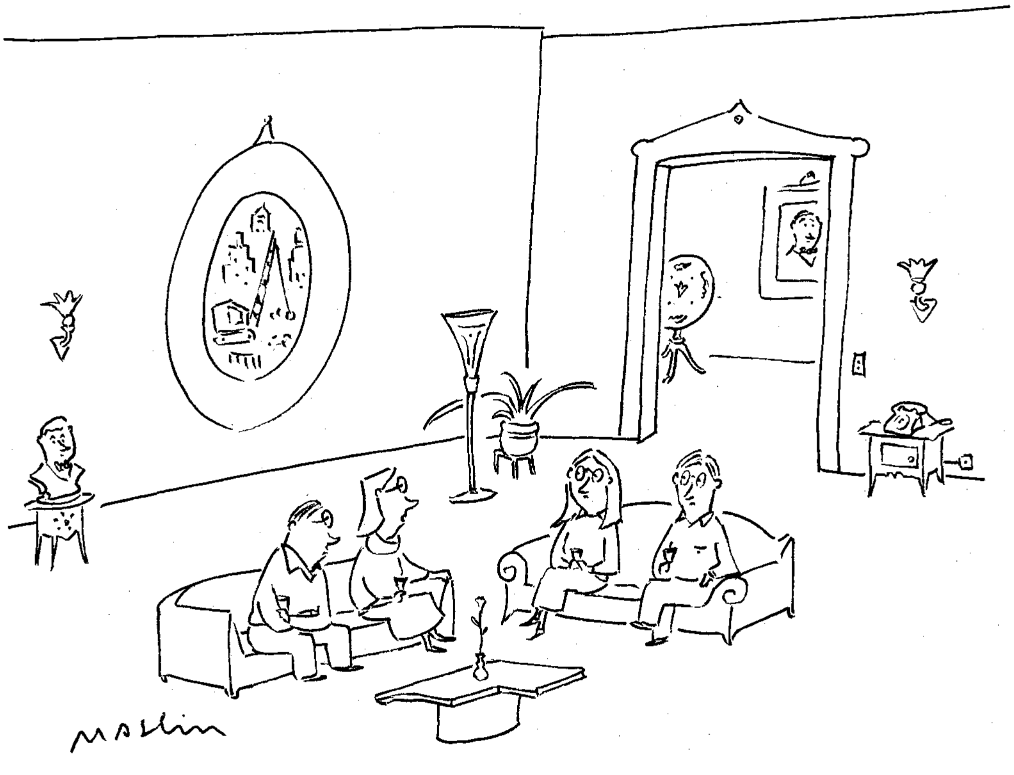
BOOKS

Wording Our World

"'THE coffee is hot' may be an observation, a hint, a request, an explanation, an excuse, a warning—or hallucinated. So—in each case—what?" Stanley Cavell's question is emblematic. It directs us toward that investigation of language, of the relations of sentences to possible meanings, of words to the world, which for the last seventy years has dominated modern philosophy, particularly in the Anglo-American line. The everyday modesty of the phrase cited directs us, in turn, toward a distinctive branch of such investigation—toward what is called "ordinary-language philosophy." Certain branches of analytic logic and logical positivism focus on highly abstract or purely schematic propositions, often neighbors to pure logic or mathematics. The ordinary-language philosopher, in the wake of Wittgenstein and of J. L. Austin (that incomparably subtle, witty virtuoso of the seeming commonplace), considers precisely such speech-acts as "The coffee is hot" or, famously, "The cat is on the mat." These philosophers believe that we can learn about human consciousness and about the ways we handle experience by looking closely at the most ordinary uses of human speech. The little coda to Professor Cavell's remark, that apparently casual but in fact duplicitous "So—in each case—what?," is almost a signature tune. It identifies, certainly among his fellow-craftsmen, Cavell's singular turn of archness, of downbeat stylishness.

The uses of a proposition of the order of "The coffee is hot" as hint, request, explanation, warning, each of which ramifies into innumerable nuances, and each of which can be "meant" or "not meant," are the philosopher's quarry. But it is literature, in its scrupulous attendance on human life, that exemplifies and makes most inventively manifold the galaxies of possibility around a "simple" phrase. It is the poet, the great playwright, or the novelist who provides the philosopher with his richest matter and, very often, anticipates by sheer enactment his findings. (Hence, perhaps, Plato's banishment of the poets from his ideal city.) It has been Cavell's method to map philosophic issues via literature, to lie in wait for language as it meets us on the high road of the poetic. Cavell's entire work has been an argument on and for the interactions of philosophic speculation and the mirrorings of man and consciousness as we experience them in Shakespeare or in such Romantic masters as Wordsworth and Coleridge. Over and over, in phrasings at once elusive and poignant, Cavell invokes "the recovery of the world" which only certain modes of philosophic discourse (those embedded in ordinary language) and certain orders of poetry (Shakespeare's tragedies and late redemptive dramas, Wordsworth's odes) can hope to achieve. To observe justly the twofold sensibility, technical and poetic, that is instrumental in Cavell's attempt to capture "the sound of philosophy" and "the philosophy of sound" as the latter is audible in a great writer, one would want to cite at full length his parallel commentary on Descartes's "Meditations" and Poe's "The Black Cat." The attendant observation is quintessential Cavell: "The juxtaposition works both ways: to bring out at once Poe's brilliance (and what is more, his argumentative soundness) and Descartes's creepy, perverse calm (given the subjects his light of reason rakes across), his air of a mad diarist."

"The recovery of the world," the endeavor "to word the world together" (a talismanic phrase), has as its enemy what Cavell calls "skepticism." Throughout the diverse lecture-essays collected in "In Quest of the Ordinary" (Chicago; $19.95), "skepticism" is a key term, but its definition remains multiple and opaque. At times, it seems to stand for those refusals of the common awareness of reality which attach to self-absorption, to exceeding self-consciousness. At other times, "skepticism" seems to signify (paradoxically) certitude, the quest for absolutes extraterritorial to the world as we find it and must live in it. Passingly, but crucially, Cavell hints that



"The work being done on your marriage—are you having it done, or are you doing it yourselves?"

"skepticism" will always prefer "rhetoric" to "lingo," will be, somehow, at home—or, rather, pretend to be at home—in artifices of rigor. Late in this book, we are given a sort of Wittgensteinian definition. "Skepticism" is "the capacity, even desire, of ordinary language to repudiate itself, specifically to repudiate its power to . . . apply to the things we have in common, or to pass them by." It is, argues Cavell, the "skeptics" who despair of the strengths of common speech in the face of their own perceptions. Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Wittgenstein, Austin know that "The coffee is hot" and the means of their expression, albeit bounded and always in need of teasing, are not altogether impertinent to or in betrayal of their experience. Both coffeepots and good writing can and should be warm to the touch.

Cavell's struggle against "the weddedness to nothingness," which he locates in the traditions of skepticism and of nihilism, has its politics. What philosophic, aesthetic argument does not? For Cavell, "to write and to read redemptively" (this phrase, too, is a touchstone throughout these inevitably overlapping, reiterative addresses) is to strive for a democratization of the whole philosophic enterprise. The skeptic is a loner, a Narcissus fragmenting his own image and identity in doubt. "Ordinary language" is that of communion and of community. It binds us to the world that is the world of others. Its loose edges, ambiguities, humorous pitfalls, pathos, roughage (the "lingo") commit us to perpetual endeavors of accommodation, of more or less blameless compromise, of reciprocal encounter and exploration. Because, in Austin's celebrated view, "ordinary cases" are what ought to engage thought, and ought to lead to the deeps of shared discourse, good philosophy is, very concretely, that of the commonplace. Those who elect "elated obscurities"—Plato, say, or Yeats—drink rare vintages and caress tigers. The democratic thinker, the "ordinary case" poet (Wordsworth par excellence), is at liberty, takes his liberties, in the quotidian.

Hence the absolutely cardinal presence in Cavell's work of Emerson and Thoreau. It is to Cavell and to Harold Bloom that we owe much of the current revaluation of the genius—of the centrality—of Emerson, and it is Cavell who has done most to recuperate "Walden" for serious philosophic notice. Cavell enlists Emerson and Thoreau in the business of "ordinary-language" philosophy and investigation, and by doing so demonstrates the inward kinship in their grasp upon the world of the philosophic and the literary approach. It is the utter indivisibility within Emerson of the speculative thinker and the language-maker, as it is the fusion in Thoreau of audacious abstraction and a most scrupulous at-homeness in the natural order, that abolishes any categorical separation between thinker and imaginer. And here Emerson's and Thoreau's Americanism and concomitant espousal (tropes of marriage are frequent in Cavell) of democracy become paramount. It is a rooted conviction of American democracy that "the garden of the world we live in" (Austin) must be open to all, that the natural languages and tongues of nature spoken therein are those of the colloquial. The onset of the philosophic impulse, the delights that it nurtures are not the secret pursuit of mandarins. They belong to that shared hunger for "the conversion of the world" (the formula is Emerson's) which has been the very hallmark of American destiny and democratic communion.

Cavell is absolutely perplexed by the relative neglect Emerson and Thoreau have suffered at the hands not only of academic philosophers—a suspect breed—but of America at large. His bemusement induces a fascinating reflection on the evident differences between the European and the American intellectual climates. What would American intellectual life have to be, asks Cavell, for, say, a John Crowe Ransom or a Kenneth Burke to be able to draw on a density of literary-philosophic reference, echo, response comparable to that available almost as a matter of course to a Wittgenstein or a Heidegger? "In bad moments it seems we have had a choice only between this fate of privacy or that of fashion," he says, and he adds that it may be that "not everything is expressible in every country." The pathos, the resigned muddle of such a conclusion (how can it be squared with the doctrine of "ordinary language," presumably common to all societies?) are palpable. But the motives for Cavell's wobble are plain enough. It is by no means evident that democracy conjoins readily with metaphysical inquiry of the first rank. On a level far deeper than biographical hazard or personal vanity, masters of thought from Plato to Voltaire, from Hegel to Heidegger, have found themselves drawn toward support for despotism. Sartre's record on this issue is one of lamentable mendacity. Nietzsche, who prized Emerson highly, is hardly a friend to the democratic community. *Pace* Emerson, philosophic meditation, particularly where it aspires to the systematic, is an obsessively solitary affair. It would not redeem the world but understand it. It would not heal but "keep open the wounds of possibility," in Kierkegaard's awesome image. Thoreau, one suspects, knew all this, and I have always found it difficult to acquiesce uncritically in the Emerson-Thoreau pairing. If, as Cavell declares repeatedly, Emerson and Thoreau, whom he regards as the founders of American thinking, are "philosophically repressed in the culture they founded," the reason may well be that even *their* democratic bias and inspired "ordinariness" were too demanding, too far "set apart," for the American ideals of populism and humane mediocrity.

Such a supposition would be alien to Cavell. In a handsome rhetorical motion he posits that when God exiled man from Eden, man, not being a solipsist or a skeptic, "was not surprised that there was an elsewhere." And the "elsewhere" is—potentially, at least—that of American democracy and of its energized tolerance of what the world has to offer. The language of an Emersonian democracy would marry, would build that world, not "kill it" as do the crazed doubters, such as Othello, in Shakespearean tragedy. Even the Crucifixion is best understood not as an ineluctable mark on mankind or as an unfathomable paradox of redemption but as a "suicide"—a killing of one's connections with others, which are fundamental to democracy.

Stanley Cavell has not convinced all his colleagues in departments of philosophy or of American intellectual history. For the nonprofessional reader it is not only the sheer finesse, the oblique elegance, of essays such as these which poses an obstacle. It is numerous tricks of style, at once coy and ceremonious, elusive and brusquely rhetorical. It is—principally, perhaps—Stanley

Cavell's incessant self-reference. He would "bring myself before myself," citing, referring to, his own previous writings, moods, indecisions, idiosyncratic turns in exactly the same tone of canonic observance that he uses in discussing Descartes or Kant. Not every reader will find this "transcendental candor" or display endearing.

Nevertheless, the abstentions from moroseness, the patient gaiety that Cavell demands of his reader are eminently worth providing. At its best, his play of thought, his "wordings of the world" have a music, a stroke of wonder rare in current philosophical argument. Here is a harvest truly of the American grain and prodigality.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DEAR DIGBY, by Carol Muske-Dukes (Viking; $16.95). "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" and "Miss Lonelyhearts" converge in this breezy joke of a book about a letters editor at a *Ms.*-like magazine who decides to answer, and print, some of her nuttier communications. What is fun here is the letters, the language, and random insights. After an attempt on her life, the narrator writes, "Have you ever noticed that physical threats to the loved one always quicken ardor? I think it's because there is a stand-in for one's own desire to maim or kill the loved one, thereby clearing the stage for protestations of devotion." The author is shrewd about hypocrisy generally, as when the narrator says of her magazine's success, "It comes close to having what men call power, but we at SIS never use that word." The voices, the sheer energetic meanness sparkle. Unfortunately, there is a plot. It involves death threats, a faltering marriage, a gothic secret, and a scandal at a mental institution which is not, to say the least, organically related to the life of the story—that is, the letters suggest connections that elude the narrative line entirely. Still, this first novel by an accomplished poet is bracing.

PROSPECT, by Bill Littlefield (Houghton Mifflin; $17.95). The prospect in this slender novel plays semi-pro baseball in a Florida backwater near St. Petersburg. In the opinion of his

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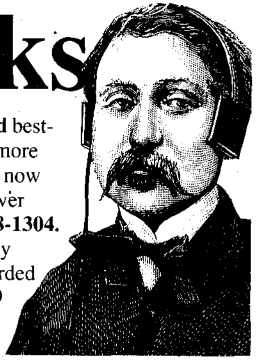

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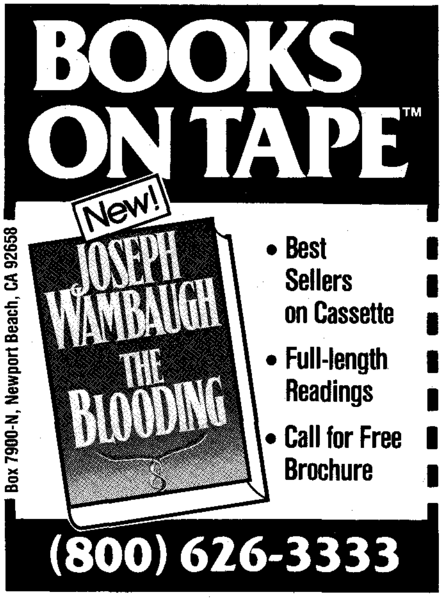
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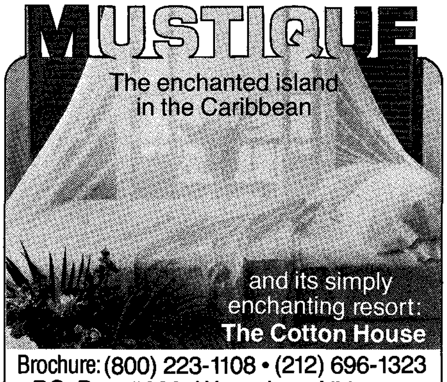
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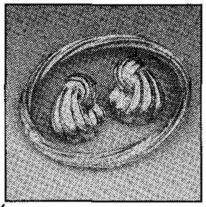
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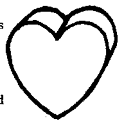
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Great-Aunt Louise, a religious woman who once counted the Jackie Robinson Dodgers among the objects of her devotion, he's "a natural." Louise works in a retirement home, and among her charges is a grumpy ex-scout named Pete Estey. Louise, who acts only after consulting with the Lord, seeks to bring prospect and scout together and, not incidentally, to teach old Pete "to see the glory of every day of his life." The scout demurs, citing prospects he signed who flopped, and the distance between Double A ball (as far as *he* got) and "the show." The book moves slowly northward—Louise and Pete take turns narrating it—and, along the way, celebrates Pluck and Gumption and the hard beauty of the Pastime. Sentimentalists will not be disappointed by the things that come to pass in Mr. Littlefield's sweet, gentle book.

A Woman of Singular Occupation, by Penelope Gilliatt (Scribners; $17.95). Ms. Gilliatt here marries her precise, economical prose to a thoroughly romantic subject: a love affair that begins on the Orient Express in July of 1939. Thomas is a restless divorced American banker, Catherine a brilliant half-French, half-English musicologist who will eventually be working for de Gaulle's Resistance. Both are on their way to Istanbul, where they will spend languorous afternoons in Catherine's lovely house by the Bosporus while her husband, a French diplomat who is loyal to Pétain, remains in Ankara. This is an unusual war story: it's not the buzzing of planes but the murkiness of Turkey's "neutrality" that hovers over us as we read; we worry about whom the urchin mail boy is allied with, and wish we could warn our naïve American that the local fortune-teller isn't what she appears. But the book's true conflict is a personal one: the political uneasiness of Catherine's marriage and the dangers of her work inhibit her relationship with Thomas. Ms. Gilliatt evokes all the mystery and frustration of the human need for intimacy, which, however inconvenient, persists.

GENERAL

Inside War: The Guerrilla Conflict in Missouri During the American Civil War, by Michael Fellman (Oxford; $24.95). Some of the bloodiest fighting in the Civil War occurred in Missouri, particularly along the Missouri-Kansas border, and although there were conventional battles, most of the fighting was guerrilla warfare. It was a response of citizens Confederate in their sympathies but cut off from the South by the early Federal occupation of St. Louis. Moreover, it had had its beginnings some years before the actual outbreak of the war, in the period in which Kansas was deliberately settled by abolitionist zealots, who called the inhabitants of Missouri, a slave state, Pukes. There were countless atrocities on both sides, perhaps the most infamous being General Orders #11, which directed that four of the border counties be evacuated, all buildings burned, and the residents herded into shantytown concentration camps. Mr. Fellman, a professor of history, has both a vivid narrative gift and a respect for firsthand documentation, and his story illuminates a strange chapter in our history. Photographs and maps.

Goldwyn: A Biography, by A. Scott Berg (Knopf; $24.95). This biography begins in the eighteen-nineties, with the now almost mythic tale of the penniless sixteen-year-old Jewish boy Schmuel Gelbfisz leaving his native Warsaw and walking halfway across Europe toward the seacoast and his dream of America, and it goes on to chronicle the rise of Samuel Goldwyn to wealth, influence, and power in the movies. It is the intimate story of a man who invented himself, and it is a history of Hollywood as well—of the warfare between the big studios, of the art of the silent screen and the coming of the talkies, of the intricacies of the star system, of the industry during the Depression and the Second World War, of the postwar imbroglios over left-wing politics and "loyalty." The author has rounded up a huge cast of people whose lives or careers touched Goldwyn—actors, directors, rival producers, girlfriends, family, enemies. He has kept his lens focussed on the central character, however, and presents us with a memorable, remarkably sympathetic portrait.

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